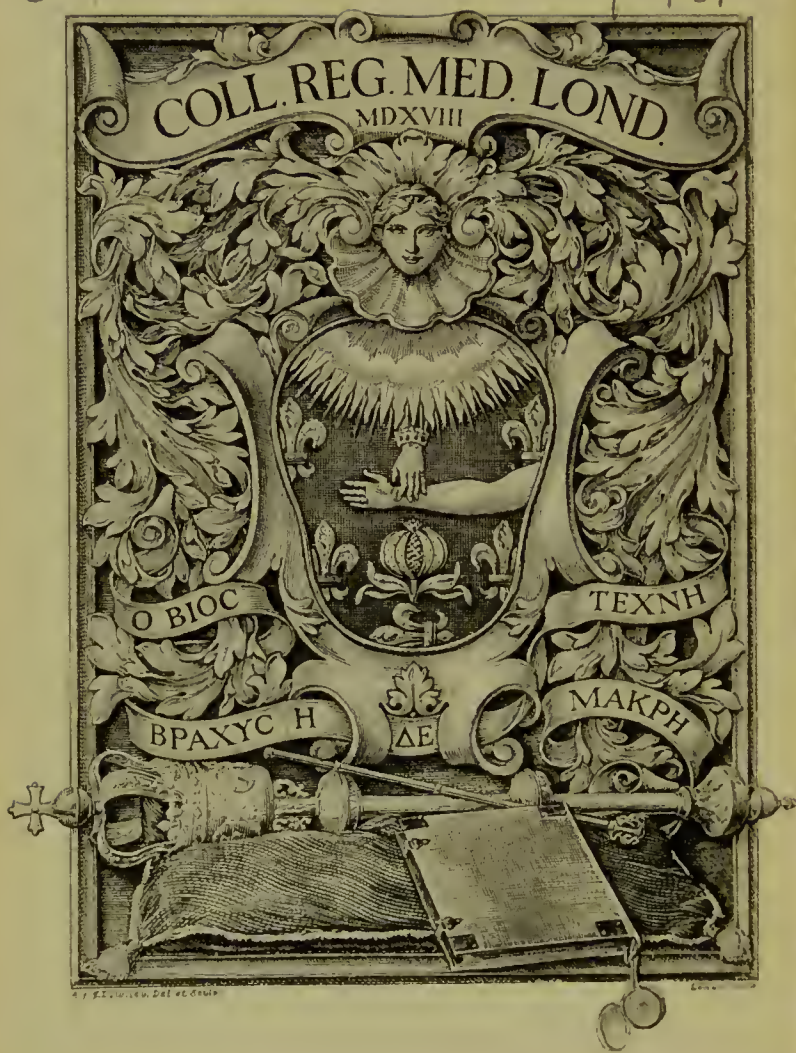




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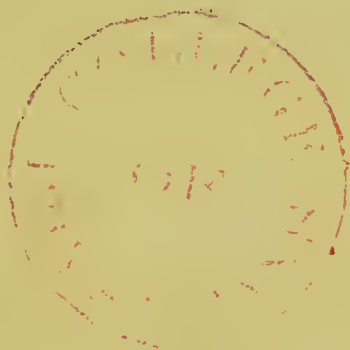
A LATER PEPYS. VOL. II.



M^{rs} Montagu.

A LATER PEPYS

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF SIR
WILLIAM WELLER PEPYS, BART.,
MASTER IN CHANCERY 1758-1825,
WITH MRS. CHAPONE, MRS. HARTLEY,
MRS. MONTAGU, HANNAH MORE,
WILLIAM FRANKS, SIR JAMES
MACDONALD, MAJOR RENNELL, SIR
NATHANIEL WRAXALL, AND OTHERS
EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION
AND NOTES BY ALICE C. C. GAUSSEN
IN TWO VOLUMES. VOLUME II. 



JOHN LANE: THE BODLEY HEAD
LONDON & NEW YORK. MDCCCCIV

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PART SIX

LETTERS FROM SIR NATHANIEL
WRAXALL TO SIR WILLIAM PEPYS

LETTERS FROM SIR NATHANIEL WRAXALL TO SIR WILLIAM PEPYS

SIR NATHANIEL WILLIAM WRAXALL was born in 1751, and died in 1831. He began life in the civil service of the East India Company, and returned to England in 1772. Dr. Johnson said, "A man unconnected is at home everywhere, unless he may be said to be at home nowhere." This might well be applied to Wraxall, who "was formed by nature to be a wanderer, and never felt so much at home as when he had no home."

Sir Nathaniel sympathized with Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark, the unhappy sister of George III. He had an interview with her at Celle. Barons Schimmelman and Balow, two of the leaders of her faction who had been exiled from Denmark, used Wraxall as an agent to communicate, both with the Queen, whom they tried to replace on the Danish throne, and her brother, George III., whose concurrence they wished to obtain.

Wraxall has recounted several arduous journeys he made as intermediary in this affair in the pages of his "Posthumous Memoirs." He had private interviews with the Queen in the library, and Jardin Anglais at Celle, and conveyed to her, in 1775, a private paper from the King of England, half-sanctioning the scheme of her partisans. While he was in London, hoping to obtain in a personal interview a more definite assurance of the King's support, he heard of the death of Queen Caroline Matilda on May 19, 1775.

In the summer of 1777 Wraxall made some stay at the Hague, from whence, as from various other foreign Courts, he wrote Sir William Pepys a series of letters, which he said were well worth keeping, as they would be interesting in time to come. He hoped that though Pepys was married, their long friendship might not be diverted by absence and dearer ties. He reminded him that they used to dine together every day, and spoke of their expeditions to Richmond, Sion, and Roehampton. Wraxall hoped, notwithstanding his roving disposition, that when he had visited Hungary, Turkey, and Poland, "his turn would come," and thought it would be a charming employment to travel slowly in Italy with a woman "to whom he was attached, and to improve, adorn, and delight her mind at every step!" He showed himself, however, a less accurate observer of human nature than of the customs of foreign countries by an ill-timed reminder that he had the honour to be known to Mrs. Pepys before Pepys had been himself, and had contributed to the event by often recommending her as a woman calculated above all others to make his friend happy. Such kindly intervention receives no acknowledgment in this world (if the marriage prove a happy one), and the suggested guidance of any power under heaven is always deeply resented. Wraxall wrote, "I used to be minute in describing palaces, cities, and churches, but I have learnt that they are in reality very inferior objects of attention, and that *men* constitute the true, the highest, and most curious matter of observation. Kings, Princes, Ministers, and favourites, as they play the first parts in the theatre of human life, claim an extraordinary degree of study, and remark, on their lives, conduct, and character, by the extensive influence they have on mankind."

Before leaving England, Wraxall had received a lieutenant's commission, granted by George III. on the application of Lord Robert Manners, who then commanded

the 3rd regiment of Dragoon Guards, and whom he mentions in his letters.

In 1781 Lord North told Wraxall the king was most anxious to acknowledge his important services to his sister, the late Queen of Denmark; and 1000 guineas were awarded to him. Wraxall published anonymously, in 1787, "A Short Review of the Political State of Great Britain," and though the Prince of Wales is said to have threatened the publisher with a prosecution for libel, the secret of his pamphlet was well kept; for he was in great favour at Carlton House, and, in 1799, the regent "designated him under official seal his future historiographer." His reminiscences, published first in 1884, might have surprised that prince had he lived to see them.

In 1813, *upon the nomination of the Prince Regent, Wraxall was created a baronet*, and two years later he published his "Memoirs." The first edition sold in a month; but Count Woronzow prosecuted the author in the Court of King's bench, before Lord Ellenborough, for hinting that the Empress Catherine of Russia had caused the Princess of Wurtemberg to be put to death.

The *Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh*, and the *British Critic* fiercely attacked the book; Croker, Mackintosh, and Macaulay agreed in condemning it.

The *Edinburgh* quoted an epigram composed by George Colman—

"Men, measures, scenes, and facts all
Misquoting, mistating,
Misplacing, misdating
Here lies Sir Nathaniel Wraxall."

Wraxall replied with success to the charges of deliberate unverity of the three Reviews, and Sir George Osborn, who was for fifty years equerry to George III., wrote, "I pledge my name, that I personally know nine

parts out of ten, of your anecdotes to be perfectly correct." Sir Archibald Alison wrote in *Blackwood* that nothing but truth could produce so portentous an alliance as that between the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*.

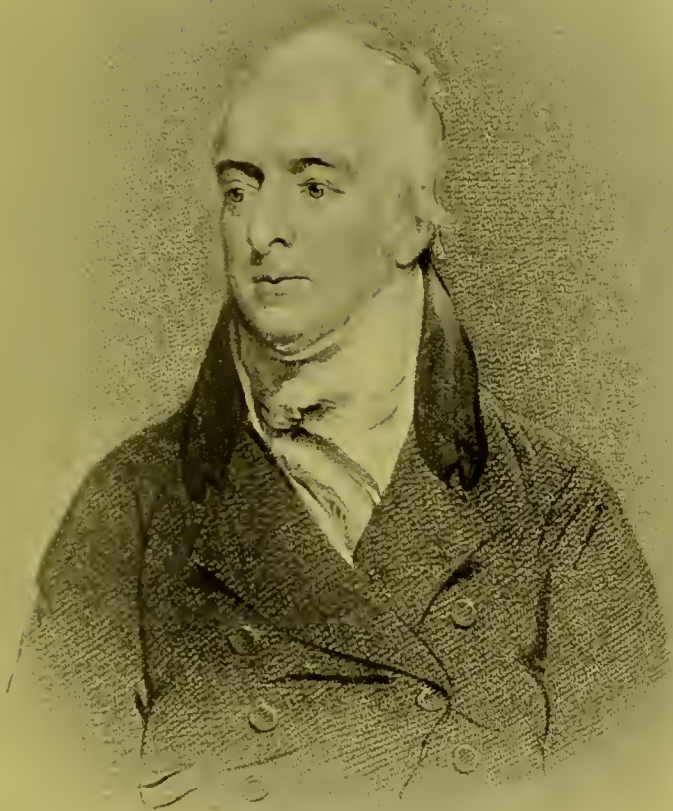
Wraxall said he hardly ever opened an historical book without detecting the most glaring errors, unnoticed by ninety-nine out of a hundred readers, and instances a mistake made by the *Quarterly* for 1819. He adds, "Even Reviewers, while reviewing works submitted to their censure, and trampling on us unfortunate authors, are equally ignorant." He had not a happy way of conciliating either his readers or reviewers, and no wonder the critics revenged themselves by "trampling" on him. The *Quarterly Review* showed some forbearance in not prosecuting him for libel, specially after Lord Mansfield's declaration that the truth of the libel did not affect the case.

Horace Walpole (Lord Orford) said there was no book so dull that it did not contain something worth remembering; he had been much pleased with one, in which the author, ignoring that Plutarch had achieved fame as a biographer rather than for a cat-like propensity of surviving peril, makes the lover say to his mistress, "If I had as many lives as Plutarch I would risk them all for you."

Horace Walpole described Wraxall as "popping into every spot where he can make himself talked of;" and George Selwyn used to ask at White's, "Who is this rascal?" [Wraxall].

In his last letter from Vienna, dated February, 1779, Sir Nathaniel Wraxall wrote to Sir William Pepys:—

"Have I in any degree gratified your curiosity? When we meet you shall know more. In a century hence my papers would be really valuable, but one thing I beg you to believe, that I will never more write for the public, but my friends have a right to anything I can do to show them my attachment."



SIR NATHANIEL WILLIAM WRAXALL, BART.

*Engraved by T. Cheesman from an Original Drawing by J. Wright.
Published March 8, 1813, by T. Cadell & Davies, Strand, London.*

Well would it have been for poor Wraxall had he adhered to this wise resolve, for in 1816 he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and was detained for fourteen weeks, in consequence of the action for libel which was brought against him by the Russian Ambassador, Count Woronzow, though in the account which he gives in the following letters, of the affair, he traces his misfortunes to a statement he made about the Princess Dowager of Wales and Lord Bute, in his "Memoirs of My own Times," published 1815.

"Dusseldorf, upon the Rhine. Sunday, 17th August, 1777.

"I do not intend, my dear Pepys, that you shall reproach me, even tacitly with neglect or forgetfulness of you, tho' you are married, and I am in Germany. I depend on your neither ceasing to remember or write to me. That Friendship which we have so long felt for each other may perhaps be in some measure dissipated or diverted by absence and by dearer connexions on your part, but will never, I am convinced, expire on either side. I feel, and shall always continue to do so, the warmest interest in your married happiness, at least as much as I did when we used to dine together every day.

"As an event, to which I was desirous of contributing and which I saw take place with the highest satisfaction, I cannot but take a peculiar interest in your pains and pleasures: I had the honour to be known to Mrs. Pepys before you were so yourself, and you cannot fail to recollect how often I told you 'she was the woman calculated above all others to render you happy.' It is a truth of which I am equally convinced at this moment, as I was when first I assured you of it. It is impossible I can have been mistaken, and I appeal to your experience for the proof of my assertions. Perhaps you will wish to know something of my adventures since we parted. I was formed to be a

wanderer and never feel myself so much at home, as when I have no home, and change my residence perpetually.

"We passed thro' Austrian Flanders into Holland, only making some little stay at Ghent, Bruges and Antwerp. We viewed the celebrated fortifications of Bergen-op-Zoom and were astonished at Marechal Lowendahl's intrepidity and success in venturing to storm such a place, as well as at the cowardice or treachery of the Dutch in suffering it to be taken after it had maintained its reputation of 'impregnable' during all the Spanish Wars, against greater Generals than Lowendahl, I mean the immortal Duke of Parma, and the Marquis de Spinola, the Spanish Commanders. We continued our route thro' Breda, and all the Dutch Brabant, to Rotterdam, Delft and The Hague. We passed twelve days very pleasantly at this last place which is a delightful Sejour. The Prince of Orange was there, tho' the Princess was at Loo, in Gelderland. Sir Joseph Yorke presented us to him, as he did to every person of Fashion in The Hague. The Prince invited us to a very superb entertainment at the Palace in the Wood, where we went. He is dry in his address, but good humoured, amiable, and beloved by the Dutch.

"The Duke Louis of Brunswick, who commands the Prince of Orange's Life Guards and all the Forces of the Republic under His Highness, very ridiculously resented my having mentioned the Queen Matilda of Denmark so favorably, and his Sister the Queen Dowager Juliana, so unfavourably, in my 'Tour round the Baltic.' To shew me his displeasure, he invited every one *except* me, to a dinner he made. This conduct displeased Sir Joseph Yorke, made every person of my side, procured me a thousand compliments, and has given such a rage to read the book, at The Hague, that I believe 'twill sell an Edition. I intend to tell the Princess of Brunswick of it, when we get to Brunswick. We left The Hague with great regret, and continued our route thro' Leyden and Haar

into North Holland, of which we made the compleat tour. It is the most curious and singular country in the world, gained out of the sea and only preserved from being again swallowed up in it by indefatigable and unremitting attention. Imagine a vast Marsh drained, laid out in pastures, and fenced from the surrounding sea by an immense Dyke, which preserves it from inundation, the land being many feet lower than the water. We made a short stay of five days only, at Amsterdam, a horrid city, with every disagreement of a Capital, and not one agreement. It was excessive hot while we were there, and that kind of oppressive heat which is of all others the most insupportable. We very gladly quitted it and continued our journey to Utrecht by water—one of the most charming passages in the world, down the Rivers Amslet and Vecht. We traversed Gelderland to Nimeguen—a pretty town, and delightfully situated on the Waal; Don't you remember Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's description of Nimeguen? From thence we had only about two and twenty leagues to this place, thro' the Dutchy of Cleves, and the Elector of Cologne's Dominions. I passed this whole morning with Mr. M——s in the famous Gallery of the Elector Palatine's, scarce inferior to the Luxembourg, and crowded with pieces of the greatest Flemish and Italian Masters. I need not tell you that Dusseldorf belongs to the Elector Palatine. It is an elegant City, and stands on the Rhine. We are just going to leave it, and shall sleep at Cologne, which is only eight leagues off and where I shall finish this letter.

NOTE.—The conduct of Duke Louis of Brunswick, Wraxall says, displeased Sir Joseph Yorke; he was a man who knew no fear of Princes. One day the Duc de Chartres, finding that Sir Joseph did not laugh at any of his buffooneries, said, "Quoi, Monsieur, est ce que vous ne riez jamais?" "Rarement, Monseigneur," coldly replied Sir Joseph. Soon after, with his usual ill-breeding, the Duke alluded to the combined French and Spanish fleets being in the English Channel, and said, "Si notre flotte attaqueroit l'Angleterre?" "Alors, monseigneur, je rirais," was the ready reply.

“Cologne. 19th August. Tuesday morning.

“Here we are, among relics, and skulls of the eleven thousand Virgins. This city is full of relics, Churches, and Convents—nothing else. We have been looking at the House where Charles the Second lived while he was an Exile here during Cromwell’s Protectorate, and at the room in which Mary of Medici Queen of France, died in 1642. But to leave Germany for the present. I hope and depend on your writing to me, to Berlin: We shall be there by the 20th of next month at latest, and shall not quit it before the middle of October at soonest. We purpose staying a month at Dresden, a fortnight at Prague, and to be at Vienna by the beginning of December. We go from hence thro’ Bonn, Coblentz, Mentz, Frankfort, Cassel, Hanover and Brunswick to Berlin. Will you address to me ‘Officier Anglois, a la poste restante a Berlin.’ I shall never forgive you, if you don’t write, remember. I begin with laying my best compliments and remembrances at Mrs. Pepys’ feet. I am certain she will not doubt of their sincerity. I hope you will prevail on her to make my politest remembrances when she writes, to Miss Dowdeswell and to Miss *Bell*. I suppose they are long since gone down to Pull Court with Mrs. Dowdeswell.

“I shall keep my promise of writing to Mrs. Bernard from Berlin or Dresden. She was too good to me when in England for me ever to forget her, or Mrs. Codrington. Lady Robert Manners sent me compliments in her last letter, from Dr. Pepys and Lady Rothes. I hope you will do as much when you write to them, from me and assure Dr. Pepys I shall thank him for this Tour, by and by, myself. Manners is the pleasantest young man in the world, good humoured, gay and pleasant. He teaches me Fortification, and I teach him History. God bless you, my dear Friend! Pray write me a long letter, some

LETTERS FROM SIR NATHANIEL WRAXALL 11

morning when you don't go to your office and have nothing to do.

"If I knew how to send Mrs. Pepys some 'Eau de Cologne' I would be tempted to do it, it is exquisitely fine, and costs almost nothing here, compared to the price in England. I beg you to remember me very affectionately to Roe to whom I shall certainly write by and by. I *begin* with you.

"I must have done. We are going to eat Partridge, and, tho' healths are quite out, I shall drink yours in some Moselle, which Wedderburne would not despise, or Rigby. I have nothing to add, but the unnecessary assurance of how much I am,

"My dear Pepys,

"Yours most affectionately,

"N. WRAXALL JR.

"Remember me to Berlin, I depend on a long letter."

."Dresden. Saturday evening. The 15th Novem^r. 1777.

"I received your very kind and long letter, my dear Pepys, on my arrival at Berlin, so long ago, that I am ashamed to recollect the time. I should most certainly have answered it from thence, had not I been prevented by the nature of the Answer you requested me to give you. I could not possibly speak of the King of Prussia in a Letter from Berlin, as everything is opened at the Post Office, which suspicion or caprice chooses to look into. This was my only reason for delaying my reply, and I lose not a day on my arrival in Saxony to obey your commands.

"If you wish to be informed of the most striking particulars relative to the Prussian Majesty. I am happy to be able to gratify you, and tho' I cannot crowd into this, or into two such sheets, half the interesting minutiae I have learnt concerning him, yet I can, I doubt not, tell

you many things with which you are unacquainted. My curiosity to know this wonderful man was not less than yours, but it is extremely difficult at Berlin, or even at Potzdam, to gain any authentic information. I was so fortunate as to have letters from the Princess Dorothea of Brunswick to her Brother Prince Frederic, who is in Prussian service, and resides at Berlin. He shewed me a thousand civilities, and obliged me by gratifying my eagerness to enquire after the King. Prince Frederic is his nephew, and what is more important—beloved by His Majesty. You may therefore be assured I impose no hearsay reports, or popular errors on you. I only feel awkward in beginning thus formally to speak of the King, and wish I cou'd have fallen naturally on the subject, but no matter. I shall write as I will, without order or arrangement. I found no reason during my stay in Berlin to diminish the high ideas I had always conceived of His Majesty. Instead of suffering in his character by a close inspection, he rises prodigiously. His capital and his kingdom are in a manner creations of his own. He has aggrandized the House of Brandenburg beyond what the most sanguine Policy could have imagined practicable. Silesia, and all Polish Prussia (one torn from Poland, and the other from the House of Austria) are astonishing proofs of his vigour and successful ambition. From his gloomy retreat at Potzdam, unseen except by his Guards, and totally divested of the Pomp which usually waits on Kings, he awes the whole North of Europe. I saw him only six days ago at Potzdam, on horseback on the Esplanade before the Palace, riding along the line, and giving the Word of Command to his Soldiery with a fire and spirit which seemed more suited to Twenty six, than Sixty six. His mind has something about it unconquerable, and which no bodily infirmities or complaints can enfeeble and bend down. At the Grand Reviews in September last, he *would* command, tho' he had not been

able to walk for several weeks from a Rheumatic complaint. He *did*, but the instant he dismounted from his horse he fainted. I never saw any countenance so characteristic, so striking, so full of events, if I may so express myself. His eye is infinitely piercing, and there is not a line in his face without its meaning, or which may not be studied. His dress is always the same. He enters the Drawing Room on a Day of Gala precisely habited as he would into a Camp. Charles the Twelfth could not be less regardful of ornament. A plain blue uniform coat, lined with red shalloon: a star on his breast: a most enormous hat and panache, boots and a lorgnette in his hand. This is the King of Prussia. When the Grand Duke of Russia came to Berlin, he said to Prince Frederic of Brunswick, 'I am going to turn Beau; I have bought me a new hat and Feathers.' This was the sole alteration he made in his wardrobe. How little, as I looked at him, appeared the Brocades and Embroidery of Princes! He looks down on all those exteriors of royalty as far beneath him. His activity, his attention to affairs of State, his personal inspection into the most minute parts of Government, superadded to his economy and a genius unequalled on a throne, all these form a combination of great endowments which can scarcely ever meet again in a sovereign, and I am almost ready to believe that when his animating spirit is fled, the complicated and nice machine which he has hitherto upheld, and propelled, will dissolve and fall to pieces. Austria, Saxony, Poland, have all felt his power, and yet smart from his ravages. Germany has beheld, and trembled at his rapid aggrandizement. He seems to have strained every nerve of the State, and to have given the whole Government an impetus which is too violent to endure beyond a certain Era. He has *now*, while I am writing, above 190,000 of the best disciplined soldiery in arms, and ready for any military operation. I am persuaded, if ever War happens in his life time, he will be in

Bohemia, perhaps in Austria, before his enemies know that he has passed the Frontier of his own dominions. I believe Cæsar had not a more active soul, nor Hannibal more fertile resources. He has the experience of two wars and near twenty campaigns. His troops have a confidence in him which rises to enthusiasm. The other kings and sovereigns know war only by hearsay. He has grown grey in camps and battles. The Austrians have only Laudohn to oppose to him, a general worthy indeed to be sent against the King of Prussia. Notwithstanding these advantages, I believe, (in contradiction to common report) that his wish and object is peace. He has already gained that, which is the object of war. He has torn Silesia, a most fertile Province, from the House of Austria, and he has joined his Electorate to his Prussian Kingdom by the seizure of all the rich tract from Dantzic to the Gates of Thorn in Poland. He is declined in years; he has a constitution impaired and debilitated by so many cares and fatigues, and now rendered incapable of a series of new campaigns. He can scarce raise his house to a higher pinnacle of glory or dominion. He *may* lose these vast and valuable acquisitions, the fruit of seven and thirty years unwearied policy, and bought with the lives of more than eight hundred thousand Prussians, mowed down in the fury of war. He leads at present a most regular and tranquil life. He rises *now* in November, in this rude climate, at five, goes to bed at nine, dines at twelve, and eats little. He passes more than ten months of the year in a sort of Learned Retreat in Potzdam, or at Sans Souci, which is a little Palace only a quarter of a mile without the gates of that city. He reads, walks in his Gallery of Paintings, writes, and above all, resigns himself in his leisure hours to his favourite passion for music. He has given up, tho' reluctantly, the flute, and now usually performs on the Harpsichord. He dislikes Berlin, and never visits it except from motives rather of policy than of inclination, in December and

January. When he is at Sans Souci, he is an individual, no soldiers bar up his gates. At night, a Corporal's Guard mounts; and even that retires in the daytime. I saw *his own* chamber. He sleeps in a little camp bed about 30 inches broad; it is of pale blue sattin, and stands in a corner of the room, hid behind a screen. He puts everybody out of the apartment when he retires to sleep. Music books, Petrefactions, and a hundred little curiosities lay on his table in disorder. By the fireplaces were piles of wood, with which he mends his own fire. There is a studied elegance in each of his apartments which are only *three* in number, approaching to luxury, and his 'Salle à manger,' has exhausted the beauties of sculpture and architecture to enrich and adorn it. The floor is inlayed with the most costly Egyptian and Italian marbles. Here he dines on a few plain dishes with a very few of his chosen officers. Great, however, as he is in every respect, he is more feared and admired than beloved. No one dares speak, or hint, dislike, but I believe his subjects in general look forward to happier times under his nephew, and successor. The King's military and pecuniary exactions are very oppressive, and the enormous army he keeps on foot must be subsisted by answerable resources. There is no tyranny, I believe, in Europe, so intimately and severely felt as that in Prussia. It passes over no individual! It comprehends every rank: it exerts its rapacity on the Prince and the Peasant equally. The nobility to a man are all officers, and the Peasants, to a man, are soldiers, disciplined, and under arms two months of every year. Deprive Berlin and Potzdam of the troops, you would leave the two cities almost desert. In Potzdam only there are above ten thousand. Let me say one word of the Prince of Prussia, the Heir Apparent to the crown. He is a very handsome man, in the vigour of his age, about four and thirty. His character is very amiable, but his real one can only be known after his

accession to the throne. The king does not love him, and keeps him not only at a distance which gives no idea of his rank, but under a restraint the most rigorous and unremitted. He dares not miss a parade, and would be most infallibly put under arrest if he was not found at the head of his regiment, like any other General Officer. If His Majesty reviews his troops, the Prince follows him, but does not ride by his side. They seldom speak. The Prince frequently makes visits to Berlin; but to do this, he quits Potzdam after the Parade is over, rides to Berlin, and is back the next morning to his duty. He has no Guards, and walks about Potzdam in his uniform, perfectly unaccompanied. He is very affable, loves pleasure, and expense, and will probably prefer Berlin and the magnificence of a Court to the gloomy retirement of a military Court such as his Uncle's. I told you that the King loves music. He expends considerable sums to gratify this darling passion, and his Opera costs him annually no less than four hundred thousand Prussian dollars, about £80,000, an immense sum for him to squander on entertainments.

“Do these particulars, my dear Pepys, in any degree, satisfy your curiosity respecting His Prussian Majesty? If not, I can send you as many more in my next. My curiosity was as insatiable as yours. I cannot describe to you what I felt when I saw him for the first time. Prince Frederic of Brunswick carried me to the Princess Amelia's, the King's sister, where he was. I thought I never could look at him enough, or take my eyes off him. After breakfasting, he mounted his horse, and rode slowly thro' the streets of Berlin, with his glass in his hand, examining the various buildings he is constructing. No mob followed, no people collected, no acclamations, no hisses. All was silent and respectful. The King bowed to all who saluted him, to his soldiers he pulled off his hat. He stopped, and attentively regarded everything which struck him. But

where am I running? You have put me on an inexhaustible subject, and now, after two hours scrawling, I declare to you I have not told you one twentieth part of what I should say, to give you a just idea of this immortal man. Some evening or other when we meet, I will tell you a hundred anecdotes of him too long to commit to paper. I would not but have seen him for five hundred pounds.

Let me now, while I have a bit of paper left, assure you that I most warmly, sincerely and affectionately participate in the pleasant account you give me of your domestic happiness, and above all in *an event* you communicate to me. My turn *will* come I hope by and by after I have seen Hungary, Turkey, and Poland. Your turn is come. I rejoyce in your happiness without enjoying it. You are worthy of it. Continue, I entreat you, to tell me how you go on. Write to me, I beg, to Vienna. I desire a letter from you. Make a hundred polite remembrances for me to Mrs. Pepys. I shall depend on dining with you both in 1779, when I come back. I suppose Dr. Pepys and Lady Rothés are now nearly on their return to town. I wrote to Dr. Pepys from Berlin, as he will, I don't doubt, have told you. You will remember me most affectionately and respectfully to him and Lady Rothés. When Miss Dowdeswell and Miss Bella come up to town, tell them I humbly request not to be forgotten by them while I am wandering thro' so many Kingdoms. I shan't forget them. I *have* written to Mrs. Bernard from Berlin. God knows if you can read this scrawl. Manners is talking to me, and we must dress to go to Sir John Stepney's. To-morrow he presents us to the Elector, &c. We have only been here six days, and must continue our journey in a few more towards Vienna: We have a terrible journey from hence to Prague thro' the Mountains which divide Bohemia from Saxony, where the Snows and Precipices are very bad. If you don't believe me, look at what Lady Mary Wortley

Montagu says of them. They are not mended since her time. We shall stop a few days at Prague, and then continue our route thro' Bohemia, Moravia and Lower Austria to Vienna, by Baslaw, Znaim, and Iglau. I believe you won't envy us our journey in this season, when all is already under snow, and no decent Inn in twenty Bohemian leagues. I expect to be in Vienna about the 1st of next month. Pray write. Direct as before to me, 'à la poste restante.' I can't tell you a word of Dresden, but I like it excessively. I'm in excellent spirits, except when I'm cold. Manners is a very lively agreeable companion. We talk of going quite to Constantinople, but I believe we shall not push beyond Belgrade, or the Turkish Frontiers. I'll write you in the Spring, as I promised, from Peter Waradin in Sclavonia. Adieu! Excuse this hurried letter. I wrote it merely to obey you without a moment's thought or care. So, that's my apology, and a true one. Once again farewell. I embrace you affectionately, and requesting to hear from you, I am, my dear Pepys, Ever yours, Remember me affectionately to Roe.

"N. W."

"Vienna. Monday the 12th Jan. 1778.

"Can I give you a more convincing proof, my dear Pepys, how highly I prize, and how warmly desirous I am of preserving my place in your friendship, than by overleaping common forms, and writing to you as I do now, without waiting to know how you liked my last letter? I wrote you a very long one near two months ago from Dresden, in which I endeavoured to give you a very faint and imperfect marking of the greatest man in our European world; and I own I had flattered myself from the obliging haste you made to answer my first letter, from Cologne (I think it was) that I should have been so happy as to receive one from you before this time in answer to my

second. No matter. I know perfectly what the disease is, which Swift somewhere so strongly paints, and so pathetically laments, that of not being able to write to our best friends. Believe me I have myself too frequent attacks of that same malady, not to excuse it readily in others, tho' in you it is rather inexcusable, because when you chuse to do it, few people acquit themselves so well. Let me however tell you that if you have the same—or anything like the same curiosity respecting the Emperor, as you have shewn relative to the Prussian Majesty, my correspondence just now, is worth preserving. Joseph the Second promises to be a greater Prince than the House of Austria has seen since Charles the Fifth, and the conjunctures of the Times seem to aid and give scope to his capacity or ambition; the Elector of Bavaria's death, the Extinction of that Line, the Imperial claims on a part—at least—of that rich succession, and the very momentous Consequences which may ensue from this event, all these circumstances hold us in suspence, and make us attentive to the smallest movement. All we know as yet is, that on the arrival of the Intelligence last Friday Sennight, that the Elector of Bavaria was dead, ten Regiments, with Thirty Pieces of Artillery &c. were ordered to march instantly towards Munich, but what are the exact limits of their destination, no one knows, or will at least divulge. The Elector Palatine claims the whole succession, but an Elector Palatine cannot *alone* presume to oppose an Emperor. If Russia moves in his favor, as is more than possible, Germany may be involved in a general and destructive War. But these are all speculations, vague and uncertain. A very few days or weeks at most, must give us some insight into the consequences of this affair. You are indeed, I presume, so occupied just now, in England, with yet more important and interesting concerns, that the wars or troubles of this Empire appear of small moment, I cannot wonder at it. All Europe seem to have

their eyes fixed on America, and here the Austrians expect the arrival of the news from England with almost as much impatience, as we can do ourselves. Burgoyne's affair has been an unhappy one, but I hope there is yet spirit and resolution enough left to maintain a war on which the very existence of England, as a *Power* of Europe, now depends. Let us however waive American Politics, as I believe you and I do not—or at least *did* not—agree perfectly on that point. I wrote to Dr. Pepys near three weeks ago, and gave him some account of our journey thro' Bohemia. Moravia, and Austria to this capital. As 'tis possible you may see that Letter, I shan't tire you again by a repetition of it here. Let me rather tell you that of all the cities I have visited in Europe, from Lisbon to Petersburg, I find Vienna the most agreeable to pass a Winter in. The facility with which a stranger is introduced to, and becomes acquainted with, all the first people, is an *Agrement* nowhere to be met with in so great a degree. There is indeed an Austrian reserve and distance at the first *abord*, which characterises the inhabitants very strongly—but a few weeks suffice to wear this off, and to shew them in the most pleasing colours. They are elegant, well bred, informed, and disposed to cultivate assiduously the acquaintance of any stranger who appears to desire theirs. There are Assemblies almost every night in the month, to which we have the *Entrée libre*, and where the most perfect freedom reigns. It is not necessary to play, to be acceptable. I find myself continually among the descendants of the great Names which figured so high in the last century, and scarce an evening passes in which I am not in company with Piccolominis, Harrachs, Montecuculis, Walsteins, Starembargs, Palfis, and twenty others renowned in the Hungarian or Bohemian Wars, and of whom history is full. Add to these, two men, immortalized in different Lines—Laudohn and Metastasio—whom I see and converse with, and you must allow that such a Society has in it

something uncommonly animating, peculiarly to me. The Arch-Duke Maximilian is everywhere, and the Emperor himself I usually meet two or three times a week, in private companies. He enters as an Individual, and except that the Company rise for a moment on his coming, no honours or notice is paid him. Every one sits or talks, or resumes their cards as if he was not present. He walks about, and stands behind the ladies's chairs, with all the politeness and humility of a private gentleman. His manners and address are the happiest I ever knew. None of the politeness of Protection, no Parade of Graciousness, or affected Display of Condescencion and Affability. His conversation apart from the Interest one cannot avoid taking in it, because he is the *first* man in Europe, is more easy, entertaining, varied and humorous, than one almost ever meets with in an Individual. He has travelled more than any crowned head, and I was never more amused, than about fifteen days ago, when I happened to meet him in a very small and confined company, where he related to only *five* people (of whom I was one) his journey thro' the Bannat of Temeswaer, a part of the Hungarian or Slavonian Dominions which frontiers on the Turkish Territories. The Emperor's real character is however in many points of view as yet cramped, unknown and concealed. We must wait for the Empress, his Mother's decease, to know his designs, his Genius, and the scope of his aims as a Monarch. The Imperial Diadem is only a splendid title, but the real power is in the Empress, who, as Queen of Hungaria, Bohemia, and all the Austrian Possessions, is one of the most powerful Princes of Europe. It is impossible at this juncture when perhaps the Emperor is taking possession of Bavaria, not to philosophize for a moment on the quick Revolution of Human Events, and not to recollect that Forty years are not yet elapsed since the House of Austria, extinct in the Male Line, seemed to touch the Hour of its total downfall, while this very

Elector's Father, crowned Emperor at Francfort, and aided by Louis the 15th, claimed the whole Austrian Succession, and ravaged even to the Gates of Vienna. What a compleat reverse in so short a space of time ! Maria Theresa, who was then so pressed by the Bavarian Troops, as to write to the Duchess of Lorraine her Mother in Law, that 'it was doubtful whether her enemies would leave her a single town in which she might lye in,' is now marching her troops into the Electorate, unopposed, and will perhaps swallow up the whole succession.

"I hope you'll be in a very political mood when this letter reaches you, or my sage reflexions and wise conjectures will come to a bad market. I believe I had better talk to you about the Carnival and our Diversions. Besides Balls and Ridottos, and Masquerades, we have had an Amusement of another kind, one of the most beautiful, magnificent, and gallant you can conceive. It was a 'Course de Traineaux' in which the Arch-Dukes the Arch-Duchesses, and all the Noblesse of the Court were in their respective Sledges. My paper is far too short to give you even a slight description of this very singular and striking spectacle, besides that to entertain you, I must economise my matter, and not prodigally lavish my whole store in one letter. Write me a good, long, family epistle, and you shall hear all about it. So, it rests with you to accept the conditions. I haven't yet said a word about Mrs. Pepys or repeated as I must do, my felicitations on the happy event you expect to take place. What a different creature will you be when we meet again, from what you was last April, when Ranelagh opened ! I assure you I shall be quite afraid of you when I come home by and by. I beg however you'll just remember if you can our Drives to Richmond, Sion, and Roehampton. The winter which threaten'd three or four weeks ago, to be extremely severe, is now as extremely mild. No Danube frozen over, as we expected, and even

the little River Wien, which falls into it, is unthawed again, I presume Mrs. Bernard and Mrs. L. are còme to Town again by this time. I hope you'll remember me very politely to them. I wrote to Mr. B. very soon after I got to Vienna. If Mrs. Dowdeswell is come up to town too, I request you to present my best compliments, as well as to Miss Dowdeswell, and to Miss Bella. I wrote to Roe not long ago. I suppose you see one another often. Pray, my dear Pepys, write me a letter, and tell me how you go on now you have, as I doubt not, left Belsize for the winter. Adieu, till Wednesday."

"Wednesday, Noon. The 14th January.

"I have kept my letter open, partly I own in expectation of receiving one from you, but as none comes, I shall seal this up immediately. We as yet know nothing of Bavaria or what is doing there by the Imperial and Palatine Troops. Probably a week or ten days may give some light into this interesting affair. You know that we have some time since renounced our intentions of visiting Constantinople and the Turkish dominions. We shall content ourselves with seeing Hungary and Sclavonia in the Month of April next. If you write to me, as I hope you intend soon to do, pray put 'Par Ostende' on your letter, as I do on mine to you. Remember me politely and affectionately to your Brother and Lady Rothes. Pray, are you much in Albemarle Street? Where do you live? I don't know how to direct to you, I declare, and must therefore address my letter to your brother's in Wimpole Street. If you don't write to me soon, I shall be quite angry. Adieu, my dear Pepys. Preserve the remembrance of

"Your most affectionate,

"N. W."

“Vienna. Tuesday the 17th April, 1778.

“I’m ashamed to say how long ago I received your very entertaining letter of the 11th of January. The want of time (a want often pretended, but in my case very real) not any defect in inclination, has retarded my reply. Your portrait of the King of Prussia—the opposite, and perhaps juster, estimate which you form of that Prince, strikes me as very beautiful. I allow your William Penn the superiority in those benign and tranquil virtues which contribute to the repose of the Human Race, and which conduce to the happiness of the Possessor, but in that mixed and uncertain title which we decorate with the name of Glory, can Penn dispute precedence with the Man who has aggrandized the House of Brandenburg, and filled all Europe with the lustre of his achievements and the terror of his name? In the scale of rectitude and of goodness I grant Penn’s superiority—but what, in the eye of greatness, is the peopling the Deserts of Pennsylvania to the wonderful and incredible labours of the King of Prussia, to seven years of war sustained against Russia, Sweden, the Empire, France, and Austria, to the Chain of Victories almost uninterrupted which he has gained in two wars—to the immortal honour he acquired at Molwitz, at Ozaslaw, at Lowositz, at Prague, at Rosbach, and at Lissa? Add to these trophies, a repose worthy of Cæsar or of Pericles, in the bosom of Arts, of Sciences, of Music, of Friendship, and of Philosophy. Who, let me ask, in antient or in modern story, has been so ‘graced with both Minervas?’ Where will you point me out so sublime, so capacious, so expansive a Genius? Future ages will not believe that any mortal ever assembled such wondrous talents, such uncommon powers of mind. In an age of Idolatry, he would have been long since deified, not by his own subjects, but in Sicily, and in Portugal—in Countries the

most remote from Brandenbourg. I do not mean to defend or palliate his ambition—but you must at least allow it is the vice of kings, and of *Great* Kings. James the 1st cannot be accused of it. No Prince ever delighted less in Blood, nor has a scaffold been erected in Prussia since 1740. His economy is not avarice. It has ever in view the great object of his policy, the confirmation of his power and his dominions. His magnanimity of mind, his activity and coolness when surrounded by almost inevitable destruction, as he was not once but twenty times during the late War, his combination of all those talents and qualities which form a General, raise him almost beyond the bounds of mortality, and form a character unknown in Story. No Prince ever was more ready to pay the tribute of Praise, when due, even to his enemies. When the Emperor went to the Prussian Reviews some years ago, he carried the celebrated Marechal Laudohn with him. The King loaded him with honours and eulogiums. When they sat down at table, Laudohn modestly seated himself on the opposite side of that on which His Majesty was. The King remarked it, and with a smile, ‘Monsieur le Marechal, said he, ‘Placez vous ici a mon coté. Je n’aime pas de vous voir viz-à-vis de moi.’ This elegant compliment can need no comment or explanation. At dinner, the discourse ran on the actions of the last war, peculiarly on the Battle of Cunersdorf, where the able Manœuvres of Laudohn enabled Soltikoff the Russian General to gain a compleat victory, in spite of the admirable disposition which the King of Prussia had made, and which he imagined must insure him success. ‘Ah! Mons. le Marechal,’ said His Majesty, shaking his head, ‘Vous avez bien gaté ma soupe a Francfort.’ Cunersdorf is situate close to the City of Francfort on the Oder. These anecdotes I only mention as feeble proofs of the greatness of mind which eminently distinguishes this extraordinary

man. It is impossible, as it would be unjust, to deny him the praises they merit. Pray pardon all this repetition about the King of Prussia, since it is your own letter which gave rise to it. You assign me a very hard and difficult task in bidding me describe to you the Imperial Court. How dare I do it here in Vienna? You know how insecure are all letters by the Post, and trust me there is no more security for correspondence in the Austrian, than in the Prussian dominions. Your ideas of this Court appear to me more true of Austria under Leopold's reign, than at this time under Maria Theresa and Joseph the Second. All has changed since the death of Charles the 6th in 1740. There is less ceremony and etiquette in the Imperial Court, than in that of St. James's. Never did Prince so thoroughly despise and neglect it as the present Emperor. I have met His Imperial Majesty many times during the past winter in private societies, where his lively and interesting conversation almost made me forget his rank. He comes *literally* alone, without attendants of any kind. When he enters, the company rise for a moment and then resume their places and continue without *gêne* their parties of cards or conversation. The Emperor walks about, converses, stands behind the chairs of those ladies to whom he chuses to make his court, and when he is tired, he slips away like any other individual. His Footman gives him his cloak, and he gets into his chariot alone. In a morning, I have met him fifty times on horseback with two footmen, or in his baruche, (a sort of open Disobligeant) or afoot. He is uncommonly active, bears fatigue with incredible perseverance, and transacts affairs with a celerity and regularity which merit the highest eulogiums. Economical in his expences and in his pleasures, he spares both his own and the public moneys. He has even been accused, tho' unjustly, of carrying this virtue too far. No Prince in Europe has seen so many Kingdoms—none, except his Great Rival at Potzdam—

has so frequently, so accurately, and so minutely visited his own dominions. Transylvania, Sclavonia, Croatia, the Polish Provinces torn from that kingdom, Morlachia, Carniola, all these Provinces His Majesty has visited: he travels on horseback, thro' roads where no carriage ever passed, and is absolutely regardless of hardships or accidents. In a word, I regard the present Emperor, from all which I have seen, and from all which I have been able to learn concerning him, as a much abler and greater Prince than any which the House of Austria has seen since Charles the 5th. If he survives, (as we have every reason to suppose) the Empress his mother, his real character will more fully unveil itself; and his *great* designs astonish Europe. His Star is only as yet rising, while that of His Prussian Majesty is on its decline, but at this moment, the Emperor is fettered in a thousand respects. Maria Theresa is no more the Woman she was in 1740, when she bore up with undaunted magnanimity against a tide of misfortunes, when her spirit rose in proportion to Her distresses and disasters, when, incapable of making head against her enemies in Austria, She retired into Hungary, and holding the present Emperor in her arms, She harangued the Hungarian Nobles at Presburg. Perhaps all History does not present a more interesting picture, young, beautiful, undaunted, and supporting her courage in the last extremities, She appeared in the eyes of all Europe, worthy the crowns she defended. Maria Theresa is now far unlike this animated character, sinking into years, her mind seems to partake in some degree of the same decay. Devotion and Prayers are now her principal weapons. Her Imperial Majesty was *Three* hours last Saturday afternoon at the Cathedral, employed in Prayers to Heaven, to save Bohemia and Moravia from His Prussian Majesty's Incursions. The Emperor employs rather more effectual means, and has already marched more than a hundred thousand men into Bohemia. Never were military Preparations made with more dispatch,

more silence, or more vigour in the Execution. We seem to stand at this moment on 'the perilous edge of War.' Every street in Vienna has been for these three weeks past, full of Ammunition Waggons, Artillery, Bombs, Cannon, and all the apparatus of War. Croats are marching from Hungary. Forty Thousand men assembling in Moravia. The Emperor's departure to join his troops is talked of for the Beginning of April. Equal preparations are making at Berlin and in Silesia, and in Brandenburg. All seems to presage immediate War: There will probably be assembled on the confines of Bohemia and Silesia, before the 20th of April, more than 300,000 men on both sides, ready to cut each other's throats on the first signal. In contradiction to all these threatening appearances, I own I am still inclined to believe there will be no rupture, at least not immediately, that is, in the year 1778; but if there is a war, I must in justice say I cannot regard the King of Prussia as the Author of it, and the Disturber of the common peace of the Empire, more I may not say from hence. The Bavarian Succession has been long regarded as an inevitable cause of war. The seizure of a part of it by the Emperor, naturally alarmed the Court of Berlin, jealous of any addition or aggrandizement to the House of Austria. Can you blame his Prussian Majesty for arming on such an occasion? The past winter has been certainly one of the most critical and important which has happened since 1760. The Extinction of the Bavarian Line in the person of the late Elector, and the Seizure of so considerable a part of the Succession by His Imperial Majesty, were events which must inevitably produce a Commotion in the Empire. Did I tell you in my last letter that the news arrived of the Elector's death on New Year's Day? The Drawing-room was exceedingly crowded. The Empress was playing at Cards. The Emperor came up and whispered something in her ear. She threw down the cards, rose

up, and went out of the room immediately, leaving us all astonished and lost in conjecture, at what news the Emperor could have communicated. She foresaw and dreaded the natural consequences of the Elector's death. The extreme uncertainty of peace or war at this moment renders our arrangements and plans for the summer equally uncertain. We intend to visit Hungary and Sclavonia, after which we shall probably return to Vienna. We shall certainly go to Warsaw, St. Petersburg, and Moscow, but whether we pass thro' Bohemia and Silesia, or thro' Moravia and Poland in our way to Russia, must depend on circumstances impossible at this moment to regulate or ascertain, till we know the result of the present armaments. Bohemia and Silesia must necessarily be the Theatre of War. You reproach me with not going now to Tivoli, and to Pompoeia. My intentions and wishes are to see *all* the North once more, besides the Kingdoms of Hungary, Poland and Prussia. Italy and Spain I shall assuredly visit by and by. They are the only parts of Europe which will remain for me, and I must reserve something for my future wanderings. I know this Letter is by no means an answer to yours—but what can I do? My paper prevents me from writing more. When we meet I can shew you some papers which may entertain you. We expect with great impatience the next Intelligence from England, as we imagine there is reason to apprehend we are not far from a rupture with France.

“I beg you, my dear Pepys, to believe that no one can take a warmer interest in your happiness than I do, or can feel more charmed to find you so recompensed. I desire you to make Mrs. Pepys my best remembrances. Pray desire her sometimes to think of our parties at Marseilles. I hope you'll not fail to remember me to Mrs. Bernard and Mrs. Codrington; Will you let Mrs. B. know that I did myself the honour of writing to her last Wednesday,

in answer to her very agreeable letter? I received a very kind, long letter from Roe only about ten days ago. Pray thank him for it, and assure him I will reply to it before I leave Vienna. I congratulate him on the accession to his Family. My very best compliments wait on Lady Rothes and your brother. I have not yet been so happy as to receive any answer to my last letter to Dr. Pepys which was the 24th of December. I desire you and Mrs. Pepys to present my compliments to the Miss Dowdeswells; If you see—as no doubt you do—Mrs. Montagu, I wish you'd ask her if she ever received a letter I wrote to her from hence dated 10th December. It was at her request I wrote to her. I have never received any answer. Perhaps probably, *one* of the letters may be lost. Be so kind as to satisfy me about this point. Continue to direct to me as usual *here* at Vienna. If I am gone, Sir R. Keith will send them to me at Warsaw, or Prague, or wherever I am. Adieu! My dear Pepys! Be happy—but continue to remember our friendship and our dinners formerly, when you was not quite so happy as now. I intend to write to Dr. Pepys before I leave Vienna, whether I hear from him or not.

“ Ever yours,

“ N. W.

“ Wednesday, 18th March.”

NOTE.—The critical situation in which Austria and Prussia were involved, and the successful intervention of France, are well described in a French newspaper, the *Moniteur Universel* du 1^{re} Avril 1843, which I happen to possess, as it records the career of a member of the French branch of our family, who was Chargé d’Affaires at Berlin at that time, 1778, and in the absence of the Marquis du Pont conducted the negotiations. It explains the matter clearly.

“ The Elector of Bavaria was dead, and the pretensions of the new Emperor, Joseph II., were in flagrant opposition to those of Frederick the Great. M. de Gaussen wrote in haste to his government: ‘ The two adversaries are confronting each other, one is old and has much past glory to preserve; the other is young, and is thirsting to acquire it in the future; he is the more eager as he is uncertain of success against the great

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warrior. Our endeavours to separate them have been within an ace of being frustrated.' ”

The *Moniteur* continues : “ France proposed mediation, which Frederick the Great accepted, and the Emperor Joseph dared not refuse, so the Peace of Teschen was concluded, which cemented our good relations with the Continent ; and France immediately exerting all her energies on the sea, speedily made the cause of American Liberty to triumph.”

I have inserted the French version of the affair in the midst of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall's letters, for his attention at this point appeared to be diverted to “ the more important and interesting concerns, on which the eyes of Europe are fixed, ‘ The American War of Independence.’ ”

He continues : “ Burgoyne's affair has been an unhappy one, but I hope there is yet spirit and resolution enough left to maintain a war, on which the very existence of England, as a Power of Europe, depends. Let us however waive American politics,” he wrote to his friend (whose liberal opinions he suddenly seemed to remember, and treated with the contemptuous toleration recently extended to pro-Boers), “ as I believe you and I do not—or did not—perfectly agree on that point.’ ”

“ Königsburg in Prussia. Monday, 10th August, 1778.

“ The last time I wrote to you, my dear Pepys, was a day or two before I came away from Vienna. I hope you'll have received my letter safely. Since that time I have seen Poland, and passed near two months in the Court of Warsaw. I intend to give you a little history of my journey and a picture of the Polish King and Court, with which I am certain you are unacquainted. I persuade myself you'll have patience and good nature enough to listen to the account.

“ I quitted Vienna the 24th of May, and passed a day at Olmutz, the Capital of Moravia, rendered so famous by His Prussian Majesty's unsuccessful siege of it in 1758. We passed thro' all the Austrian Silesia, near the foot of the Carpathian Mountains which divide Hungary from Poland, and arrived at Cracow on the last days of May. Cracow was the antient capital of Poland : it is yet stately, tho' ruinous, depopulated, and far declined from its former lustre. It has suffered considerably in the Civil Wars which have desolated Poland, during which the Confederates, and Russians, have repeatedly been besieged or attacked, in it.

I went during my stay at Cracow to see the Mines of Vielicza, not far from thence. They are probably the most extraordinary and curious in Europe—perhaps in the world. They produce only Salt. The Caverns where they dig the salt are of immense magnitude, far exceeding in size any Hall of State ever constructed by man. The passages and subterranean ways conducting from one of these vast caverns to another are so numerous and intricate that no labyrinth ever was more perplexed. As I stood in some of these caves which are illuminated by flambeaux, and where the eye vainly endeavours to discover the dimensions, I could not help thinking of the Palaces of the Genie in the ‘Arabian Nights.’ They look like the Residence of imaginary beings. In the mines I found Chapels hewn out in the salt, horses, carts, men, apartments—in a word, a colony who reside *under* the earth, and who seemed to be quite as content and as happy as that part of the human race who walk and live *upon* the earth. I arrived at Warsaw, a capital little seen or known, but deserving infinitely more attention than is commonly shewn it. It resembles no other Metropolis of Europe. Warsaw consists almost absolutely, and exclusively of Nobles and wretched Peasants—of magnificent palaces adorned with all the pomp of architecture and of the vilest huts which misery ever reared. I sought in vain for that middle order of Citizens—Merchants, Tradesmen &c. which constitute the bulk of inhabitants in all other great cities. They are so few at Warsaw as not to enter into the account. Warsaw, like Poland, is not now what it was under Augustus the 2nd and 3rd, the two last kings. It is the Capital of a dismembered and expiring kingdom. It presents a striking political picture, full of instruction. I never in any capital, saw so much luxury, licentiousness, and expense, united with every species of public and private distress. A nobility ruined, yet sunk in pleasures, oppressed by the Russians, and oppressing in turn their

miserable vassals. The King is more an Object of Com-miseration and pity than of envy. Never was a Crown bought so dear, or so thick planted with thorns. Happy had he only continued a private nobleman, and never been selected by the fatal preference of Catherine the Second, to fill the Polish throne. His reign has been a scene of humiliation and misfortune. Rebellions, assassination, and every kind of calamity opened it, and the Division of his Dominions followed. He is now little more than the Fantome of what he was, and (I beg you to remember my words) all is not yet over in Poland. *We* shall probably live to see yet more disastrous scenes take place in that unhappy country.

"I may boast of *knowing* the King of Poland, as he is exceedingly affable, and during my stay I was many times in his company in private societies. He is extremely amiable, entertaining, and accomplished. He has an extensive reading, and a mind much improved. It is impossible not to like him. He speaks and reads English *perfectly*. He loves the nation. He engaged me to write to Hartley to send him some instructions and information relative to his invention against Fire, of which he intends to make trial.* The Court is not magnificent, but the Polish Women are most enchanting creatures. They have all the elegance and accomplishments of European manners, super-added to the Asiatic Languor, splendour, and voluptuous turn of mind. Their taste is exquisite in every article of dress, and style of living. I protest to you, that I could recount to you a scene at which I was present, in a little Villa on the banks of the Vistula, not far from Warsaw, which as often as I reflect on it appears to me to be enchantment. It was at least very much resembling it, and might without any exaggeration or any violation of truth, rank with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's interview with Fatima, which you must recollect. Let's talk no more

* See Vol. II. p. 109.

of it. When we meet, I think I could entertain you much with my Polish Journal and Papers. I quitted Warsaw not without regret, only twelve days ago, and arrived here after five days of such a journey as I hope you will never experience—overturned in the night, sleeping on straw, devoured by vermin, in horrid cottages, among Jews, Poles, Pigs and all manner of animals. Manners is not quite well, which keeps us here a few days, when we shall proceed to Dantzic. We have renounced our journey into Russia on account of the Season which is too far advanced in these latitudes. We intend to remount the Vistula to Thorn, thence to go into Silesia, and if it be possible, to cross Bohemia, by Prague to Egra and Ratisbon. Bohemia is now the most interesting Theatre in Europe, where Joseph the 2nd and his great Rival, Frederic, are opposed to each other. I dare not write to you too freely on this subject as otherwise my letter may *displease*, and of consequence never reach your hands. You understand. We intend going into Bavaria, the Tyrol, Styria, Carniola to the Banks of the Adriatic; Croatia and Sclavonia, quite to Belgrade, and back thro' Hungary to Vienna. Then there only remains Spain, for my future Travels. When we shall see each other I don't know: My plans may be deranged, and we may return to England this autumn. . . . I shall be most happy to see you, and congratulate you on your happiness. How is your little boy? Pray tell me something about him. I depend on your remembering me very affectionately and very gratefully to Mrs. Pepys and to Lady Rothes at the same time. I wrote to Roe about two or three weeks ago from Warsaw. I desired him to remember me to you. I'm persuaded he would not omit it. Do you see Mrs. Bernard often? I wrote to her lately. I hope Mrs. Pepys has not forgot me altogether, tho' it is almost three years since we passed the winter at Marseilles. I shall address this letter to you at Belsize Park, as I make no question you are gone there some time ago.

"If you wish to oblige me, write me an answer to this letter, and address it to me 'à Munich en Baviere,' à la poste restante—but you must answer it immediately in that case, or I shall not receive it. We wait in anxious and eager suspense for some news of Keppel and d'Orvilliers. There must, I think, be an action. It can't easily be avoided. We hope likewise to hear that a Treaty is begun in America as the Commissioners are arrived out. The approaching winter must necessarily be a busy one. Adieu, my dear Pepys! Don't quite forget our dinners and drives and conversations on Richmond Terrace, tho' all that is over now. Farewell. Pray write me to Munich without loss of time and tell me if you have received my last letter from Vienna of the 20th May. There is no need to sign my name, to prove myself

"Ever yours,
"N. W."

"Vienna. Wednesday, 2nd December, 1778.

"It seems to me now a very long time, my dear Pepys, since I have had the pleasure of hearing from you, since tho' I received your last letter only at Ratisbon, its date was of a very remote antiquity. I answered it immediately from the same place the 25th of October and requested you, as I think, to answer me to Vienna. I am, however, as you may have discovered on more than one occasion, much above the formalities and etiquettes of correspondence. It is quite sufficient that I am convinced my letters entertain you, to induce me to write, but you would not easily conceive the number of persons in different parts of Europe (for I have at length resigned all intercourse with India or the Cape of Good Hope) who exact this proof of my attachment, or gratitude, or friendship from me. I am obliged, *malgré moi*, to write to Stockholm, to Warsaw, and to Dresden, at each of which places I have connexions or friends who have every reason to expect it from me.

It is, I believe, one of the evils of travel, that the unavoidable obligations one receives in different Courts and Kingdoms, opens too wide a field of correspondence in consequence. I have lived too long not to be sensible how burdensome this tribute is, and how unequal to its performance I am—but to perceive, and to avoid the evil are very different things. You may suppose however that correspondences do not engross *all* my time. They do not. There are *certain* occupations or pleasures on which I do not permit anything to intrude. Among the former of these is my Journal, if by that name I can properly call the account I commit to paper of those objects which peculiarly please or strike me. I used to be minute in describing palaces, cities and churches—but I have learnt that they are in reality very inferiour objects of attention, and that *men* constitute the true, the highest, and most curious matter of observation. Kings, Princes, Ministers, and Favourites, as they play the first parts on the Theatre of Human Life, claim an extraordinary degree of study and remark. I limit my *written* ones chiefly to these personages, as their lives, conduct, and characters, by the extensive influence they have on mankind, commonly afford the greatest instruction and entertainment. In the Imperial, Saxon, Polish and Prussian Courts, I have been so fortunate as to meet with peculiar sources, and opportunities of information. I have not neglected to profit by them, and I am so vain as to imagine that on my return I can at once amuse you by the novelty, and inform you by the minuteness and veracity of my papers on these subjects. To you, who are a lover of anecdotes, and particularly of those anecdotes which betray character, and mark the formation of mind, 'tis impossible that mine should be totally destitute of amusement. It is however very bad policy to raise your expectations. I wonder how I came to be guilty of it. Let us talk of my journey from Ratisbon.

"We passed thro' the Lower or Imperial Bavaria between Ratisbon and Munich a most delicious Tract of Country, extending from the Gates of the former of those cities to the Banks of the Iser, and the Gates of Landshut. I need not mention to you that it is this part of the Bavarian Succession (together with some Fiefs in Suabia and the Upper Palatinate) which has roused the King of Prussia at 67 years of age from his retreat at Sans Souci, and obliged him, in defiance of his advanced time of Life, his infirmities and his wish of repose, to pass the Winter of his Life in arms, exposed once more to danger, fatigue and the inclemency of the elements among the mountains of Bohemia and Silesia. His harangue previous to leaving his capital (when he summoned all his Veteran Generals, who had fought in so many wars under his auspices) is said to have been touching to the greatest degree, and proves how well he knows the secret of commanding and moving the human heart—a secret which Nature and Genius confided to him at his birth, and of which he has well availed himself during his long and eventful reign. To return—I passed about ten days at Munich. The city is large, well built, and elegant, but how much inferiour in gaiety to Dresden! The environs of Munich are flat, low, and devoid of any natural beauty! The most sublime objects which I saw round Munich were the snowy mountains of Tyrol and Saltzbourg (the Rhoetian Alps of the Romans) which extend quite across the view to the Southward. We were presented to the Elector and Electress Palatine, now sovereigns of the dismembered Bavaria. It is impossible to view without some contempt a Prince, who has not the spirit to take up arms in such a Cause of Honour, of personal interest and dignity, as is the present contest. While the King of Prussia and the Elector of Saxony are in open war to deprive the House of Austria of the Lower Bavaria, while even the Empress of Russia from the extremities of the Gulf of Finland,

menaces to send her Calmucks and her Cossacks to enforce the Prussian demands ; while the Austrian Eagle is erected within twelve leagues of Munich, and the richest part of Bavaria lost ; he sits in a mean tranquility in his new capital, occupied only with his Opera, and unmoved with the scene around him. Between Munich and Vienna I stopped a day at Lintz, Capital of Upper Austria. It is most beautifully situate on the Danube, whose rapid current roll'd thro' a rich country, between mountains and precipices on either side. In the Castle, which stands on an eminence, expired the Emperor Maximilian the 3rd in 1493, Founder of the Grandeur of his House. You will recollect that he was Great Grandfather to Charles the 5th. We arrived here about three weeks ago, and in defiance of all which Rome or Naples can offer, it is determined that we pass the winter here : So, I request you to write me here, 'à la poste restante,' and as soon as you please. The Emperor arrived here from Moravia nine days ago. He never looked better, tho' his campaign has thinned him a little. I saw His Imperial Majesty yesterday, at Court on a very august occasion. He was habited in the Robes of the Golden Fleece, and dined with the Knights of the Order in public. The Grand Duke of Tuscany (who is here with the Grand Duchess) dined with him. Vienna is full of Nobility, but the War, and the Devotion of the Empress Queen (which is worse) will diminish in some measure, the gaiety of the Carnival.

"A word of private affairs. I wrote to Dr. Pepys a long letter from Munich. I hope he has received it. I desire my *very best* remembrances to Lady Rothes and to him. I wrote likewise to Roe from Munich, but I requested him to answer me to Venice. Pray tell him I now request him to address to me at Vienna. If he *has* written already to Venice, I shall write there to desire the letter may be sent here. When you or Mrs. P. see the Miss Dowdeswells,

I request my politest compliments to them, particularly to Miss Bell. In the spring you may be assured I shall be again in England. *One* of my greatest satisfactions on revisiting my native country, will be to see you. How many things one shall have to talk over after so long an absence! Methinks your life of tranquillity, Repose, and domestic happiness, contrasts finely with my life of danger, variety and information! I am persuaded *you* would not exchange. I request my most friendly remembrances and compliments to Mrs. Pepys. May you be long happy in each other! Farewell, my dear Pepys! 'Tis needless to assure you that I am,

“Very affectionately yours,

“N. W.

“I request my compliments to Mrs. Ord. Pray do you know whether Mrs. Montagu ever received a letter I wrote her from hence last December? If she did, she never did me the honor to acknowledge it, tho' it certainly was at *her* request that I wrote. I've really forgot whether you are *now* in Wimpole Street, or not. This makes me put 'Master in Chancery' on the Address.”

“Vienna. Saturday, 27th February, 1779.

“It is now my dear Pepys, near four weeks ago since I was so happy as to receive your welcome and very friendly Letter of the 8th January, I only regret not having had that which you addressed to me at Munich, but which certainly was not at the post when I was in Bavaria, as I made every enquiry possible. It is unnecessary to assure you, that your letters are always most welcome. I am flattered to find myself live in your memory after Eighteen months of absence, and shall with infinite pleasure revisit you and England in a few months more. The more I reflect on my present tour, the more I am persuaded it has been the

best employed Time of any in my life. At six or seven and twenty, one is no longer in that first youth which blinds and dazzles the mind, the true and rational objects of Survey of Attention, and enquiry, begin to separate themselves from the mass of surrounding trifles. Judgment enables to discriminate the important, from the useless, the instructive from the Puerile, or Uninteresting. 'Tis much to be advanced thus far, I am persuaded you would approve the objects of enquiry which have engaged me principally in Poland, Prussia, Hungary, Saxony, and the Imperial Dominions. The Theatre here is uncommonly interesting, and the actors such as merit equally the attention of the present age, and of Posterity. My long stay in Vienna, and my intimate Acquaintance with several of the first people in this Court, have necessarily made me conversant in the Interiour of the Place, as well as with Streets, Crucifixes, and Palaces. I am much more disposed to study the former than the latter, and far more desirous of penetrating the character of Joseph the 2nd, or knowing the striking particulars of his life and conduct, than of visiting the churches or curiosities of Vienna and Austria. Ah, my dear Pepys, I *could* satisfy your Enquiries and gratify them by a Picture of the Imperial Court which would most unquestionably be interesting in a high degree, but how venture to draw such a picture in a letter from Vienna, sent across the Empire, in a time of War, when everything is read, stopt, and liable to a thousand accidents. To make my letter entertaining would be to prevent its ever reaching you. I promise you *Amende honorable* at my Return, and that I will give you such papers to peruse that will not a little amuse you, and have cost me not little time, attention and address to collect. To allay however the impatience you testify, I'll try if I can think of any little traits of Maria Theresa or the Emperor, which I *may* communicate in a common letter.

“The Empress is now no longer what she was in 1741,

and 1742. To draw the picture of her conduct in that important crisis of her life, and reign is to speak of one of the most animating and glorious Scenes which the page of History unfolds. I never think of, or recollect it without a short enthusiasm. The daughter of Charles the 6th, abandoned by her allies, attacked by her enemies, surrounded with hostile Armies, destitute of money, troops, of Succour, found resources in her own masculine mind and undaunted spirit. Never was a woman more worthy of reigning, or more deserving a Diadem. Posterity will admire her Intrepidity and Magnanimity in Ages yet distant, and compare her with the Great Spirits of different Centuries who seem born to retrieve a falling Empire. Eugene was dead in 1737. Charles, agitated by an unsuccessful war against the Turks, and broken in his constitution followed him in October 1740. It was then that Maria Theresa, last Relic of the great House of Austria, shewed herself worthy the Ferdinands and the Leopolds from whence she sprung. She rallied her fainting subjects, she called out the loyalty of the Hungarians by that celebrated Harangue, which is yet remembered by many who were present at it, and of which they cannot speak without tears. The young Queen in all the blaze of beauty, in deep mourning, and holding the present Emperor in her arms, implored that Protection and aid of those Hungarians so severely treated by her Grandfather Leopold. They drew their Sabres, and swore to dye with Her. She disdained to treat, tho' the Prussians were in Silesia, the Bavarians in Prague, and the French at the gates of Vienna. She was victorious because she merited to be so, and her example may serve to shew what a great Woman can effect.

“The Empress is now infirm, declining in years, and much changed from what she was in this glorious Epoch of her reign. She now condescends to accept, nay to request a Peace, which formerly she would have disdained.

That sublime spirit which Dangers only roused and elevated, is now sunk and extinct. Years and devotion, and the natural progress of the Human Mind as it approaches the verge of Life, have inspired into her other feelings. She consults her Confessor or her apprehensions, not her glory or her Dignity. She wishes only to expire in the Bosom of Peace and tranquility. The sound of War is ungrateful to her Ears. When General Palavicini brought the standards which had been gained from the Prussians at Habelschwert about six weeks ago, where the Prince of Hesse Philipstahl and his corps were made Prisoners of War, she received him most graciously, promoted and rewarded him ; Still her rooted antipathy to war revived, and as soon 'as he was gone 'Je ne donnerai plus de Presens,' said she, 'à ceux qui m'apportent les Nouvelles des Avantages remportés. Il n'y a qu'à celui qui m'apporte la Paix, que Je me montrerai genereuse.'

"When the Croats and Dalmatians and the Slavonians arrived as they did last spring from the Coasts of the Adriatic, and the confines of Turkey, to fight her battles in Bohemia and Silesia, She could not be prevailed upon to see them ; and as her windows looked out on the Esplanade over which they passed, she ordered the shutters to be closed. She who five and thirty years ago, would have met, and led them on in person. Many of those qualities which rendered her amiable in Youth, will accompany her to the most advanced period of Life, and to the tomb itself. Her generosity is truly regal, generally well directed, always well intended. Her heart is bounteous, beneficent, and good, rarely I believe, Sovereigns have one so virtuous. Her tenderness and fidelity to the last Emperor, who by no means piqued himself on personal Fidelity to his marriage vows, was exemplary and admirable. As a parent she merits every elogium. Her reign has been long, the commencement glorious, the continuance prosperous, mild, clement, and wise. The End we are yet

to see ; I don't chuse to predict on such a subject. The Empress walks very little, she passes the winter in Vienna, the summer mostly at Schonburn. It is a magnificent Palace, not more than an English mile from Vienna, built in a hollow, with a little rivulet in front. Joseph the 1st had a hunting seat there ; Charles the 6th built a Palace there ; Francis enlarged it, Maria Theresa embellishes, and augments it every year. The Empress rises during the whole year at 5 or 6 in the morning. She dines commonly alone. She hears several Masses every day, and yet contrives to devote a vast deal of time to Affairs of State. No one however low in station is refused admittance to her Presence, and Audience, at the hours appointed for that purpose. She wears usually Gaitres on her legs as they are feeble. She is always in the deepest mourning, a black cap, her hair scarcely seen, but powdered. It is cut short on her neck. She never on any occasion wears any diamonds or ornaments. She lives on the third floor of the Imperial Palace, in a suite of rooms which are nothing less than splendid. She is so little susceptible of Cold that she can rarely support a Fire in her Room, and frequently opens the windows in January and sits at them. This makes the Emperor who is very chilly, say that whenever he goes to his Mother, he is obliged to put on a Pelisse, or he should be half dead with the cold.

"She eats little meat, and frequently takes nothing except Milk Coffee. She commonly is abed by eight or half past eight in the evening. On the 18th of every Month, she goes to the vault of the Capucins where the Imperial family is interred, to pray for the Souls of her husband and Ancestors. It was on the 18th of August 1765 that Francis died at Inspruck. I have not room to relate the particulars of his death. You must recollect that it was an Apoplexy, which carried him off. His memory is dear to all ranks of People in Vienna.

"Have I now in any degree gratified your curiosity ?

I fear I have already in your former letters written you if not all, at least many of the particulars which are here enumerated. This you must forgive since in the number of Letters I write to England I really do not recollect what, or to whom I have written. When we meet you shall know much more. In a century hence my papers would be really valuable, if I ever have time and resolution to arrange them, but of this I have much doubt, One thing I beg you to believe, that I will never more write for the Public, but for my Friends, they have a right to everything I can do to shew them any gratitude and Attachment. I have only been once on a short excursion into Hungary during the whole winter. The weather here is now divine, no snow, not even on the Styrian Mountains.

"We are going to set out in less than fifteen days for Venice, Florence, Milan, Genoa, and Turin, but our stay in Lombardy and Tuscany will be very short. Pray make my best remembrances to your Brother and Lady Rothes. Will you write me to Milan? or to Turin? On consideration write me rather to Turin if you please. 'Twill be safer and surer, This will be my last letter from hence. Address to me at Turin, 'à la Poste Restante.' I write you no Austrian News. Peace is generally supposed to be near at hand. The Emperor is still in Vienna. The Great Duke and Duchess of Tuscany are to set out the 8th of March for Florence. We shall meet them there again. I saw Metastasio yesterday. He grows very old. Adieu My dear Pepys, I shall be happy to hear if this letter reaches you safely, my best remembrances to Mrs. Pepys. I hope she'll present me to her little boy at my return. I embrace you, and desire you to preserve me your Friendship. I am much flattered by Mrs. Montagu's Message. Pray say something fine for me to her, I beg of you. I hope Mrs. Ord is very well. Farewell.

"Ever Yours,

"N. W."

“ Florence. Thursday, 1st of July, 1779.

“ If I have not written to you My Dear Pepys, since leaving Vienna 'tis notwithstanding believe me from no diminution of my Attachment and friendship. I do only justice to my own heart when I say it is incapable of any change on that article, more peculiarly as in a few weeks I shall be again in England, and may be able to give you better proofs than a letter, how desirous I am to renew our ancient intimacy. I don't know whether your feelings are like mine but I have learnt to dread nothing so much as Time. I don't mean on account of the changes it produces in the persons of those to whom we are attached, but of those more essential ones which years commonly produce in the features of their minds, character, and Situation. Correspondence 'tis true, keeps alive the connection in absence, but letters I have already found yield only a falacious and a feeble light into what passes in the bosom of a man during a period of Time. How am I, in a very hasty line to convey to you any just Idea of the thousand little shades and variations of character which naturally take place in a space of two years? Other expectations, other views of human life, other Connexions of love and friendship, other scenes of Improvement and of knowledge, other pains and pleasures, supplant those which preceded them. When I look back at our first interview in June 1775 (scarce four years ago) and consider how your situation and mine has changed since that time, I almost despair of our ever being again on the same kind of footing together, as we were in those days when we used to drive to Roehampton and Richmond and Sion. You, a husband, a father, a domestic man, retired, occupy'd in Schemes of Education and family concerns; Myself, returning from Poland and Hungary and Austria and Italy charmed and delighted with what I have seen, but more desirous and impatient than ever to see

what remains to me of Europe. I mean Spain and Sicily and Greece, and Constantinople, as well as to visit all Egypt the Archipelago the Lesser Asia, Syria, the Coast of Barbary. We are certainly designed, my dear Pepys, for a different line of pursuit, and as you have obeyed your's, so am I following mine. I am now just on the point of setting my foot again in England, and I anticipate every day the pleasure I shall have in renewing my connexions with those to whom I was attached at leaving it. I enjoy *d'avance* the happiness of passing some months in my own country, after having passed thro' so many foreign ones. I feel that repose is necessary to the Mind and Faculties, which are kept in a constant state of Tension, and Exertion, during a life of Travel. Novelty itself can tire by too long a continuance, and I imagine that Persons who are the most desirous of knowledge, yet gladly quit the pursuit, to return to it with more ardour. Pray make me no reproaches for not writing to you on the subject of my Travels. Not only I am ill disposed today to attempt discriptions, but I am out of patience with all discriptions of Countries and People. They convey worse than *no* idea of the place or thing, they give erroneous and absurd ones. Trust me my dear Pepys, neither Sharp, nor Smollett, nor Sterne himself can describe to you what Rome is. Still less can they presume to tell you what Naples is, and its enchanting Environs. How describe a country, formed by nature on other principles, from those which we see exerted in England in France, in Poland, or in India. The whole coast of Naples its Mountains, its Islands, its Lakes are all the production of Subterranean Fires. The 'Campana Felicé' where all which Poets have fabled of the Golden Age, is more than realized, where the Earth seems to groan and to be oppressed beneath her luxurious and exuberant Productions, this delicious Country is the work of Fire. I have learnt to regard Volcanos, which I used to conceive to be one of the scourges of mankind, as one of

the most sublime and awful, but as one of the most beneficent and benign operations of Nature. 'Tis true that the View of Vesuvius, vomiting showers of Stones, Lava, and burning Ashes, is tremendous, but it is only tremendous in appearance while it diffuses universal Plenty and abundance. Almost close to its very Crater, is produced the *Lacrimæ Christi*, and its sides are covered with the finest Vineyards of the Earth. How am I to convey to you any Idea of the effect of the landscape which incircles Naples, I may recapitulate the Features of it, one by one, but the whole must be seen to be felt. On one hand stretches the Coast of Sorrento, terminated by the famous Promontory of Mineva, and composing one side of the Bay. *Pompœia* and *Stabia*, *Herculanæum*, and *Portia*, all lye along this delicious coast, and over all wrapt in smoke is Vesuvius himself. Full in view, dividing the Bay, rises *Caprea*, so celebrated in Roman story. To the right is the Promontory of *Pausilippo*, covered with villas, ruins of Roman Palaces and temples, where *Lucullus* and *Pollio* and *Sylla* had their gardens, and where the tomb of *Virgil* yet exists. Beyond, lies all which history or fable have conspired to consecrate and render venerable. In what language am I to describe the most divine landscape which the world can perhaps present, to a Mind cultivated by Study or reading. With what sentiments would you have seen the shore of *Baiæ* yet totally covered with the sublime Remains of the Palaces and Villas of *Marius* of *Julius Cæsar*, of *Nero*, of *Piso*, of *Pompey*, of *Lepidus* of *Dœnitian* and of *Adrian*. How would you have wandered along the enchanted Coast distracted by a Variety of Objects. How I wished for you as I stood on the Cape of *Misenum*, close to the Fountain of the Nymphs, on the Margin of the Sea, and contemplated Vesuvius, in the very spot from whence the Elder *Pliny* viewed his first eruption! . . . How much more did I desire to have had you with me when I stood on the Bank of the Lake of *Avernus*, in the

Temple of 'Juno Infernalis' and Virgil in my hand! How would you like to have accompanied me into the 'Cave of the Sybil' by which Eneas descended to Hell. Or over the ruins of Cumæ to the Tomb of Scipio Africanus! I viewed, not once but several times, these famous spots. I wandered thro' all the Elysian fields, along the Banks of the Achiron, and the Styx, now inhabited by ignorant half naked Neapolitan Peasants. I traced the celebrated Lucrine Lake, now almost dried up and covered by a volcano which broke out in 1538. I went up the 'Monte Gauro' antiently the Mountain of Falernum. I read the Description of the Death of the Younger Agrippina, as I sat down in the shade close to her magnificent tomb which yet exists. All which Tacitus describes may yet be distinctly traced. Several miserable Peasants now occupy and inhabit the tomb; near this tomb, are the superb Temples of Serapis built by Domitian, of Mercury of 'Venus Genetrix' consecrated by Julius Cæsar, and of 'Diana Lucifera.' The island of Ischia, formerly a volcano, and still smoaking, is a most sublime object. The island of 'Procida,' is near it, and was probably torn from it in some great Convulsion of Nature, far beyond the Trace of History. It is but too well known in Modern Annals, by the name of John de Procida, Author of the Sicilian Vespers in 1282. Still farther, beat by the waves of the Sea is Ventotiene, antiently 'Pandataria' a little Rock or island, memorable for the Exile and Death of Julia Augustus's daughter, as well as for the banishment of his mother Agrippina by Nero, and of Flavia Domitilla by Domitian, behind, lye the 'Campi Phlœgrei,' where Hercules slew the giants.

"These my dear Pepys, are not half the beauties, which Naples offers. Every spot has been immortalized either in Antient or in Modern Annals. I have not yet mentioned Capua, and Pestum, and Beneventum and Puzzoli, and Naples *itself*. I could talk to you of the Marshes of

Minturnoe or of Gaieta, of Cicero's Formian Villa where he was assassinated, and of the 'Promontory of Circe,' the Daughter of the Sun. But I must have done. We must talk all this over next winter, when we meet quietly in Wimpole Street, if such a quiet evening we can have. Then too we may enter on a more sublime subject. Rome itself. Italy indeed merits all and more than all which can be said on it. What a charming employment to travel slowly thro' this delicious country accompanied by a Woman to whom one is attached and to improve, adorn and delight her mind at every step! Would I was happy enough to possess such a woman, and to be employed in such a manner. That would be Felicity in my estimation, if felicity is anywhere to be found. But 'tis best not to speak of happiness.

Adieu, dear Pepys, I am glad to have written to you, because I know you will esteem the proof of my friendship, but I really have not time for writing letters. I have no letter from you, Lord knows how long. Shan't I find one at Milan? I shall be in England in a few weeks. Suppose you was to give me a line in answer to this to 'Basle en Suisse à la Poste Restante' but if you write it must be very soon. Make my remembrances to Mrs. Pepys, I request. I wrote your brother only eight days ago. I am setting out for Modena in half an hour. Need I say how truly and sincerely I am Dear Pepys,

"Ever ever yours,

"N. W."

NOTE.—After this letter there is an interval of thirty-three years in the correspondence.

"Hatchett's. Saturday night, 28th March, 1812.

"DEAR PEPYS,

"I can't allow myself to let the day pass, without thanking you for your most friendly, and most gratifying Note of this morning, tho' I requested of Lady Pepys to

make my acknowledgments to you, when I met her this evening. I shewed it to Sir Lucas at Roe's, and added, what I can fully confirm to you, that I would not take a hundred Guineas for the letter. Such a public testimony, from a man of such literary rank and character, confers one of the greatest pleasures which, at our Period of Life, we can probably hope to taste. Your own Letter, written to me many years ago, on the same subject, I beg you to believe I know how to value, and have carefully preserved. Before, however, I say another word, I must entreat you to convey my Thanks to your son, for having been good enough to transmit you Mr. Smyth's notice of the work in question. If I should pass thro' Cambridge, on my way down to Scarborough and Cumberland, where Mrs. Wraxall and I propose going this summer I shall not omit to make a visit to St. John's College, to make him my acknowledgements in person.

“With regard to the Recommendation to continue the work, not to mention a hundred other reasons, it comes too late, as I am sixty one, in a few days. I have, indeed, long since collected and arranged immense materials for the *Age* of Louis the Thirteenth, (any man may write the *Reign*), but they never can be published. As I am on this subject, I will candidly inform you, that since 1807 I have been employed in composing ‘Memoirs of my own Time,’ which are already completed down to 1784; being Part the *first*, and *Second*. Your own Name occurs in them; and in a manner which, I trust, if you should ever look at them, would neither be unpleasant to yourself, nor improper in me. These Memoirs, I may say to you, are quite ready for the Press, and only wait for one Event, which I shall not specify, tho’ you will easily guess it. My *Intention* is, if I live, to continue these Memoirs from 1784, down to 1793, when the revolutionary War commenced. Lower than the last mentioned Period, I should neither possess Ability nor Inclination to proceed. Indeed,

1784 is as low as the Nature of such writing will, as yet, admit, where personal, or hereditary Predilections and Enmities must pervade every Page. Even now, *Burnet* is an Object of more violent and virulent accusation, than any Writer whom I know, because he wrote of *contemporary Events*. You may recollect that Tacitus himself says that he had postponed to old age, all composition on recent Transactions.

"I am ashamed of having been betrayed into so much Detail on the subject of myself ; but it is to an old friend, who having provoked me to it, by laying a trap for my vanity, must be content to take the consequence. I am ever,

" Dear Pepys,

" Your obliged and faithful,

" N. WM. WRAXALL."

" St. James's Hotel. Saturday, 6th May, 1820.

" MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

" Be assured I will wait on Lady Pepys and you, at the hour you are kind enough to mention, tomorrow Sennight. It certainly is forty five years ago, this very month, since I was so happy as first to meet you at Dinner, at the Bath Coffee, Piccadilly. We cannot flatter ourselves, I admit, with meeting again *here*, forty five years hence. But, either *here*, or in a better state of existence, I hope, we *shall* meet. While we possess our Faculties of mind and body, years do not constitute the criterion of Life. I am in my seventieth. Yet I went, yesterday morning, to 'St. Mark's Place' Panorama ; and in the evening to see Kean in 'Lear.' I saw Garrick perform it in 1773, and I own I shed tears at Kean's performance. We meet tomorrow at dinner.

" Ever, Dear Sir William,

" Yours,

" N. WM. WRAXALL."

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desire, as well as the occasion, of congratulating Lady Pepys and yourself on such an event. You seem to me to be the more bound to perpetuate your distinguished name in *your own* branch, Sir Lucas having renounced or sacrificed *his* Family Name to his illustrious connexion; as, I believe, he once told His late Majesty. I feel perhaps the more respect for the name of Pepys, from having just perused with great delight, an extract from Charles the Second's Account of his escape after the Battle of Worcester. It was given by the King himself to Mr. Pepys, and is printed from his manuscript preserved as I understand, in the University of Cambridge. Did you ever see it?

"Lady Wraxall and I have been on an aquatic excursion down the River Wye, during two days. We chose for the experiment, the 19th and 20th of last month, when one would have supposed that we might count on warm weather. But, November could scarcely have produced colder, tho' it was dry. We could not remain more than half an hour in Tintern Abbey, such was the damp and chill. Even here, we keep up a good fire. I have clambered up nevertheless twice to the Summit of this fine Range of mountains, which, if you recollect that I was seventy last April, is no contemptible performance. Lady Wraxall takes her book, and passes much of the morning in reading, at four hundred feet above the level of this village. Malvern requires warm weather, but, I fear, we shall have left it before summer commences, as we return to Charlton in eight days.

"I imagine you, who, like Mrs. Windham, can command Colburne's literary mine, have read the Bishop of Winchester's 'Life of Pitt.' I have not done so as yet, tho' on my arrival at Cheltenham I shall begin it. I have perused however with no common interest Dr. Pretymann Tomline's account of Charles Fox's & Adair's [Sir Robert] *Mission* to Petersburg in 1791, and Adair's

Correspondence on the subject with the Bishop. You probably must have seen it in the newspapers. He (the Bishop) accuses Fox of having committed 'a high treasonable misdemeanor' in sending Adair to Russia, as an Agent to counteract and overturn Pitt's Plans, for arresting Catherine the Second's Projects on the Shore of the Black Sea. No doubt, the charge is perfectly well founded. I not only was in Parliament at the Time, but I had opportunities of knowing the Fact from various and authentic channels. Nay, in the 'Memoirs of my own Times' which I call *posthumous*, which I have compleated, but, which by my Will I have prohibited to be published before the year 1845, or 1850, I have long ago related the same fact. So that I am as culpable as the Bishop, tho' I have not printed my Work, as He has done.

"Now, my dear Sir William I want to know why Lord Holland, or Adair, or Both, do not prosecute *the Bishop* in the Court of Kings Bench, as Count Woronzow prosecuted *Me*, for a much lighter, and most unintentional offence. Unless there was *one* Law for *me*, and another for *Bishops*, Dr. Tomline must be sent to occupy my vacant Apartments in St. George's Fields. He not only accuses Fox, and Adair of Treason, but he defends and maintains his assertion.

"Now, the great Earl of Mansfield declared from the Bench, that 'a Libel was not less a Libel, because it was true.' Nothing, therefore, it seems to me, could save the Bishop. But, I suspect, and so, I imagine, does Adair, that tho' Lord Ellenborough fined and imprisoned *me*; yet the Lord Chief Justice would not sentence *Pitt's Preceptor, the Friend of the present Ministers*, to confinement, tho' His Lordship's offence is certainly of greater enormity than was mine. But, Lord Liverpool, Lord Camden, and even greater Persons were pleased to resent *my* disclosures. *There* lies the essential difference between the Bishop's Book and mine.

LETTERS FROM SIR NATHANIEL WRAXALL 55

"I am ashamed, Dear Sir William, to have written so much on this subject, which, I fear, will have tired you. Pray consider this letter as *non avenue*, and requiring no answer of any kind. I preserve however with care your last kind *poetic* Billet of Invitation, in May last year. I hope, *next* May, if I live as long, that we may meet in Gloucester place. Pray, present joint Compliments and Congratulations (*d'avance*) to Lady Pepys, and remember me most kindly to Sir Lucas, whenever you see or write to him.

"I am, My dear Sir William,

"Ever & most affectionately yours,

"N. WM. WRAXALL."

NOTE.—In 1821 Sir William Pepys' second son Charles, afterwards Lord Chancellor, and first Earl of Cottenham, married Caroline Elizabeth, daughter of William Wingfield, Master in Chancery, by Lady Charlotte Digby. [Her eldest brother George succeeded to the Sherborne Castle estates, and took the name of Digby in 1856.] It was always said of his successor, Lord Truro, that his chief difficulty, was in following Lord Cottenham, who was "one of the giants." His daughters, Lady Charlotte Pepys and Lady Courtenay, describe how, while labouring for his country's good, there was "an angel in his house" ready to welcome him, and to sympathize in all his interests. All the little worries of the day were put aside, to listen to the lively conversation and interesting stories of the Chancellor. His return was the hour of peace and joy, in which the little ones shared, when he went up to the nursery to sing them what he called "Chinese Songs." Much of the success of Lord Cottenham's public life may be attributed to the perfect rest he enjoyed at home. A friend of his, remarking on the serene brilliancy of his wife, said, "Such a sunbeam is worth ten thousand a year." "Ah!" replied he, "what would ten thousand a year be without it?" To his youngest daughter, Lady Evelyn Pepys (now Lady Courtenay), he wrote on her fifth birthday—

"MY DEAR EVIE,

"You were a very good little girl to write to me. I was very glad to have it, and to hear that you had so nice a birthday, and particularly that Cock Robin was alive and well again. You said in your letter, that you dined with Cary and Emmy and that you had Cock Robin dead, so I thought you had Cock Robin for dinner, but when you said that Cock Robin was alive and well again, I was sadly puzzled, so you must tell me on Wednesday how this was,

"Your dear Papa,

"COTTENHAM."

Thus did the great mind of the Chancellor "sadly puzzle" over the fate of Cock Robin, as described in the rather incoherent letter of his little daughter; and he early instilled into her small mind the necessity of being accurate and logical—a lesson that all women are slow to learn.

"Charlton, Monday, 13th Augt. 1821.

"It is your own fault my dear Sir William, and not mine if I give you a second letter, for I have struggled hard against my inclinations. But, if you will write such interesting ones, you must take the consequence. There are some Points and Passages in it, to which I cannot resist making an answer. I will say nothing of the lady, your new daughter in law, except that in the enumeration of her qualities, you have passed over her descent. Tho' Juvenal affects to despise Ancestry, no man can fail to attach respect to illustrious descent, and the Digbys follow you at every page, thro' the two first Stuart reigns. Sir Kenelm is one of the most romantic, chivalrous, and extraordinary characters to be found in our history.

"Whenever Mr. Pepys's 'Journal' appears, it will be read with great avidity; the more so, if 'He records his own vices,' which were Those of the Times in which he flourished. No doubt, it seems hard, as you say 'to drag his Frailties' from their learned Asylum; but all men who record the events that they witnessed, and leave the manuscript behind them, must, or ought to lay their account in being, sooner or later, carried to the Bookseller. The Rage, as you observe, is insatiable for anecdote; and true or false, the public will have it, and devour it. Look at the newspapers. They contain in one week in 1821, more anecdote than lasted our ancestors, only a Hundred years ago, for a twelve month. In fact, all that *the highest* orders and individuals do, is now communicated with the rapidity of lightning to all *the lowest* classes. Where will this diffusion of knowledge and refinement, (for, they go together,) terminate? I much fear, in some convulsion. Men are become too well informed, to be restrained by



Painted by H. P. Briggs, Esq., R.A.

Engraved by Thomas Lupton.

CHARLES PEPYS, FIRST EARL OF COTTENHAM.

Lord Chancellor 1836, 1846-50.

the ancient Bonds which held Society together. So, at least, it strikes me. The Fruit of the Tree of Knowledge has always been dangerous.

"Your question of 'what is the precise point where the Æra of Libel ceases, and that of History begins' is certainly one of the most interesting to me of any that can be started. If I had only known that point, I need not have visited the King's Bench. For, never did any man less *intend* to libel another, than myself. It does *not* depend on 'the Individuals mentioned being alive or dead.' At the time when Woronzow prosecuted me in June 1815, I received a message from Sir Samuel Romilly, through a Friend, to threaten me with a Prosecution on the part of the present Marquis of Lansdown, for the mention that I had made of his Father. I observed, that he was dead. 'Oh! Sir,' answered my friend, 'that circumstance makes no difference. If you libel Queen *Anne*, and any person cares enough about Queen Anne to prosecute you, a judgment must be pronounced against you.' Historians may therefore tremble in their shoes, and when, or where, are they secure? This story may make *you* laugh; but 'twas no joke to *me* at the time.

"You say, my dear Sir William that 'my prosecution was considered to be at the suit of the Court of Petersburg.' So it was. But, are you aware, or do you know that Count Woronzow demanded only *a sentence* against me for his own justification, and called for the *immediate remission* of the *punishment*? He went on *the very day*—the 16th of May, 1816 to Lord Sidmouth, and demanded my liberation, together with the Remission of the fine. He applied in like manner, to the other Ministers, and twice to the Regent in person. My friend, and his son in law, Lord Pembroke, came to me on the 12th of July, to my apartments (where you also visited me) to inform me of it, and to assure me of Woronzow's concern at not being able to succeed in his application. It was for *the Book* that

I was detained in those meadows of St. George, for fourteen weeks. Ministers made no secret of it. But they sent to me to say that if I would *ask* of His Royal Highness to liberate me, it should be done. I did so. Observe, that I had first stopped the sale of the work. Then when they thought that I would not venture on such another experiment, after my detention, His R.H. sent me the Remission of the Fine, and of the remainder of the term. It was not for Woronzow, but for *the work*, that I was punished, and the punishment has not been thrown away upon me. You are pleased to say 'Publish your own memoirs, you will only be 90 in 1840.' I shall not however risk the experiment, nor would it be safe for me to do it, even if my life and my mind were prolonged to that period, Horace Walpole, and Doddington, did not publish their 'Reminiscences' till they were secure from Westminster Hall, I shall imitate them. Forgive so much about myself."

NOTE.—Sir Nathaniel Wraxall's opinion of Dr. Pretymann Tomline's [Bishop of Winchester] "Life of Pitt" agrees with that of Lord Rosebery as expressed in his article, "Tomline's estimate of Pitt," in the *Monthly Magazine* for August, 1903.

"Charlton, Tuesday, 14th August.

"I have read, since I wrote you last, the Bishop of Winchester's 'Life of Pitt.' It is a Panegyric, and not a History, tho' on the whole I agree in opinion with the author. As a production, it is not brilliant; but, there are some curious letters of George the 3rd to Pitt, which render it valuable. I am now commencing Lady Morgan's 'Italy,' Colburne is her enemy by puffing her so immoderately. Precisely in almost the very words that you use, do I 'lift up my heart to the Giver of all good' for 'preserving to us so many Faculties of enjoyment.' *They constitute life*, whether at 20 or at 80. What a Prerogative is it, at our period of life, to walk, ride, read, converse, and do so many of the things that we did,

forty five years ago ! and to how few of the Race of Men is it conceded ! But I likewise daily prefer Juvenal's Request, who says, as *you* know.

“ ‘Fortem posce animum, mortis Terrore carentem.’ How singular was it that Johnson himself should not have possessed such a mind, while *Lady Jersey* who died here at Cheltenham scarcely three weeks ago expired as calm as a saint with a smile on her features ! ! !

“ Your account on the Prolongation of the age of Man within late years, from so high and scientific an authority as Baillie to yourself, in the proportion of 33 to 24 is a most curious fact. The reasons assigned for it, are unquestionably the true causes. What events have we not witnessed within the last five weeks !

“ Bonaparte's death ! A Coronation [George IV.] and the Queen's Decease. How much might be said and written on each ! It appears to me that whoever lives twenty years from this time may witness four or five coronations. There is no instance, I believe in history, antient or modern, of a King's being crowned when he was entering on his sixtieth year. James the 2nd was 54, and George the 1st was 53 when crowned. I wish these Irish may let his Majesty come back alive. He might have gone more safely to any other European Country. They killed the Duke of Rutland by hard living.

“ We never can contemplate with sufficient admiration the fact of a Man born in an obscure island of the Mediterranean buried on a sequestered rock in the midst of the Ethiopic Ocean, where he was a captive, who might have driven *seven Kings* in Harness, three of whom were his brothers, and a fourth his brother in Law, all of his own creation ! Sesostris himself could have done nothing like it. But, it is time that I should finish.

“ Dear Sir William, take no notice of this letter, Lady Wraxall is most sensible to your kind Remembrance of Her. I hope to see you again next May, either in

Gloucester Place or in Park Street. Would that you could see my Retreat here, embowered in trees, with the river running thro' my garden! It is a *classic* Stream, as Margaret of Anjou could testify. I am here and everywhere, Caro Amico,

"Most truly yours,

"N. WM. WRAXALL."

NOTE.—Burke had once told Pepys that he was glad to have been alive at the time of such an extraordinary event as a man ascending in a balloon, "but what," exclaimed Sir William, "would he think of a woman now living [Madame Mère] who had five sons, one of whom became Emperor, and three others kings, and the fifth declined to be a king?" It was a fact not paralleled in history.

"Charlton. Monday 17th, Sept. 1821.

"I have exerted, My dear Sir William, no ordinary effort over my own Inclinations, in not sooner replying to your most interesting and entertaining letter of the 30th of last month. True, indeed, I have received from Mr. Dowdeswell, permission couched in very obliging terms, to write to you thro' him as often as I may wish. But, I was too long in Parliament, not to know that one must not abuse such indulgences. Your letter before me is so full of curious matter, that if I don't reply to it in the order that it is written, I shall pass over some points deserving notice. In pursuance of this principle, I must begin with myself.

"You say that 'You don't recollect any Passage which should have disposed either the Prince or his Ministers to refuse Woronzow's Request.' If you look in the first Edition, Page 436 of the 1st Vol. (or page 68 of the 2nd Vol. of the *last* Edition) you will see the account there given by me, on the authority of Dr. Musgrave, who stated, that 'the Princess Dowager of Wales and Lord Bute received money from the French Court, for aiding to effect the Peace of 1763.' To that assertion, I added, 'I am

acquainted with the Individuals, Gentlemen of the highest Honour, and most unimpeached veracity, to whom Dr. Musgrave himself related the circumstances at Paris in 1764, almost immediately after the Treaty of Fontainebleau. *And if I do not name Them, it is only because They are still alive.* For these words, in an especial degree, I was detained in the King's Bench. And now, my dear Sir William, you will probably recollect *who* were the *two* individuals here alluded to; and you will perceive that Sir Lucas, [Pepys] and you, had more connexion with my *Detention*, than you were aware of. Indeed, I was menaced by the Attorney General! with Prosecution on the part of the Crown, for this and *other passages*. I had, however, friends near His R.H. who prevented it. As to Lord Camden—I said nothing of *Him*, which could by possibility be construed into a libel. My remark only went to impeach the Antiquity of his descent, which quality, George the third considered as essential for a Knight of the Garter.

“I agree with you that Pitt was an illustrious Minister, whose administration may almost justify Panegyric. Yet he committed some great errors. The ‘Westminster Scrutiny’ in 1784, was a Measure of Persecution and Oppression. The ‘Irish Propositions’ in 1785, were characterized by Temerity, and would probably, had they been adopted, have produced most calamitous results. The ‘Union’ in 1801 was a most salutary measure. Pitt was not however ‘the Pilot who *weathered* the Storm,’ as Canning denominated him. Pitt in fact did *not* weather the storm, dying at the helm in 1806, of *a broken heart* in the midst of the storm. Dundas’ [Lord Melville] impeachment he never recovered. Mack’s [the unfortunate Austrian General in whom he placed such confidence] Campaign of 1805 killed him. Nor was Pitt a *War* Minister. His father was. Yet I have always doubted whether the great Earl of Chatham, and the great Frederic.

King of Prussia, if they had been alive, could have successfully combated the Energies of France, from 1793 down to 1815. It was the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo, who weathered the storm.

"All you say relative to the great Finale of our Existence is just and unanswerable. We cannot, as you well observe, draw any certain inference respecting its impression on us, from particular instances. No doubt, I believe, Johnson's mind became quite composed long before he expired. Your letter may, and probably did, contribute towards producing that calm. I am not surprised to hear that he mentioned it, as 'a Letter of Consolation,' when writing to Mrs. Thrale. It was a most friendly benevolent, and pious act in you, to administer to him such support at such a time. It is not, I think, improbable that he might suspect the kind quarter from which it came. I had *not* heard that Lord Holland was preparing some Memoirs of Horace Walpole. But I am happy to know it. With you I think that 'there is no kind of Literature so interesting.' The Bishop of Winchester has, indeed, been most sparing of his Anecdotes of Pitt. Yet, sparing as he has been, you see how Adair has attacked him for the mission to Petersburg in 1791, and its object.

"*Tuesday, 18th Sept.*—I cannot satisfy as I would wish to do, your enquiry relative to the publication in which I read, and from which I cited Secretary Pepys' Memoir. It was at Malvern, about two months ago, in a book *recently published*, containing a 'History of Worcester,' which I got at the Circulating Library. Miss Theodosia Dowdeswell, if she is at Malvern, may inform you, as it lies on the table of the Circulating Library. I think, it is there asserted, that Secretary Pepys's Memoir *is* in Preparation for the Press, *dans son entier*. No doubt, you must be curious to see it.

"If my 'Allusion to the Tree of Knowledge is very alarming,' *your* answer to it is most consoling and

encouraging. Still, as you admit, it remains of 'all political Problems the most difficult.' How is Government to be maintained over the inferior Classes, if Knowledge, Dress, Refinement, Elegance, proceed for the next half century, equalizing, and assimilating, all ranks in a certain degree, as they have done since you and I first met in May 1775? I protest, I cannot comprehend. Lord Londonderry does, however, I hope.

"Miss Seward's Definition or Delineation of Wit, is admirable. I never saw it before, tho' I have read her Letters with great admiration. It can't be mended. To recommend Books to *you*, is 'parler de la guerre devant Annibal.' I am *told* that 'Rome in the Nineteenth Century' merits persual. Probably you may have read it. I have not as yet. I protest, I forget the author's name. Lady Morgan's 'Italy' is, to me, very entertaining, tho', when she turns historian, she mistakes the Emperor Aurelian, for Marcus Aurelius; and suppose *Queen Anne* to have transferred Sardinia to Victor Amadeus in 1748, tho' she was dead in 1714, with many similar slips. Indeed, I scarcely ever open any book, without finding errors most glaring; but, ninety nine readers out of a hundred, don't detect them. I mean, historical works. Even Reviewers, while reviewing works submitted to their censure and trampling on us unfortunate authors, are equally ignorant. It was only yesterday, that I detected the *Quarterly Review* for 1819, mistaking Frederic *Barbarossa*, who died of bathing in the Cydnus, in 1190, for his grandson, Frederic *the Second*, who died in Apulia, I believe, in 1250. 'Tis like mistaking James the 1st, for James the 2nd. I find very few errors in *Sismondi*. His eleven volumes, 'L'Histoire des Republiques Italiennes du moyen ages' I devoured. It is a capital production. Unfortunately it stops at Lorenzo de Medici's death, in 1492.

"I can truly assure you that I never read, nor heard of, your most curious and invaluable anecdote respecting your

own Ancestor, The Chief Justice of the King's Bench in Ireland. You certainly have at least as much a right to appropriate it, as the Newdigates. I dare say it is drawn from Whitlocke, who was himself a Lawyer, an Ambassador, and President of the Council of State under *Richard Cromwell*. I am the more inclined to like it, as I confess, I have a sort of sneaking kindness for Oliver Cromwell. Buonaparte, notwithstanding his stupendous endowments, military and civil, I dare say died too, of a broken heart, as well he might. So, no doubt, did *the late Queen* [Caroline, wife of George IV]. Fielding, you may remember, says, "It is a disease which kills numbers, tho' it never appears in the Bills of Mortality." Kings and Ministers are particularly subject to it. 'Il est mort,' says Gil Blas, speaking of the Duc d'Olivarez, 'de la Mort *des Ministres disgraciés*.' But 'tis time I finish.

"Pray tell me how were the Irish Chief Justice, and Secretary Pepys related."

"Charlton. Saturday 29th, Nov. 1823.

"I will not attempt, my very dear Sir William, to describe the delight which your kind and friendly letter has given me; the greater, as it was unexpected. You do me only Justice when you believe that I take—and my wife equally—the sincerest interest in whatever event augments your felicity. I know Mr. Sullivan; and his Brother Sir Richard, was one of my antient friends. Both the Sullivans are, or were the best of men. You could not have wished a more honourable or enviable connexion for your youngest son; and it is evident that they estimate *your* alliance as highly as you can do *theirs*. Well may you be grateful to that Power, who shapes our course thro' the Progress of Events which we denominate Life! Look around, and tell me who it is that at nearly 84, can boast of health, of three sons, contributing in different lines to your honour and comfort; and of a mind awake to every

September

1 Saturday

This morning I took care to get a Vessel to carry my Lord! Kings to the Downs on Monday next: and went to Whitehall to my Lord where he and I did look over the Commission drawn for him by the Duke's Counsel, which I do not find my Lord to be displeased with, though short of what Dr. Walker did formerly draw for him: — — — This talking of this, I hear by Mr. Townshend that there were the greatest preparations against the Prince de Lignes' coming over from the King of Spain that ever were in England for any Ambassador. — — —

5 Great news this day of the Duke D'Anjou's desire to marry the Prince's daughter: Hugh Peters was said to be taken; ^{of Gloucester} and that the Duke was fallen ill, and that his disorder would prove to be the small pox. — — —

Oct. 5 — — — This afternoon (he told me) there has been a meeting before the King and my Lord Chancellor of some Episcopal and Presbyterian divines, but what has passed he could not tell me. — — —

Sept. 25 — — — I did send for a Cup of tea (a China drink, ~~of which~~ of which I never had drank before) and went away. — — —
10 Office day: — News brought us of the Duke's intention to go tomorrow to the Fleet for a day or two to meet his sister. — — —

benevolent, refined, or intellectual source of pleasures. I know that as far as Worms of the Dust can merit such a blessing from above, you have deserved it. Nevertheless I consider you, as an exception to, not as an exemplification of, the ordinary lot of man, and so Juvenal would have said. Make, I entreat you, Lady Wraxall's and my most cordial felicitations to the Bridegroom elect, and to all your Family. I hope we may drink their healths, some Sunday, next May, when I promise myself to be in town. It rejoices me to know that Sir Lucas enjoys such health; I hear sometimes from him: still more frequently of him, thro' Roe; who, with Miss Roe, passed a week in our society here, only ten weeks ago. Roe says, Sir Lucas rides, as well as walks, like a man of forty. Roe himself has had a miraculous reprieve: for he is only five years behind your brother: but, his activity is not diminished by his late most severe Illness, tho' he is emaciated by it.

"You are pleased to recommend to me, to occupy myself in some work, 'which may preserve *my* name, when *yours* shall be heard of no more.' My dear Friend, you must be sensible that as long as letters, and classic attainments, and the charms of enlightened conversation, united with virtues of that description 'which shun the day,' but, which cannot remain unknown: as long as these qualities and endowments claim remembrance, your name cannot lie. All *my* most grateful reminiscences, from 1775 to 1795, or down to a much later period, center in *you*, who first took me under your wing, and presented me, in the Society which we have nearly survived, but, the members of which Society were among the most distinguished of our time. I have alluded to this circumstance so flattering to *me*, in my past 'Memoirs;' as I have paid a similar tribute to Sir Lucas, in those which I shall leave behind me. They are completed, but will not be published, at soonest before 1845, as I believe I have long ago informed you; nor even then, if by possibility, his present majesty

were still on the throne. Instructed by Lord Ellenborough but, more by my own reflexions, I hope they will be exempt from some of the Trespasses that I committed in 1815. Two essential recommendations I am sure they will possess; *Truth as far as I knew it, and Impartiality*. If I am reproached with *error*, I can only say with Pope,

“ ‘ If Queensbury to strip there’s no compelling,
 ’Tis from her Handmaid we must take a Helen.’ ”

Those who know will very rarely tell. There is little danger of Sir Benjn. Bloomfield* (or of my friend Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt) writing *his* Memoirs. Even Horace Walpole did not venture to publish his ‘Reminiscences’ or his ‘Memoirs,’ till he had quitted the scene.

“ Lord Erskine, whom you and I have met in 1776 and 1777, at Mrs. Vesey’s, and at Mrs. Montagu’s, might, if he had so pleased, have left invaluable historical, as well as legal, compositions behind him. He was an illustrious man! I have minutely drawn him in my Posthumous Memoirs: for I knew him with intimacy at more than one period of my life, tho’ politics and events drew us different ways. He was an intrepid defender of persecuted individuals, from Stockdale and Keppel, down to the painful prosecution which opened the present reign [trial of Queen Caroline]. His death is a national loss. The statue of Themis—if there was such a statue in Westminster Hall—should be veiled for his decease.

“ I am sure we must think alike on the Destiny of Spain, and the conduct of its atrocious Despot. He seems to prove that he is a Descendant of Philip the Second. Alas! poor Riego! His name will be associated to those of Russell and of Sydney in our History; to that of *Strozzi* in the Annals of Florence; to *Barneveldt* in those of Holland; to Counts *Egmont* and *Horn* in the

* See “Creevy Papers.” Vol. II. p. 105.

sanguinary Records of the Netherlands under the Duke of Alva ; lastly, to the name of Don Juan de *Padilla* in his own Country's melancholy page. *Padilla* suffered in 1522, as *Riego*, in 1823 : but not with circumstances of such ferocity. I wish you would turn to *Padilla's* Death, in the second Volume of Robertson. Ferdinand will expiate that act, I trust. 'Dabis, improbe, Poenas.'

"Shall we avoid a War, and yet preserve our character and our commerce inviolate? 'Tis a great problem. Yet, I think, Canning will achieve it. He commands the Cabinet, not from voluntary submission, but, as the *first* Mr. Pitt did, when he was forced into power. I always considered the catastrophe of the 12th of August 1822, however lamentable in itself, as a fortunate event for England. It necessitated Ministers to take in Canning, or to go out themselves. Never were public affairs more critically studied, or demanding greater talents, than at the present moment.

"I have done, dear Sir William : but, if my letter is long, recollect to whom I write. Present me to Lady Pepys, whose health, I am happy to hear, is pretty good. Her name carries me to the shore of the Mediterranean. Remember me most kindly to Sir Lucas. I believe, Genl. Manners did not leave him a ring or any other mark of his remembrance, more than to *myself*. I hope we may meet next May. With that wish I conclude, as long as I live,

"I remain, my dear Friend,

"Yours,

"N. WM. WRAXALL."

"Sunday, 30th Novem.

"I called on Mrs. Dowdeswell yesterday (who does us the favour of eating her mutton with us sometimes), to felicitate her. She had just received the Intelligence from Miss Louisa. I dare say you have long ago read Genl.

Rapp's 'Memoirs.' They present Napoleon, while marching to, or retreating from, Moscow, *Las Cases, & hoc Genus omne*, paint him at Longwood, after his fall. No one dreaded that stupendous Man, whose foot was on the neck of Europe, and whose talents were gigantic, more than I did. But, I lament the irritating and cruel treatment which he underwent from our Government, of which Lowe was only the instrument. It accelerated, no doubt, his End: but, posterity never can approve it. 'Cecilia Hawkins's Recollections' carried me back to former times, and scenes and persons. To you, they must be still more interesting. Louis *dix huit* will soon make way for Charles the tenth—a Prince bigotted, despotic, violent, from whom, I fear, Ferdinand will find support in his most extravagant projects. Our situation is very precarious, as Alexander blows the coals. I consider GREECE is nearly secure. *What an Event!*

NOTE.—In his condemnation of Sir Hudson Lowe's conduct, Wraxall once more agrees with Lord Rosebery.

"Charlton. 30th January, 1824.

"(175 years since Charles the 1st lost his head).

"I cannot read in the newspapers, My dear Sir William, the marriage of Mr. Henry Pepys, with Miss Sullivan, without assuring you that no event which adds to *your* Felicity, is indifferent to *Me*. Yet, as I wrote to you so recently, and at some length, I could not think of trespassing again so soon on your Time. I have therefore taken one of my Lilliputian Sheets for the purpose, which may find its way thro' Park Place, to Gloucester Place. I entreat however that you will consider it as *non avenue*, and as requiring neither acknowledgement nor Reply. I think the Baronetcy in the *elder* Line may now be regarded as nearly out of any Danger of Extinction.

“When I reflect on the Calamities, Mutinies, Depreciations of public credit, Massacres, and Revolutions that you and I have beheld since 1789 (not to mention the 7th of June 1780) and see the 3 per cents above 90, I ask myself, can this be real? What would Pitt or Fox, say to it, both of whom disappeared when the storm raged loudest? yet so it is. I see too with the greatest Pleasure that the capitulations of Saratoga and of York Town, with all the other humiliations and disasters of the American War, are nearly obliterated. I dread no enemy except America. We can deal with your Alexanders, and your Ferdinands. The ‘holy alliance’ received its mortal wound on the 12th of August 1822, and has only lingered since that Day. Canning, I trust and I believe, is imbued with better Principles of national Policy, Honour, and Freedom than animated his predecessor. If Munroe and his countrymen act in union with us, you and I may hope to finish our Career without seeing this country engaged in any long or arduous contest.

“The Edicts of Ferdinand, and the Ukases of Alexander, will be as harmless as the Vatican Bulls, except to themselves. I doubt if at any period of our History, We ever stood on such an Eminence of Power, Wealth, and Prosperity, as now in January 1824. How little did we foresee it under Lord North, when we used to discuss public affairs on Sundays in Wimpole, and in Lower Brook Streets!

“Here am I at 73 going to build new rooms to my house, as if I was 33 and to engage in bricks and Mortar exemplifying in my own Person, Horace’s

“*Ter secunda Marmora
locas sub ipsum Fumus ac Sepulchri
Immemor struis Domos.*”

“I hope however to commence and finish my buildings between the first day of May and the last of June. About

that time too I promise myself to see you and Sir Lucas once more on the old Arena and on the old day.

“My wife joins me in every kind Felicitation to Lady Pepys, and the young ladies, not forgetting Mr. Pepys. Mrs. Dowdeswell who is here, dined with us on Wednesday. I hope you will visit Cheltenham, some day, Ever dear Sir William,

“*Yours*

“N. W. WRAXALL.”

NOTE.—Sir William Pepys' third son, Henry, afterwards Bishop of Worcester, married in 1824, Maria, daughter of the Right Hon. John, and Lady Harriet Sullivan.

PART SEVEN

LETTERS FROM MAJOR RENNELL
TO SIR WILLIAM PEPYS

NOTE.—Hannah More wrote in 1786, “It was my lot the other day at dinner to sit between two travellers, famous for making geography their whole subject ; the one is as fond of talking of the east, as the other is of the north ; the former poured the Ganges into one of my ears, and the latter the Danube into the other, and the confluence of these two mighty rivers deluged all my ideas till I did not know what they were talking about, especially as I like *things* much better than *words*.” In these two travellers we recognize Wraxall and Rennell, and the reader finds himself at this moment, like Hannah More, at the confluence of these two mighty rivers ; but fortunately for those who like *things* best, escape is easy.

LETTERS FROM MAJOR RENNELL TO SIR WILLIAM PEPYS

MAJOR JAMES RENNELL, F.R.S., was born in 1742, and died in 1830. He was descended from a family that had been settled in Devonshire since the conquest. His father, John Rennell, a captain of Artillery, was killed in 1747-48, during a campaign in the Low Countries. James Rennell began life in the Navy at the age of fourteen, and was present at the disastrous action of St. Cast, on the coast of Brittany, and at Pondicherry under Captain Hyde Parker. On account of Rennell's skill in marine surveying, Parker lent his services to the East India Company, and during a cruise to the Philippine Islands, he drew several charts and plans of harbours, which have been engraved by Dalrymple.

At the end of the seven years' war, Rennell obtained his discharge from the Navy, and received from the East India Company the command of a vessel, which was destroyed by a hurricane in Madras roads in March, 1763, with all hands. Fortunately Rennell was on shore at the time, and he was at once given the command of the *Neptune*, in which he made surveys of the Palk Straits and Pamben Channel. He was appointed by Vansittart (Governor of Bengal) Surveyor-General of the East India Company's dominions in Bengal, with a commission in the Bengal engineers, dated April 9, 1764, when he was only twenty-one years of age. He received the rank of

Major in 1776. In that year he was desperately wounded by some Sanaski fakirs on the frontier of Bhutam, and retired from active service, after having been engaged for thirteen years in the laborious and dangerous task of making the first survey of Bengal. The Government of Warren Hastings granted him a pension, and he devoted the remainder of his life to the study of geography. His Bengal Atlas was published in 1779. Major Rennell's house in Suffolk Street, Portland Place, became a place of meeting for travellers from all parts of the world, and his social qualities gained for him even more friends than his talents.

Diffident and unassuming, but ever ready to impart information, Major Rennell possessed the distinguishing mark of a great man—simplicity. Always sincere and modest, he was more anxious for the progress of science, than for the success of his own works, and showed others the way to complete the hard task he had undertaken, and fix on a firm basis the result of his researches. He was a Whig in the old sense of the word, and was the friend of Fox and of Lord Spencer (to whom he gave his miniature painted by Scott), but whichever party consulted him on subjects where his special knowledge could be of service to his country, he was equally zealous to serve. He was of moderate, but well-proportioned build, and a ready sympathy that animated his naturally serious expression of countenance, gained for him the affection of all he met. In conversation he had the art of disguising his great superiority, and the information that was necessary in order to understand him, was imparted with such simplicity and clearness, that his hearers felt they were only reminded of what they knew already, and hardly suspected it was some new thing, that he taught them. In all his discussions he was candid and "ingenuous," and he had a remarkable flow of spirits. This character is borne out by his letters to Sir William Pepys. Rennell's

next undertaking was the first approximately correct map of India, after publishing which, he conceived a comprehensive scheme for his great work on "Western Asia," and his "Herodotus" remains of the greatest value.

Twenty-two centuries had passed since Herodotus read to the assembled Greeks, what he had discovered by his researches and voyages, about the history and geography of the then known world. Though justice was done to his ability as a narrator, and to the elegance of his writing, little reliance was placed on his veracity, and from the time of Cicero to Voltaire, he was accused of fabricating and circulating absurd and improbable fables. It was only during the eighteenth century, when the countries he described became better known, that his reputation as an attentive observer, and veracious author became established, and none contributed more to verify his geographical reports than Major Rennell. Much of Rennell's attention was given to the geography of Africa. On the return of Mungo Park in 1797, all his materials were placed in the hands of Rennell, who worked out the traveller's routes with care, and his geographical illustrations were used in Park's book.

Major Rennell was before all things a sailor, and showed this in the enormous labour he devoted to the study of winds and currents. He was the first to explain the causes of the occasionally northerly set to the southward of the Scilly Islands, known as Rennell's Current. On the death of Sir Joseph Banks, Rennell became the acknowledged head of British geographers, and reports were sent to him from all parts of the world. He was an associate of the Institute of France, and in 1825 received the Gold Medal of the Royal Society of Literature.

He married in 1772 a great aunt of William Makepeace Thackeray. Jane Thackeray went to India, accompanied by a sister, whose attractions eclipsed her own; "But," said their mother, "if there *is* a sensible man in India, he will

find out Jane." The discernment of Major Rennell, that had penetrated the mysteries of winds and currents, and made "observations on the Topography of Troy" and the "Geographical system of Herodotus," soon showed him to be the one wise man of the East. Their gifted daughter Jane married in 1809 Admiral Sir John Tremayne Rodd, K.C.B.

Major Rennell, whose independent character had never desired to attract the attention of the powerful, and had refused all advancement, so that he might say, like Fontenelle, "of all the titles of this world, I have only desired that of an Academician," became in his old age a courtier, trying by all means to attract the attention, and gain the affection of his grandchildren, who were the delight of his declining years. After his death Lady Rodd published her father's current charts, and revised new editions of his principal works. Her grandson, Sir Rennell Rodd, K.C.M.G., carries on the distinguished traditions of this talented family. Major Rennell is interred in the nave of Westminster Abbey, there is a tablet to his memory, and a bust near the western door. The year of his death the Royal Geographical Society was founded. In 1842 Baron Walckenaer, Secretary of the Institute of France, read a paper, which was afterwards published, on the "Life and Work of Major Rennell," from which some of the above information is taken.

Dr. Thomas Rennell, 1753-1840 (Dean of Winchester) the friend of Pitt, who both as a theologian and scholar was one of the most remarkable men of his day, and Thomas Rennell, his son, 1787-1824, a classical scholar, editor of the *British Critic*, and Christian Advocate in the University of Cambridge, also belonged to this family.



MAJOR RENNELL.

By kind permission of Sir Rennell Rodd.

Major Rennell to Sir William Pepys.

“DEAR SIR,

“Having an opportunity of writing to you without giving you the trouble of paying the Post, I would not omit to give you some account of myself. I was compelled to remain in town, to look out for another house, my lease expiring at Michaelmas, but after much fruitless enquiry and search, I am under the necessity of staying another year in my old house, which is so much out of repair, that I should have left it, if I could have got another to my liking. From this, you may conclude that houses are very scarce; and such as I want really are. I never knew such a scarcity of *family houses*: however it is a sign of general prosperity, and I am content. I have lost my share of country air however, and altho’ the summer has been cool enough to make the town comfortable, yet a change of air is necessary for Invalids. I never change the air, but I profit by it, and this I reckon the criterion of *Invalidism*; for nature certainly meant that mankind (the bulk of them) should be fixed in one place—hence the *amor patriae*, so much cherished by local citizens, and so much slighted by citizens of the world. When I have seen the half drowned inhabitants of a country, where the tents are raised on lofty mounds in order to be above water, and these very people in the habit of daily contemplating a beautiful hilly country, within reach, and that hilly country scarcely inhabited; I say, this is the *amor patriae* (if they can be said to have *any country* at all for half the year); and then conclude that Nature meant it should be so, otherwise all mankind would be ramblers; and we should quarrel much more than we now do, in a sedentary situation. It may be said that these lowland people being accustomed to eat rice, live there in order to cultivate it; for which purpose the

hills may be unfit. But had they first cultivated wheat or barley (or even oats) on the hills, they would certainly never have gone into the Swamps. Notwithstanding we boast of being enlightened by Travel (and I don't dispute the fact—but am ready to allow it) yet too much light may take away our repose, like a strong light in a bed chamber—and it will not do for the bulk of mankind. There is something odd, however, in our requiring a change of air, as if we could render so large a portion of the atmosphere unfit for respiration, by breathing in it a few months; as we do that of a room. I wish we had more experiments made on the effect of different kinds of air, on our health, for certainly much depends on this circumstance; but we want a certain criterion to point out the bad from the good. 'Tis even yet a dispute whether damp air be unwholesome or not, sea air or the air anywhere near the sea, when the wind blows from it, is one of the moistest sorts of air whatever, and yet one of the wholesomest. May it not be, that exhalations from the earth, and from subterraneous caverns, &c. render certain spots wholesome or unwholesome? I should guess so, by the confined limits of such spots; and moreover that we find good spring water, where we find good air; by which I mean such air as is known to keep the people who breathe it very healthy. I never went upon Lansdown (near Bath) but I seemed to be an animal with different feelings and propensities than what I had in the valley below. And the people who live on it, are remarked for their longevity. I would prescribe a draught of this fluid, in lieu of warm fluid taken in the Pump Room; not to mention that the common atmosphere of the Pump Room taken with it must do more harm than the water does good.

“You must have heard that a ship is now equipping for the South Seas, and meant for the purpose of furnishing our West India Islands with *Bread fruit* trees, and other

edible plants and fruits, which grow spontaneously in Otaheite and other Islands. A moralist of the 21st Century will admire the humanity and refinement of the present; which, after tearing the inhabitants of Africa from their dearest connexions there, for the purpose of raising an article of luxury in the West Indies, where land is too valuable to be applied to the purpose of feeding the inhabitants; had the singular humanity to import for them the sorts of food that will grow spontaneous in the places where nothing can be raised by culture. Perhaps a second famine in Bengal, operating on the feelings of the East India Proprietors, by abridging their dividends, may point out the *humanity* of encouraging in Bengal the culture of certain sorts of grain, that will be less affected by drought, than Rice is. Rice countries, you know, are ever more subject to Famines, than dry-grain countries. But Bengal will produce as fine wheat as any country whatever, and the people there, have the example of their neighbours for eating it.

“To return to the Sugar Islands. There is an excellent observation in one of Dr. Franklin’s late publications (in the American Phil. Trans.) that the people of *Maritime* Europe pay an infinitely greater price for their sugar, than the rest do: for, says he, they pay not only the price of raising it, and bringing it to market, but also for vast Fleets to defend the said Islands, and for insuring the Cargoes. And, says he, considering the means used in the cultivating and defending it, the mind’s eye should regard the lumps, that to an indifferent person appear of a pure white colour, as *dyed in crimson*, considering the quantity of human blood spilt and the number of bodies groaning under slavery. But if we adverted to the means of procuring most of our luxuries and trinkets, they would sit very uneasy upon us. Sugar we have mentioned. The Tea indeed is raised by men who are as free and as happy as men need be, but who would purchase diamonds, who

reads the detailed accounts of the method of digging them? The people of the Spice Islands drink of the bitter cup of slavery, that our ragouts and puddings may be highly flavoured. So that luxurious people are greater enemies to mankind, than they are aware of.

"I was reading in *Marc Paul* [Marco Polo] t'other day, and he says that he cast Cannon for *Cublai Cawn* (Son of Gengiz) and then reigning in or about the northern part of China, early in the 13th century; and the use of Artillery appeared not to be known to the Emperor, till M. Paul introduced it. Now this is a curious fact; for it has been the fashion to allow the knowledge of Gunpowder to the Chinese and other Asiatics, but not to the Europeans until 1400 at least, and not used in England until 1560. M. Paul must have picked up the knowledge somewhere in his Travels; pity he had but told us where! He talks of the Cannons carrying a ball of a 1000 lb. weight and it is certain that the first cannon used were the largest. I have seen a 670 pounder myself and one may easily carry this idea on to 340 lb. more.

"We once talked upon the subject of Tobacco, and that it was disputed whether it came originally from India, or from America. I was always willing to allow it to be indigenous to both countries; and I esteem it a narrowness of mind in Philosophy to suppose that Nature has established monopolies of productions in certain spots. I rather think it is owing to our want of acuteness in not finding out the same plants in similar climates. What led to this was, an account given me by a Gentleman from India, of a Treatise on the Virtues of Tobacco, written in *Sanscrit* A.D. 1200, near 3 centuries before the discovery of America. *Tomoako* is the Indian word for Tobacco, and *Offium* for Opium. Can we doubt from whence they both come?

"Mr. Pinkerton (the author of the letters called Hearne's) [letters on literature written under the assumed name of Robert Heron] has lately written a Treatise to prove that

we—i.e. all Europe save the retired parts of Wales, Scotland and Ireland, are descended from Scythian Ancestors. The Scythœ, Goths, Getœ, according to him, are one and the same people—the Scythians of the Greeks, and Persians, were the Goths of the Romans. It is a curious Book and I think worth reading; altho' one must pause oftentimes to wonder and look about one, as we do when we hear a strange story, or hear a Person abused in company. You may conclude that it is written with the same degree of deference to the opinions of others, and the same tenderness for the characters of his contemporaries as his other work is. One would think that a man who wrote a Critique on Virgil, and Addison's Style, would not succeed in such an attempt as the above. I should as soon expect a *stone mason* to be a good *Lapidary*. Mr. Pinkerton according to my idea, shines most as a *Mason*; and to continue the Allegory, I think he has raised no despicable fabrick. If you like such reading, you may be amused, but I never recommend Books.

"I'll beg of you to present my best Respects to Mrs. Pepys and if Mr. Cambridge is with you, to remember me to him.

"Yours very truly,

"J. RENNELL.

"London, 25th August, 1787.

"P.S. The weather is set in very cold, followed by Rain, the wind not far enough to the north, to account for so great a degree of cold."

"W. W. Pepys Esq.

"Cowes, Isle of Wight."

NOTE.—John Pinkerton (born 1758), produced two volumes of pretended "Ancient Scottish Poems," a forgery after the manner of Chatterton; and "Letters on Literature," under the assumed name of Robert Heron, in which he displayed an almost unparalleled degree of impudent pedantry. It obtained, however, the patronage of Horace Walpole; of whose witticisms Pinkerton published a collection after his decease, under the title of "Walpoliana." [See Vol. II., p. 258.]

“ London. Sept. 25th, 1787.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ You have flattered me not a little in acknowledging that you have derived some entertainment from my letter. It was not till some time after I wrote it, that I learnt from your brother that you had been obliged to inoculate the Child, and to deprive yourself of Mrs. Pepys's company. I find you are got together again, and I hope as well as can be expected : for it is a phrase applicable to us Invalids. I passed a very happy day at East Acton on the 5th of this month as possibly you may have heard from your Brother [Sir Lucas Pepys]. The sickness in my house had made much too wide a chasm in my attentions there ; for life is really too short to lose any of the sunshine of it. Short reckonings is an adage as applicable to Friendships as to money Transactions : However I found the amiable lady of the mansion [Lady Rothes] a very merciful creditor (altho' she arrested me the day before) and tho' I suspect she has often done mischief in her lifetime, I dare say, she never meditated any. Your brother seemed to possess his usual share of spirits : and it is but reasonable that a man who encounters so much sickness abroad should meet with a cordial at home.

“ You judged very right in supposing that I was pretty well recovered, I am indeed as well as can be expected and do not find the want of the country air so much as I thought I should. Indeed I enjoy the air round the metropolis twice a day generally ; but I believe to have change of air in perfection one ought to remove a good deal further off.

“ I am glad to find that you are so easy and comfortable in your summer's retirement. I hope you will lay in a good stock of health, that is, sufficient to last you till next summer ; when it will become a part of your employment and amusement to lay in a fresh stock.

“I wish I could tell you the reason why a S.W. wind should blow about the time of the Equinox, for then I should be in possession of secrets which would make the possessor of them a person of no small consideration in the Philosophical world. The effect of the sun in disturbing our atmosphere at the Equinoxes, can only be accounted for by the superior degree of attraction exerted on the fluid parts of our globe, when *he* comes opposite to the Equatorial parts of it. One would suppose that a space of about 20 or 22 geographical miles only (for that is the whole difference between the earth’s semidiam at the Equator and at the Poles) could make little difference in the attractive power of the sun at the distance of so many millions of miles: therefore I suppose it must be owing to an accelerated centrifugal force, and which is perfectly visible in the case of the Pendulum, which must be shortened, in order to keep true time, in the equatorial regions. If this reduced power of gravity operates so sensibly on this machine, we may fairly refer the agitation of the sea and the atmosphere to this cause also: in short, that the water and air, become lighter in effect, by the increased distance from the centre of gravity, are more strongly acted on by the Sun and Moon when they come directly opposite to the parts that have acquired this *levity*. The Spring Tides are always highest at the Equinoxes, or rather a little after; the same as the greatest degree of diurnal heat is after noon; and the greatest degree of annual heat after midsummer, and the highest tides after the falls change. In like manner the atmosphere, a more subtle and elastic fluid, is acted on; but other accidents, I apprehend, determine which way the current of air shall be directed. We know little of the history of winds: I mean the philosophical world, not *myself*: I am only *an atom*. In the equatorial parts, the weather is remarkably affected by the moon: I have watched it long and can vouch for it: this I take to be owing to the same

cause as above assigned for the effect of the sun at the Equinoxes. The causes of sea and land breezes, and monsoons may let us partly into the secret of the origin of winds in general. In all climates where the sun's rays have power enough to heat the land, and the atmosphere over it (of course) to a much greater degree than over the sea ; there will diurnal land and sea breezes prevail—the wind blowing towards the land, when the land is heated, that is, in the day ; and from it in the night. What the land and sea breezes are *diurnally*, that the monsoons are annually. Look at a general map of Asia, and you'll perceive that the great body of land lies on the north of the Equator, and all sea on the south of it. When the sun comes to the north of the Line and heats the land, the wind blows from the sea ; that is it is the S.W. or southerly monsoon ; and when the sun is gone to the south of the Line again, the N.E. monsoon blows, *i.e.* from the land. Thus, heat is the *primum mobile* of all winds—a portion of the atmosphere is heated, and rarified—loses its equilibrium, and in rushes the colder and heavier air, thus winds are *attracted* not impelled ; the sea breeze always commences under the land first, and last in the *offing* ; a boat under the shoar [shore] gets it before the ship in the road &c: I may add, that the contest between so many different currents of air rushing in from all quarters to restore the equilibrium, occasions storms. The most violent of all storms, the hurricanes of the East and West Indies always happen during the intervals, between the regular monsoons in the former : and in the latter, which is situated within the *verge* of the constant Trade, at those seasons when the sun has heated the atmosphere in the greatest degree ; and it becomes a struggle between the reigning monarch, too weak on his frontiers, and the northwardly winds. I will only add that the Sun's progress alters even the constant Trade winds, as they are called, for instance, when the sun is in

the northern tropic, the S.E. Trade becomes more southerly, and the N.E. more Easterly, and *vice versa*, when he is in the South Tropic. Near the Equator you know there is always a narrow region of *calm* (the final cause indeed of Trade winds) this region varies its parallel according to the sun's station ; the primary cause. But perhaps, I am telling you no news all this while ; in which case you may give it to one of your little folks to save a lecture from yourself.

"Reading over what I have written, it appears to me almost a packet, or *Bag of winds*. I hope the unfolding of it will not, like the Bags of old, produce a storm amongst the shipping at Cowes. I should rather indeed expect it to have the effect attributed to the Zephyrs to lull you asleep. Like Mr. Pope's

"—dying Gales ; that pant upon the Trees."

and which, according to him, or poor Eloisa,

"—lull to rest the visionary maid.

I take it for granted that what will lull the maid asleep will have the same effect on a man ; the maid being out of the question.

"There is an authentic history of Gengiz Cawn compiled by M. de Croix, the same that translated Sherefeddin's history of Tomerlane. I conceive Gengiz's Conquest to be by much the most extensive of any Conqueror whatever.

"I apprehend Pythagoras borrowed his Ideas of Beans in common with many other things, from the Egyptians, who according to Herodotus, abominated them. They are not found in Eastern Asia.

"Mark Paul's [Marco Polo] Travels, are no doubt authentic in many parts, because we have collateral proofs, in the things described. He was the first

European Traveller in the East, as far as I know. Cosmas travelled in the 6th Century, I think, but he was of the Greek Empire. A fragment of his travels in the Peninsula of India and towards the Indus, remains.

"I might have mentioned the precision of the Equinoxes as a proof (full as strong, tho' not so palpable as the Pendulum) of the effect of the sun on the equatorial parts, and which is known to change gradually the position of the earth's axis; so that what is the Pole star now, may be more than 23 degrees from it, at some future time. The saying then '*so old as the North Star*' should be discarded, unless applied to *him* in his *private capacity as a star*. He is certainly the nearest great Star to the Pole, but not within 2 degrees of it. I wish Moses had told us *who* was Pole Star in the beginning of his History, we might then have been more certain of the Chronology of it.

"*Horrida Bella!* alas! stares us in the face. If there is a possibility of avoiding it, it is by arming and being prepared at all points. I wish we could hang up 8 or 10 of the incendiaries of Europe, be they ever so *elevated* already. The interests of the people at large appear to be so little connected with those of Princes, that very little regard is paid to them. Kings are like Paupers in a Parish—it matters not how bad the Harvest, or what the state of manufactures, they must be maintained as before, out of the residue, be it little or much. The Civil List should always decrease in the ratio of the increase of the public burthens. The King of France has much more interest in the prosperity of his subjects, than ours has, because, the richer his people, the more he has to spend; as he is so obliging as to take the fatigue of raising the supplies out of the hands of his Parliament.

"I beg you will present my very best respects to Mrs. Pepys, with my wishes for the continuance of the health of the little folks. I have hardly room to tell you that

Charles Greville called on me to tell me that Sr. J. Macpherson had conversed with a Spanish Officer of a Frigate, which had (in company with another Frigate) discovered the *New Passage* i.e. a N.E. passage from the Pacific into Hudson's Bay. The Spanish officer declared that the entrance of it was in Lat. $47^{\circ} 45'$ (a part unexplored by Cooke). Greville left me the Papers of Memorandums.

"Yours truly,

"J. RENNELL.

"W. W. Pepys Esq."

"London. 1st Nov. 1787.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I am quite ashamed to have kept your letter so long by me, without giving you any satisfaction, on the point you wished. I mean that of the passage from Hudson's Bay and the north Pacific Ocean. In truth, I waited Mr. Dalrymple's coming to Town, that I might enquire whether he knew of any Ships having been sent on such a service, or whether he might know more particulars than I did. He knows for certain that two Spanish ships did go on discovery (because he accommodated them with Instruments) but the names of the ships are not the same with those seen by McPherson at the C. of Good Hope. The latitude of 47° and odd, is somewhat to the south of Nootka Sound (where Cook harboured for some time) and there he actually saw an opening; but circumstances prevented his exploring it. Mr. Dalrymple's belief of the existence of a Passage is very strong; and he has often expressed it to me; but he supposed it to be farther to the South, that is, near to California. Mr. Dalrymple is by far the greatest Hydrographer in the world; if not the greatest Geographer also. Greville's account or rather McPherson's, was naked in point of particulars; but it might be observed, that what came from the Spaniard was with difficulty drawn, or rather pressed out. I had not

room on my last paper to state to you the two difficulties that occurred to me when Mr. Greville was with me : these are, 1st. How came the Spaniards above all other People to publish the news of the existence of a Passage thro' the American continent ? and 2nd. How came the ships at the Cape of Good Hope, if in their way home from the discovery of a Passage that led into Hudson's Bay ? Would they not have returned to Spain in triumph, through Hudson's Straits ? However, I can hardly form to myself any reason, why a Man of Character should lay himself out to deceive another of still higher consideration. Time will unfold it. I agree with you that it is better for us that circuitous navigations exist, than that straight Passages should have been formed over the whole face of the globe ; for in that case, all those parts that produce nothing for the merchants, would have been utterly neglected. All Africa, South of the line, Madagascar and other tracts, would never be visited ; and the intercourse between the nations of the world, which is to be the means of their civilization, would be in a manner precluded. But on the principle of national utility, I conceive that a Seaman would be as effectually trained, by crossing the Atlantic, as by making the present circuitous voyages to the East Indies, and to the South Seas. Turbulent weather, and boisterous seas form seamen. The East India S.S. Sea Voyages, are those of pleasure, when the seasons are consulted. Besides, southern voyages (as they are managed) are not *nurseries*, but rather *graves*, for seamen. It is not a truth to be told in Charles Fox's hearing, that the East India Company consume more seamen than they *raise*. The China Trade is pretty healthy but all the others are quite the contrary. If the Passage above mentioned really exists, the *Americans* are the people who will profit most by it ; the severity of the Climate in Hudson's Bay making it necessary to watch the seasons, and they are on the spot to observe them. *We Europeans* do not know what

sort of a winter it has been in America, and therefore cannot judge when the Bay may be open, in the Spring. If the Spaniards reckon on keeping South America, they may also reckon the *Anglo-Americans*, their most serious enemy, in future; with or without this same passage. Therefore it appears *mal a propos* to explore it, just now. Great events, as you say, do not strike the vulgar, at the time they happen: at least, not *as* great events. The object is too great, viewed so near. It is like viewing St. Paul's out of a hackney coach window, whilst passing through the Church Yard: or the Monument in a similar situation. The eye cannot embrace the whole object and at the same time mark the relative proportions of its members. An architect who analyses the parts as he passes by and then combines the whole; will be able to judge of its appearance, when removed to a proper distance. The Philosopher stands in the place of the architect, with respect to great events; and decides on the manner in which they will strike the mental eye of posterity.

"I intended to fill my paper at least, thinking that as my friend Nicholls arrived last night, I could have got a frank and written *ad libitum*; but he is not to be found: and whilst I stepped out for an hour, two other members [of Parliament] called at my house, and I lost the opportunity of employing them. So you must pay, and have less; if it is of the value you seem to think. I have begun to read 'Volney's Travels in Egypt and Syria;' and have read two-thirds of the first Vol. and dipt into the 2nd. It is, I think, by far the best book of Travels that has been published for a great many years. Filled with good matter, and pleasantly written. Savary trod (partly) the same path: but he writes like a Frenchman; Volney like an Englishman. If you have leisure to read it, you might be informed and amused. I am seldom amused unless I am informed at the same time, mere amusement in reading is like music to me: which I believe leaves no ideas in the mind. I

don't call Poetry amusement only, it adds to one's stock of pleasing ideas. I beg pardon, if I have abused music : I meant it not—I only expressed my own feelings ; and my want of relish for it, doubtless proceeds from my not understanding it. Some sorts of music affect me very much : but the great compositions I do not *feel*.

“I am at this present trying to prove that two or three facts, received as such in History, had no foundation in truth. I don't know how I shall succeed. One is, that Alexander did not think he had found the source of the Nile, when, at the Indus, he saw Crocodiles. Another, that the Tide at the mouth of the same River was neither new to him ; nor was it the *Tide* that frightened his people. All this I prove from Herodotus and Arrian. As to the first, Herodotus gives the particulars of the discovery, and exploring of the Indus, by *Scylax* under Darius Hystaspes. And for the others, the same author gives an account of the Tides in the Red Sea, as a thing familiar to the minds of the Greeks : for he simply mentions the circumstance, *without explaining the nature of Tides*. And as to the Adventure at the mouth of the Indus, which affords so much triumph to the *Deal Cutter* men &c. if Alexander could be surprised at the Tides *at all*, it ought to have been 200 miles up the Indus, to which extent the Tides go : and not after he had seen them rise and fall, during the course of many weeks, if not months. It was the *Bore* or *sudden influx* of the Tide, which confounded them all : a perpendicular head of water, many feet high, which overturned everything in its way : and which is too pointedly described by Arrian, to be mistaken. It is unlikely that Aristotle kept Alexander in ignorance of such a Book as ‘Herodotus :’ it is unlikely, having read him, that Alexander should forget such passages. It would rather appear that he availed himself of the information.

“I am just going to dine with Lady Mulgrave ; and as we are to have a small party, I may be as well qualified to

decide on her conversible qualities, as I am at present of her charms of person. As yet, I have only seen her. My best respects if you please to Mrs. Pepys. Lady Rothes is, as you know, at Brighton, enjoying the end of the fair Season.

“Yours very truly,
“J. RENNELL.

“W. Weller Pepys Esqr.
“West Cowes,
“Isle of Wight.”

“Sunday Evening. 28th June.

“DEAR SIR,

“I had fully persuaded myself that this was *Your Day*, and that I should have found you at home this forenoon. I find, however, that you were gone to East Acton. Tomorrow I set off for Tunbridge, for the purpose of giving my daughter some country air. She has got rid of her disorder, but cannot recover appetite and strength. We shall stay 3 weeks.

“You may recollect the News I sent you about the N.W. or rather N.E. Passage from the Pacific—altho’ I gave it up soon after, for want of such authority as might have been expected from the public notoriety of such a discovery, in Spain, had it been made; yet the recent discoveries made on the N.W. side of America, by the British Fur Traders from the East Indies, shew that there is a very deep Inlet or Gulf, pointing towards Hudson’s Bay. Until the Journal of the Ship is forthcoming, I will not venture to say what the depth of the Inlet is; but I am credibly informed by a Person just returned from China, that the opening hitherto known by the name of *De Fucas* (and situated between California and Nootka Sound) has been traced to a point within 400 miles of Hudson’s House (the westernmost of the Hudson’s Bay Compy’s Factories) and the Gulf or Inlet did not end

there, the vessel returning for want of provisions I understand that Hudson's House has a communication by water with the Bay of that name, its general position is about midway between Lake Superior and Nootka, and the absolute distance between the two latter may be 1600 miles, more or less. Another capital discovery is, that the broken line of Coast viewed by Cook, is nothing more than a vast chain of large islands, with a wide Channell between it and the next line of Coast ; and which for aught we know, may be Islands also, at least the Continent is, in idea, removed much farther to the East, than was supposed. I confess I have expectations that the discoveries of De Fuca and De Fonta, which it has been the custom to scout, in the 18th century because we, forsooth have not been able to find what was very apparent in the 17th, will be realized by British Navigators. Whether there may be a Passage thro' the Continent or not, so deep an Inlet might prove of vast advantage to the civilization and happiness of the future inhabitants of America ; unquestionably Africa has continued in its present state so long, for want of a ready intercourse with its interior parts, whilst all the rest of the world has been progressively improving. *A propos !* I have some Geographical News from Africa also. I have an account of the stages across that vast lump of land between Tripoly and the Coast where our ships trade in human flesh. There do not appear to be either lakes or capital rivers in the way ; and the country pretty well peopled. The most remarkable thing is, that the Trade *everywhere* is *Slaves* : and in one Kingdom (or Province) *castrated* slaves. If I might hazard such an opinion I should say, that Africa for want of those Gulfs, Lakes, Rivers, and inland Seas, that occur in the other continents, and serve as stepping stones in a Brook, to aid the transportation of merchandize from one corner of them to the other, has been compelled to take up that Trade, which the nature of their conveyances allowed ; and not being able to

carry the commodities, have made the Commodity carry itself; in other words, a trade of living creatures. I have an instance before me of a slave, a Native of the Eastern Coast of Africa, between the mouth of the Red Sea, and Madagascar, who was exchanged from hand to hand, and from kingdom to kingdom, until he came to the Western Coast near Cape Verde; and from thence (a short step) to the Island of Goree amongst the Europeans; by which means his story came to be known. But I have digressed widely.

“For the honor of Ulegbeg [Ulugh-Begh] and other Princely Astronomers and Geographers of the East, I must inform you that a late examination of their Tables of Latitude and Longitude, proves that in an extent of about 43 degrees of longitude, there is no greater error than 38 minutes, or about a sixtieth part of the whole: I mean on a comparison with the most approved observations of Europeans at Aleppo and in the East Indies—our Continent hardly embraces so wide an extent of longitude; and I am at this instant correcting an error of two whole degrees, between London and Astracan, which error was not detected in D’Anville’s time.

“My best respects to Mrs. Pepys, and believe me, dear Sir,

“Yours faithfully,

“J. RENNELL.”

Major Rennell on Geographical Discoveries.



“London. 22 Aug. 1788.

“DEAR SIR,

“I wish I could inform you that any kind of success has attended my Application, in behalf of your old Servant Mr. Powell, whom I really wished to serve: but so deeply does Patronage pervade every part of our

System, that even this *ramification* of it (as Dr. Johnson, would probably have said) is already anticipated in its progress, and my friend assures me that he finds it impossible at present, nor does he give me hopes in future.

"I learn from my Friend, and Banker, Mr. Gosling, that you and Mrs. Pepys and family are well at Broadstairs; and as he means to return in a few days, I availed myself of the opportunity, to send a Letter by him. I have been kept in Town against my will for some Time. My usual Place of abode at Tunbridge, is occupied for the Season, and not liking to change; I have formed a design of travelling into N. Wales, and the north of England for perhaps 6 weeks; meaning to see all that can easily be seen during that Time, and travelling by easy Journies: and with respect to equipment, much in the style of Yorick; that is with a shirt, and a black pair of silk Breeches, &c. We leave Town on the 28th.

"A Friend who has seen the Cherbourg works, assures me that at least 8 of the Cows [scows] are sunk, so as to exhibit the appearance of wrecks (of ships) and that only at low water, and the launching of those on the Stocks is postponed till next Spring; so that the French begin to see their Error. The Plan, if practicable at all, must have been effected by a simple Digue of stones only, but a Digue across so wide a space, is something like the wild Idea of a Bridge from *Otranto* to *Dyrochim*; in short from Greece to Italy; said to be conceived by Pythus &c. That part of the Digue that has been compleated between two or more of the Cows, is washed down by the force of the Sea, from  to  as the

same Person informs me, so that the French Engineer will soon have *data* enough to calculate the required quantity of stones to compleat it. I don't know who the Projector of Ramsgate Pier was; but his absurdity was of the *tame* kind, as the Frenchman's is of the *wild* and romantic.

Neptune will punish them in their own style ; that is, fill up the one with a Trident full of wind ; and raise a storm to beat down the other.

“ I have wandered over your Island with much Pleasure ; and it arose not only from the modern State of it, but from contemplating its former *truly insular* State ; before *Neptune threw so much mud into the Channell*. You are aware that the Roman Navies sailed up between Richboro’ (Rutupia) and Reculver (Regulbisson) and the Channell must have existed long since that, for a Village of the name of *Stourmouth* is situated near the Place where the Stour (or River of Canterbury) joined the Channell between the main Island and Thanet. So that we may conclude that the Channell existed in the time of the Saxons from the term *mouth*, of Saxon origin. The Shores of Thanet are continually wearing away, altho’ almost imperceptibly ; one wishes to ascertain the degree of wear, our Coasts and those of France have undergone, since the first rupture ; but of this we must remain in ignorance, as the interval, as described by the ancients, is too vague to be used as a Standard. But we know that much flat land has disappeared, near Dover, since the Conquest. Shakespeare’s Cliff must also be much lower than it was in the time of the Poet ; for its form is such, that it grows lower, as the edge wears away. But where vast precipices are wanting, the Poet’s fancy can create them. Surely the Cliff in question cannot be 400 feet high ; and I have thrown stones into the sea, from a height of 2240 ! From that height, almost the *Cock Boat* would have been lost, and the Surge silent ; and the Samphire man would have been at a loss to find a rope long enough !

“ Has not Mr. Baretti been unnecessarily severe on Mrs. Piozzi ? Whatever faults a woman may have been guilty of, short of Infamy, call for a different sort of reproof. I know neither of the Parties, but will venture to pronounce Mr. Baretti in the wrong, at all events.

"Do you read Gibbon? I began at the Life of Mahomet, and have not yet entered on the 6th volume. I have but one fault to find with him, which is, his frequent attempts to say things in a way which no other man has said them. The scope of information is vast, and the Style generally possesses the property that is styled *Magic*, when applied to painting. I don't know tho' how you and I may agree in these points. They say, that he has been too free on the subject of national Religion; but I am not yet come to that, reserving such matter for the last. I leave every man to the possession of his own opinions, in religious matters, and expect the same quarter. I agree that no man should 'take the bridle out of the mouth of that wild Beast Man,' (as Bolingbroke writes to Swift), but if a free disquisition of the '*Corruptions of Christianity*' had not taken place in the 16th Century, where should we have been? But let any one beware of throwing Ridicule on an established Religion be it what it will (as all religions are a kind of Scaffolding to the great Structure, Morality) lest the hedge be thrown down, before another Partition is ready—or, according to Gulliver, 'Tho' a man may be allowed to keep poisons in his closet, he shall not be permitted to vend them as Cordials.' To return to Mr. Gibbon perhaps few minds have ever grasped so much, and suffered so little to escape. Had he been versed in Oriental languages, he would, probably, like most others, have been debauched by the false ornaments with which the Books in those Languages abound, and which I can no otherwise characterise than as *meretricious prudery*. All our *Anglo-Indians*, at least, are too far gone in admiration, of Oriental beauties of style, which I can by no means relish. They are either below, or above criticism.

"My very best Respects to Mrs. Pepys and believe me dear Sir,

"Yrs. faithfully,
"J. RENNELL."

EXTRACT CONCERNING THE DELUGE

" Dec. 1789.

" *From the 'Bhagavat.' Asiatic Researches. Page 230 and sequel.*

" *Menu* whom the Indians believe to have reigned over the whole world, in the earliest Age of their Chronology, and to have resided on the Eastern Coast of the Eastern Indian Peninsula, was accosted by the *Preserver of the Universe* (The Indians assign three powers or attributes to the *Almighty* and personify them under the name of *Brahma*, the *creating* Power, *Vishnu* or *Heri*, the *preserving* Power, and *Sisa* or *Iswara*, the destroying power, rather *changing* or *transforming* power). The occasion was this ; at the close of the last *Calpa* (Age) there was a general destruction, occasioned by the Sleep of *Brahma* (one would have rather expected that of *Vishnu* !) whence his creatures in different worlds were drowned in a vast ocean. But previous to this *Heri* intending to preserve the pious King *Menu* from the sea of destruction, caused by the depravity of the Age, thus instructed him. 'For seven days from the present time the three worlds will be plunged in an ocean of Death, but in the midst of the destroying waves, a large vessel sent by me for thy use, shall stand before thee. Then shalt thou take all medicinal herbs, all the variety of Seeds, and accompanied by seven saints, encircled by pairs of all brute Animals, thou shalt enter the spacious Ark, and continue in it secure from the flood, on one immense Ocean, without light, except the radiance of thy holy companions, when the ship shall be agitated by an impetuous Wind, thou shalt fasten it with a large Sea serpent on my horn for I will be near thee, drawing the vessel with thee, and thy attendants, until a *night of Brahma* shall be completely ended.' The Sea overwhelming its

shores deluged the whole earth and it was soon perceived to be augmented by showers from immense Clouds. *Menu* saw the vessel advancing, and enter'd it with the chief of the *Bramins*. The God being invoked by the Monarch appeared in the form of a fish, blazing like Gold, extending a million of leagues with one stupendous Horn &c. Then *Heri* rising together with *Brahma* from the destructive deluge, which was abated, slew the demon."

(It appears by the remainder of Sir Wm. Jones's discourse, that the above *extracts* were translated from a *Persian* translation of the "Bhagavat," as the original *Sanscrit* one had never been in his possession).

Letter concerning Mr. Burke.

"Mount Ephraim.

"DEAR SIR,

"You may perhaps remember an evening which we pass'd together last summer at this place when the conversation happening to turn upon the Subject of Eloquence (very naturally suggested by your presence) you was asking what Models of Eloquence there were in our Language, upon which a young man might form himself for speaking in Publick. I agreed with you that we had but few, and lamented that the practise of committing to Paper those speeches which from time to time have astonished the Bar or the Senate by their excellence had never been in use among us. I remember however that I observed to you we were not absolute destitute of some models of such an exalted eloquence as might without any prejudice in favour of our Countrymen be put in competition with some of the most finished Productions of Greece or Rome. You seem'd at first surprised at the boldness of this Assertion but upon my mentioning a certain Speech of Mr. Burke's delivered in parliament on the 22 March 1775, as one which I did not scruple to rely upon in justification of what I had advanced, you not only

acquiesced but gave me the pleasure of finding that my opinion receiv'd the full sanction of your own by repeating with all the advantage of your Elocution many of the finest passages contained in it. It is now a twelvemonth since the conversation past between us to which I allude, and tho' the Career of your success in your profession is so rapid as not to admit of your devoting any part of your time to Society in the Season of business I flatter'd myself that I shou'd have found you again at this place and that we might have renew'd our conversation upon a subject which to me is peculiarly interesting. You have all the wide ranges of ambition before you, and the fairest hopes of attaining one day that great eminence to which upon all accounts you are so justly entitled. I have early retir'd into a quiet Nook, and considering that Labour of Contention in which you are engaged if not *parvis animis* yet *parvo corpore majus* have contented myself with doing what little good I can in my contracted sphere, and viewing from aloof the great Scene of Contest in which so many with such different views are so ardently engag'd. This Situation however is attended with one advantage that as I am myself *hors de Combat*, I can discern not only more clearly but likewise more impartially, the conduct and behaviour of Those who are *engag'd*, and can form perhaps a more certain judgment of them than those who in other respects are beyond comparison better qualified, but who are themselves too much engag'd to be indifferent Spectators. In this situation and with these advantages I have long since contemplated the Political Conduct of that Prodigy of Parts to whom we are indebted, among other inimitable Productions, for that Speech upon which I never did before scruple, and certainly shall not now, since I have the sanction of your concurrence, to pronounce that it is equal to any Performance of the kind which I have ever seen in any language, but delighted and astonish'd as I am with its eloquence, I cannot but look up with still

greater Admiration to that integrity which dictated, and that ardent Patriotism which enforc'd those arguments, the weight and wisdom of which those who would not then admit, have long felt to their cost. Were we not so apt to overlook or underrate those characters which pass immediately under our eyes in comparasion of those which by time are remov'd to a distance and have receiv'd the venerable Stamp of Antiquity, I think it hardly possible that such a pattern of exalted virtue and shining talents shou'd not have receiv'd the unanimous applause of his country however distracted and debased by Party Contention, but to me who am not enlisted under any political Banner who have no views to excite, nor any apprehensions to restrain me, there cannot be a more agreeable subject of contemplation than that of elevated genius supported by acknowledged integrity bearing up under all opposition and discouragement and steering its way right onward, and pressing toward the Prize of its high Calling ; the approbation of the Supreme Being, and the grateful admiration of Posterity. In this light have I long since consider'd that Character which I know you hold in equal veneration with myself and which therefore I may safely indulge my own thoughts in discussing to you. The world in general are disgusted with Panegyrick because it is often exaggerated beyond the Merits of the character commended, but oftener because it reprobates the inferiority of those who read it, and excites envy instead of emulation ; but as I know to whom I am now writing I am under no such apprehension for in the present case I am persuaded that *laudare aliquem laudato Viro* is as safe as it is pleasant and honourable, *laudari a Laudato Viro*. Indeed if I thought that anything which came from my pen cou'd deserve the attention of the Publick I shou'd not know a more useful undertaking than that of holding up to the Eye of Mankind, represented in its true colours, a Publick Character among our contemporaries, distinguished

at once for acknowledged virtue and eminent abilities. Such appears to me, and such I doubt not will appear to posterity, the character now before us and I am fully persuaded that the more minutely you were to investigate his conduct from his first entrance into publick life to the present hour the more cause we shou'd find for admiration and praise. I know nothing of his private history for the very early part of his life but when I tell you I have frequently heard from a Prelate of the highest rank, and who is at the same time one of the best Judges of literary merit in this country, that he had in his hands the 'Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful,' before Burke was 21 years of age I think we may fairly conclude that his early days were employed in storing his mind with that infinite variety of Ideas which crowd upon him in such abundance whenever he speaks, that no one less eloquent than himself cou'd give them utterance. His first appearance in the political world was owing to his introduction to Lord Rockingham, in which those who estimate all advantages by the standard of riches and honours may think him unfortunate, but which I cannot help considering as one of the most fortunate events of his life. In Lord Rockingham he found a nobleman of high rank and powerful connections, whose political principles coincided with his own, and of whose patronage he cou'd therefore avail himself without any risk either of that painful effort which attends the sacrifice of all political hopes and aspirations to his own principle, or of that ignominious and debasing submission of all distinction between right and wrong to the blind pursuit of ambition. In the outset, therefore, his interest and his conscience were not at variance which whenever it does happen, is in my apprehension a very great, as I fear it is a very rare felicity. Upon his first emerging out of the retirement of private life he found this country in the first stage of those embarassments in which the shortsighted policy of those in power had

involv'd us with America, and which 'had by that time increas'd to such a degree as to make it a matter of necessity, not choice to commit the Government into the hands of those whose Principles led them to have some attention to the complaints of the Governed. The situation was of all others the most delicate and requir'd the utmost temper, moderation and judgment to steer between the extremes of abject concession and obstinate injustice, and in this situation Mr. Burke whose advice we cannot but suppose to have had the greatest weight in the Counsels of that day, adopted an expedient which however it has been made the subject of Declamation against him, must appear to us who have liv'd to see all the subsequent events, as the wisest that cou'd have been suggested. The honour of this country was sav'd by the declaration of Our Right as an Abstract Proposition, and the inexpedienc and injustice of carrying that Right into execution under all the circumstances of the two countries considered, was acknowledged and ascertained by the repeal of the Stamp Act.

“ Monday.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I send you on some general *Ideas* concerning the Inland Navigation of this Country. The sketch will speak for itself; the *artificial* Canals being in red. You see how ingeniously it is contrived to unite all the principal Rivers; and to diffuse Provisions and Fuel by that means. All, however, are not compleated yet. That from Cambridge to London is only in *embrio*, and after all may be subject to *miscarriage*. That from the *Trent to Boston*, is partly (I believe) of Roman origin, and partly *very* modern. But by an odd arrangement, there is a *carrying-place* at Lincoln; a circumstance only to be expected in a Savage land. Some others are projected, but it is obvious that this System (as well as any other)



MAP OF ENGLISH CANALS.

DRAWN BY MAJOR RENNELL FOR SIR WILLIAM PEPYS.

may be pushed too far : for if the trade will not repay the constant expense attending the repairs, the Canal will be rather a nuisance, than a benefit. One of the great public benefits attending Canals, is, that by lessening the number of Horses, we may increase the number of human creatures. The calculation is, that 70,000£ pr. ann. will be saved by the Cambridge Canal ; by the difference between the expense of land and water carriage. Apply this to the rest, and reflect moreover, that *one million* has been put out of *this* kingdom in one year, to purchase oats !

“ Yours truly,

“ J. RENNELL.”



PART EIGHT

MRS. HARTLEY'S LETTERS
TO SIR WILLIAM PEPYS

MRS. HARTLEY'S LETTERS TO SIR WILLIAM PEPYS

1786—1801

MRS. HARTLEY was the unmarried daughter of Dr. David Hartley, F.R.S. (1705-59), philosopher and physician, who settled in Bath. He was a man of singular simplicity and amiability of character. Among his friends were Bishops Butler, Law, Warburton, and Dr. Jortin, Dr. Hales, and Hooke the historian. He was an ardent supporter of Byrom's shorthand, in which he wrote some of his later letters, although his friendship for the inventor became less intimate through want of sympathy with Byrom's religious mysticism and political Toryism. In 1735 Hartley said he had rid himself of every doubt as to the truth of religion, and his correspondence shows a strong religious feeling, although he was a decided rationalist in principle. Mr. Gay had published in a preface to Law's translation of Archbishop King's "Origin of Evil," his opinions as to the possibility of deducing all our intellectual pleasure and pains from association. In 1749 Hartley published his "Observations on Man ; his Frame, his Duty, and his Expectation," which embraced a treatise on "The Progress to happiness Deduced from Reason." Hartley's chief aim was purely ethical, and his discussions on the gradual development of pure benevolence from the simpler passions are interesting. He denied that his explanation of all mental

phenomena upon the hypothesis of minute nervous vibrations involved materialism, and he was a sincere and fervent Christian. Priestly was his enthusiastic admirer, and in 1795 published an abridgment of his work.

Coleridge, in his "Religious Musings," calls—

"Hartley, of Mortal kind
Wisest, he first who marked the ideal tribes
Down the fine fibres, from the sentient brain
Roll subtly surging."

The name of Hartley Coleridge testifies to the same enthusiasm.

Mrs. Hartley, Sir William Pepys' correspondent, lived with her brother, David Hartley, at Belvedere, Bath. He was an intimate friend of Benjamin Franklin, and represented Hull in Parliament (1774-80), and attained considerable reputation as an opponent of the war with America, and of the African slave trade. Owing to his consistent support of Lord Rockingham, he was selected by the Government to act as plenipotentiary in Paris, where, on September 3, 1783, he and Franklin drew up and signed the definite treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States of America. Wraxall says that Hartley, though destitute of any personal recommendation of manner, possessed some talent, with unsullied probity, added to indefatigable perseverance. In the following letters, his sister, though evidently devoted to him, does not describe him as a very sociable or amiable character. Wraxall adds that his speeches were intolerably long and dull, and that "his rising always operated like a dinner-bell."

Hartley's writings set forth the arguments of the extreme Liberals of his time. In 1764 he wrote a vigorous attack on the Bute administration. "Inscribed to the Man who thinks himself a Minister." His "Letters on the American War" were addressed to his constituents and

published in 1778-79. He seeks throughout the letters to vindicate the opposition to the war. In 1794 he printed, at Bath, a sympathetic "Argument on the French Revolution." Six volumes of his letters went to America, and passed into the collection of L. Z. Leiter of Washington; others are in the British Museum.

In 1785 he published an "Account of a Method of securing Buildings and Ships against Fire," by placing thin sheets of iron under the floors and attaching them to the ceiling to prevent the immediate access of the fire, and to stop the current of air. He built a house on Putney Heath to prove the efficiency of his invention, and on the occasion of a fire at Richmond House, 1791, he wrote a pamphlet on the value of his fireplates. Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, writing to Sir William Pepys in 1778, said the King of Poland had asked him to write to Hartley "to send him some instructions and information relative to his invention against fire, of which he intends to make trial." So he must have been a man whose ideas excited considerable attention throughout Europe even before they were published (see Vol. II. p. 33). David Hartley died at Bath in 1813, in his eighty-fourth year. In his last years he studied chemistry and mechanics.

Fanny Burney described the Belvedere, where the Hartleys lived, as a most beautiful spot, upon a high hill, at one of the extremities of the town of Bath, commanding an enchanting view of the Avon and all the surrounding country.

Mrs. Holroyd (sister to Lord Sheffield), the charming Aunt Serena, to whom most of Maria Josepha Holroyd's letters were addressed, is often mentioned in Mrs. Hartley's letters. Serena Holroyd writes to her niece of a supper Mrs. Hartley gave to celebrate Sir William Pepys' birthday on January 10, 1796, "because it was he that made us all (Coxes &c) acquainted with her." George Coxe is constantly referred to by Mrs. Hartley and Serena Holroyd.

Sir William wrote to Hannah More in 1786 from Bath—

“I pass most of my evenings with a most agreeable friend, who has been rais’d, as it were from the dead; you may perhaps have heard of the tedious illness, and marvellous recovery of Miss Hartley.”

During her illness, which necessitated the amputation of one foot, Mrs. Hartley lost a friend whose attachment of twenty-four years’ standing had proved no cause of happiness. We are not told his name (he was “a genius, as all the world knew”) and we can only echo the poor lady’s hopes that this shipwrecked love-affair may be a source of more felicity in a better world than it was in this, where “want of spirits, and a nervous terror of mind,” destroyed all her friend’s happiness and her own.

Mrs. Hartley had perfect confidence that in the event of Napoleon’s proceeding to India, he would meet with a gallant competitor in her cousin, General Hartley; on consulting her globe she found that the monsoons would blow full in the face of the invader. But happily General Hartley, who was a very able soldier, was not called upon to play the part of Wellington, or, as a high authority has lately reminded us, that of Wellington and Blücher combined.

Lady Miller, at Bath Easton, gave morning entertainments, to which the company of both sexes repaired for the purpose of depositing their poetical compositions within an urn placed in the pleasure-grounds. The productions were afterwards read aloud, and a prize distributed by the lady of the Mansion.

CHARACTER OF MRS. HARTLEY OF BELVEDERE, BATH

“A lady universally known and admired for her accomplishments in literature and the fine arts; adorned with every virtue and grace that gives lustre and dignity to

human nature. The sick and friendless sufferer she was ever quick to relieve; she had a manner of exquisite grace, refined delicacy, and sympathy with the unfortunate; with her smile she diffused joy, inspired hope, and cheered the heavy hearted; her unaffected piety, concealed from the prying gaze, she cultivated in the sanctuary of her heart, and enjoyed its consolations undisturbed. Whatever increased the happiness of others rejoiced her, and whatever diminished it affected her. The approach of disease she beheld with tranquillity and fortitude, the grave could not triumph over her, and death lost its sting. When the critical moment arrived she calmly stretched forth her hand to take an affectionate leave of her brother, and their nephew, and then smiled to heaven! Thou amiable and inestimable lady, farewell!"

The above, written in Sir William Pepys' handwriting, was found amongst the letters written to him by Mrs. Hartley.

"Belvedere, July 29th, 1786. Finished August 12.

"DEAR SIR,

"I received from you the most kind, friendly and consolatory letter that ever was written, a long time ago. I might have thanked you for it immediately by my woman, and that was my first thought; but as there were several things in it that a servant cou'd not answer to my satisfaction, I have been waiting till my painful illness shou'd give me respite enough to do it with ease; another thing has prevented me, which is the loss of this very letter, which gave me so much consolation when I received it, and which I have read over several times since; but I have now locked it up so carefully, that I can no where find it; my memory, with the constant distractions of opium and pain, is very bad; but I remember well that it contained such confidence in providence, and such hopes of future retribution for all the evils that can be suffered here, that

it made me shed many tears, and yet comforted my mind to a great pain for almost three years and a half. Yet you who know what worthy friends I had in this world, and what I have lost by death since my illness, may easily comprehend that my bodily pains have not been the greatest of my sufferings. In the very first year of my illness, I lost that friend who had been attached to me, by the greatest affection and fidelity for more than four and twenty years; but happily for me, I had at that time, the strongest and most rational expectation that I shou'd follow myself in a few weeks and therefore felt it not as a *parting*. Since my recovery I have felt it much more deeply, and have found it a hard matter to be thankful for the return of life, yet certainly if we consider things in their true light, the difference of a *few years* is no more, in comparison of eternity, than that of a *few weeks*. And the most resigned submission to the providence of God, is one of those virtues that will ensure an eternity of happiness, and a re-union with our friends. I still suffer a great deal of pain and am obliged to take so much Laudanum, that I am confined to my bed the best half of the day, but about 3 o'clock in the afternoon I am wheeled into the next room, and if the weather is fine, and my pain tollerable, I am put into my sedan in the evening and carried out into the fields for a couple of hours, when the air does me more good than anything. My paper obliges me to conclude with every good wish to you Mrs. Pepys and the little ones. Adieu, much yours

“M. HARTLEY.”

“Belvedere. Nov. 11, 1786.

“Remember you! Aye, my dear friends! while memory holds a seat in my retentive mind! but not in one of those *comfortable* evenings that you speak of, for they are gone! I have no more such evenings as we all spent together; and I feel the loss extremely. Your turn

of mind seemed suitable to mine, both in our chearful humours, and our grave ones ; and as we grow more and more acquainted, and find by experience that we have all of us friendly dispositions towards each other, we naturally increase in confidence and attachment on all sides. I was sorry that I cou'd not see and take leave of Mrs. Pepys before she went, and I think I hardly took leave of you ; for your chair came in one moment, and you got up the very next, bid me adieu and vanished, before I had time to recollect, or be aware that you was going. I hardly know how it was—

“ ‘ Come, ahi ! mi partipi
Dir non sapro : so che non sei piu meco ! ’ ”

However it is very agreeable to receive so early and so kind a letter from you. I hope Mrs. Pepys and the little ones will not suffer long with their colds. That you have escaped so well yourself seems a most comfortable instance of the good effects of Bath waters, and I rejoice with you in it. I don't think I have anything very material to complain of neither. I hope I shall never forget how very near I have been to that world where I must go at last, tho' it may be some time longer deferred. I have now lived long enough here, to know, that there is no solid comfort in this world but in the expectation of passing peaceably to the next, and no cordial friendship but with those who join with us in that endeavour. When the mind is in such a state, the spirits may be gay. ‘ The innocent are gay,’ but still, as none are *correctly innocent*, the gayety is chastened with something of a cautious fear, lest somewhat shou'd go wrong ; and this is perhaps necessary to man to preserve him safe ; but still as we know ourselves to be under the government of a father, not tyrant, it is no slavish fear that makes the mind unhappy. I have spent most of my evenings alone, not having company to *amuse* me, and not caring for *proserers*. I can exert my spirits, as

you know, even when in pain, to make a chearful evening with my friends ; but when left alone my memory always recurs to past afflictions and present losses ; which wou'd overwhelm me, if it were not for the hopes of future happy days in better worlds. I am inclined to finish my letter, as if it was a sermon. There may we all meet !

“I am your very affectionate friend,

“M. HARTLEY.

“Pray give my best compliments to Mrs. Ord when you see her, and I wish you wou'd ask Mrs. Montagu whether she wishes to have any feathers of Pheasant, or Partridge, for her feather work, and let me know : for if they would be of any use to her, I will preserve all that I can for her. I have a few now. I have just had an opportunity to get this letter franked by Lord Huntingdon who has been sitting with me all the evening, very conversible and entertaining as he well can be.”

NOTE.—Mrs. Montagu wrote to Hannah More, “If any old maid at Bristol keeps parrots or macaws, I should be glad of their cast-off clothes, or any gay feathers, to adorn the feather-work which is going on here.”

“Belvedere. Feb. 9, 1787.

“I felt myself very much obliged to you my dear friend for your very kind letter tho' I have not had spirits to answer it ; and equally obliged to Mrs. Pepys for her kind little note ; I hope you will both give me leave to thank you together, for I cannot undertake two correspondents in one house ; besides I know that you two are *one* in heart and soul to each other, and in friendship to me ; infinitely do I value the affection that you are both so kind as to give me, and I value it the more from the affection that I see you have for each other. I have always said that a corner in the heart of those who have shewn themselves capable of perfect love to their own families is better worth having than the *whole stock* of friendship, given by

those who have little feeling for any interests but their own. I have all my life been ardently desirous to possess the affection and friendship of those that appeared valuable characters to me ; but of those *only* ; for I never desired to obtain more affection than I cou'd return.

“My heart, you know, has once been given, to one of the most sincere, and perfect, and long continued attachments that ever was felt by any one ; and tho' it proved on the whole no cause of happiness to either of us, (but on the contrary it certainly did, by an unaccountable fatality of events, embitter and shorten his life, and destroy all the health of mine,) I have no doubt but that the renewal of it hereafter, will be an eternal source of felicity to us both, in a better world : and in that hope, I live.

“I was exceedingly pleased with your relating to me the conversation about his character. I wanted no test of its value ; but it is pleasing to me to hear such a testimony. I do not wonder that any man shou'd worship his character, after having seen his papers ; for to look over a man's private papers, is to see the interior of his mind ; and his was *pure and perfect*. It abounded with genius, knowledge and penetration, (as all the world knows ;) but still more with justice, philanthropy and sensibility. He was totally unaffected, very modest in his opinion of his own talents, yet very firm in the judgements that he had deliberately formed. No one cou'd see with more penetration than he cou'd, into the characters of men's minds, thro' all their disguises ; yet no one was ever more candid, or made more allowances for every failing, he was not capable of hatred for any character, but that of a compleat villain. For such an one, he felt a nausea, as people do to a toad or a spider, and kept always out of his way. His only defect was want of spirits, and a nervous terror of mind, that he had been unhappily brought up with. He saw everything in the most terrible light ; suspected continually that every thing which he wished to do, was wrong ; feared

every blessing that seemed to be offered to him, as a prelude only to some *distracting agony* in the future loss of it. These unfortunate dispositions embittered all his life, while he was upon earth ; but I trust that his heart is at peace, and that he now receives every blessing with *confidence*.

"I cou'd not help saying thus much of him, it has forced its way from my heart to my pen ; but I must now desist ; the subject is much too affecting for me, and indeed I do believe that the continual bent of my mind upon it does hurt my health, and occasion many of those sleepless nights that I complain of so much. I can command my spirits by day pretty well. I occupy myself by constant employment, I receive my friends and try to entertain them ; and you have seen how much I can attempt, even in bodily pain, but I cannot command my nightly dreams. They get the better of me ; and it is not a week since I was made very ill, by a long consistent dream of having seen and conversed with something like an apparition of my friend, my mind was perplexed and disturbed about it, and I reasoned upon it, as if I had been awake ; and at last I did wake, *in an agony* ; nor cou'd I get it out of my head again, for three or four nights after. This agitation in sleep is out of my power to help, and therefore it must take its course, as it pleases God. I can only command my mind by day, and I will always endeavour to keep it composed by constant employment, and occupation upon other subjects. For this reason I will now break off. I cannot write upon any thing else. Therefore receive my present Adieu, with every affectionate wish towards yourself, Mrs. Pepys and your little ones.

"I am, yours sincerely,

"M. HARTLEY.

"Yet I have a mind to add (because I think it wou'd give you pleasure) that if my friend had lived, it is likely

that he wou'd have grown intimate with you; for he seemed to like your society better each time that you met, and your coming-in did not drive him away, as the arrival of strangers usually did. We had had much conversation together about you and Mrs. Pepys, whose character he was much disposed to respect, both for her own unaffected virtues and from the regard that he had always had for her father. This connexion wou'd have been very delightful to you; you know how agreeable he was; how lively, how conversible, how entertaining, for his spirits in society were often high, and much disposed to entertain, it was his *heart* that was *sad*, and the perfection of his virtues that made him unhappy; it was the perpetual fear that the byass of his own inclinations shou'd lead him wrong, which made him sacrifice every desire of his heart, and never seem to have his conscience easy, but when he felt himself a martyr to some painful duty. These were sublime strokes of real virtue, that are now gone to be rewarded!"

NOTE ON PRINCE LEE BOO MENTIONED IN NEXT LETTER.—The *Antelope*, a packet of 300 tons, belonging to the East India Company, in the command of Captain Henry Wilson, was shipwrecked off the Pelew Islands, in the North Pacific Ocean (called by the Spanish the Palos Islands), in 1783.

The crew were not bent on any voyage of discovery, such as those undertaken by Captain Cook, who was accompanied by Sir Joseph Banks, afterwards President of the Royal Society, but "being in a tempest, wrecked on their coast, it is solely to the benevolent character of their inhabitants" that the crew of the *Antelope* owed their safe return to England. Captain Wilson brought home (on board the *Morse*, an Indiaman) Prince Lee Boo, second son of King Thulle, who possessed a countenance so strongly marked with sensibility and good humour, and enlivened by eyes so quick and intelligent, that they announced his thoughts without aid of language, and instantly prejudiced every one in his favour. He behaved in society with such ease and politeness, and adapted himself so readily to whatever he saw were the customs of the country, that he proved the truth of Mr. Keate's theory, that "natural good manners are the natural result of natural good sense."

Wishing to see how the art of painting struck Lee Boo, Mr. Keate showed him a miniature of himself, he took it in his hand, and called out, "Misser Keate—very nice, very good—Lee Boo understand well—that Misser Keate die—*this* Misser Keate live." The intent of portrait painting could not have been better defined.

After he had been in England five months Lee Boo died of smallpox, they had delayed innoculating him, fearing he would not understand, an illness imposed upon him by his friends, for his ultimate good.

The doctor who attended him, wrote, "living or dying, he has given me an example, which I shall never forget, and his patience and fortitude were worthy of a stoic."

Captain Wilson told the Prince that when good men died and were buried, they might live again above (pointing to the sky); Lee Boo, with great earnestness replied, "All same Pelew—bad men stay in earth—good men go into sky—become very beautiful," he explained, holding his hand in the air, and giving it a fluttering motion with his fingers.

These islanders not only believed in the immortality of the Spirit, but in telepathy. On the voyage home Lee Boo would sometimes become suddenly agitated, apparently aware that mischief was befalling his friends at home. During his illness he repeated several times that "his father and mother much grieve, for they knew he was very sick."

"Stop Reader, stop!—let Nature claim a Tear—
A Prince of *Mine*, Lee Boo, lies bury'd here."

announces the stone erected to his memory in Rotherhithe churchyard by the East India Company.

"Belvedere. Oct. 22, 1788.

"DEAR SIR,

"I had not room when I finished my last to say half that I wished, and now I have not time, yet as our friend Mrs. Ord offers to carry a letter for me, I cannot let her depart without it. She is a great loss; and yet while she is here she is so much engaged in attendance upon her mother, that I cannot see her half so often as I wish; her conversation is remarkably agreeable: she has the most rational and animated style in talking on all subjects; she says what every person thinks, and would have said, if it had but come into their heads at the time, or if they could have expressed it so well; yet she says it in such a gentle way, that she is never overpowering. We have had a great deal of conversation about the innocent amiable, generous and noble-minded inhabitants of the Pelew Islands; and I think we are both equally enthusiastic about them. Indeed such a fit of transport seized me when I got to the end of the book, that, having been formerly well acquainted



PRINCE LEE BOO.

Second son of Abbu Thulle.

Published by G. Nichol for Capt. Henry Wilson, as the Act directs, May 1, 1788.

with Mr. Keate, I took up my pen and wrote him a few lines, to join my thanks with those of the rest of the world, for the entertainment I had received from so delightful a performance. When I came to reflect upon it, I thought I had done a ridiculous thing, and besides, I did not know where to direct to him, as I had been told that he had left the house that he had, when I was in London; and therefore I had thoughts of putting my letter into the fire; but when I mentioned it to Mrs. Ord, she very strongly persuaded me to send it, and to direct it to him at Nicoll's his bookseller's shop; I have ventured to do so; but I rather fear that I shall be thought very absurd. One day while I was reading the book, Admiral Affleck came in, and told me that he had seen some of the people himself, many years ago. He was in those seas, and knowing that he was near those islands which were then called the Palos or Palaos, he sailed a little round to take a view of them. Some of the inhabitants came towards him in their canoes, and offered by signs to give him any assistance that he might want, or to shew him where he might get fresh water. He had no interpreter, therefore cou'd hold no conversation with them; and having a ship in very bad condition, and full of money, which he was carrying to some station, (I forget where) he was forced to hasten away. He told me likewise that he knew Lee Boo very well when he was in England; and that he really was that very gentle, amiable, intelligent and promising youth that Keate describes; and as to his politeness, *That* of the most refined courtier cou'd not exceed it. It is impossible not to lament that he died so soon, and did not return to his own country and family; yet Providence knows better than we do what was most desirable. Perhaps, with all his virtuous dispositions he might have been seduced in this land of wickedness; and he might have conveyed to his countrymen various wants and desires which they cou'd not gratify; or if they cou'd, might not have made them

more happy. There has been a long philosophical contest, whether polished or unpolished life contributes most to happiness and virtue ; it will perhaps never be determined : but these islanders seem to give proof, that they are as virtuous and as happy in the state of nature, as they cou'd be made by cultivation ; and I cannot but think it a fortunate circumstance to them, that their barren country affords nothing which can tempt Europeans to visit them often again. *Once* more I hope they will be visited ; and it is a satisfaction to me to hear that the benevolent Capt. Wilson is to be sent by the East India Company on an embassy to Abba Thulle, to give him the history of his son's amiable life and affecting death, and to shew him the drawing of the monument and the inscription which is erected to his memory. Keate describes so feelingly the state of suspense, and anxiety, which that good man must feel, that it made every one wish that some notice shou'd be sent him of his son's fate. That he will bear it with fortitude cannot be doubted, from the noble firmness of his speech when he parted with him.

"You asked me in your letter for some hints upon the subject of education ; but which I think myself very unable to give you. It is a subject that *you* understand *well*, and *I not at all*. But if I might venture to hazard a thought, I shou'd say, that I think education is now too often over-done. Education is the *Rage* of the times. Every body tries to make their children more wonderful than any children of their acquaintance. Their poor little minds are so crammed with knowledge that there is scarce time left for them to obtain by exercise and play, and vacancy of thought, that strength of body, which is much more essentially necessary in childhood than learning. I apprehend that strength of body often gives strength of mind : it produces fortitude at least ; and that is the virtue upon which all other virtues are built. It seems as if the numerous generations of fox-hunters, whose bodies indeed

are sufficiently strong, was a proof against me, that strength of body does not always give strength of mind ; for where shall we find a more ignorant set of people ? However I do not suppose that this arises from their being suffered to play about more than other children in their youth ; but from their minds not having been called off to the study of science at the proper time ; from their not having seen any marks of attention to anything but horses and hounds, in their parents and companions ; and from having had no principles of knowledge instilled into their minds in *conversation*. That method of instilling knowledge, seems to me to be the best of any, for children while they are young, if a man will take the pains to be constantly attentive to them, and not to give them more at a time, than they are able to comprehend, and willing to hear. They may be taught many things that they do not comprehend ; and which yet, by their manner, you think they do ; for they are excellent parrots ; but this kind of apparent knowledge does them no good ; rather harm, it makes them conceited at the time ; and prevents them from receiving at a later age, pleasure and improvement in reading such things as they are then able to understand ; but which they will be too apt to read with coolness, if they have been given to them prematurely. This is Madme. de Genlis' idea, and I think very just ; tho' I cannot say I quite approve of her giving Adèle *bad* poetry to read, before she thinks her capable of tasting the *good*. I imagine your children will be most compleatly educated ; for I believe you and Mrs. Pepys are constantly attentive to it, and conduct it in the most rational way. You do not press it too forward, and you instruct them in that very stile of conversation that I have mentioned. All your little ones, but particularly your eldest boy, give excellent proofs of your skill. But I am sorry to find that his eyes are not good : that wou'd be a great misfortune if it shou'd continue ; but I hope it will not. I dare say you are wise

enough to consider his health as the very first object and not to let him use his eyes too much. He is but ten years old, and there is time enough for him to become a learned man, tho' he shou'd have some interruption. If he is always longing to read, how eagerly will he practise it when it is in his power?

“Belvedere. Sept. 8, 1791.

“DEAR SIR,

“Our friends Mrs. Ord and Miss Burney are here, and I have had much conversation with them about you. The first question I asked Mrs. Ord was what news she could give me of your family. I hope both from your last letter, and from Mrs. Ord's account, that Mrs. Pepys is now in great measure restored. Nothing I believe contributes more to the re-establishment of health and spirits than sea-air, and I do not wonder that the benefit already received from it, shou'd induce you to bend all your summer excursions towards the coast. The only hope that I indulge therefore is that after having tried the eastern and southern coasts, you may some day like to visit the western, and that you may take Bath in your way. Mrs. Ord and Miss Burney are just returned from a tour thro' Devonshire, which they describe (as every one else does) to be a country of beautiful and picturesque scenery. They have both met with much amusement, and Miss Burney finds her health much amended. I am sorry that she cannot stay longer here now, for she has tried these waters in small quantities, and they seem to agree with her; but she is obliged to go away this week: however she says she will return again, and so will Mrs. Ord.

“I enquired eagerly of Mrs. Ord what you had done about your son, and whether you had sent him to school or not. She seemed to doubt whether you intended it, or no. She gives the most charming account of his talents, his

industry and his amiable disposition. He has had extraordinary advantages, in being educated with attention and care, by such a father; and the pleasure to you must be extreme in having such a companion, formed by your own hand. He has by studying with you, acquired a love for study, that few boys have; and even in his hours of amusement, he is always learning something from you; but the greatest advantage is, that from Mrs. Pepys's judicious management of him in his infancy; and from the instruction and example you have both given him since, he has acquired such command of his temper and such solid principles of virtue. This I take to be the greatest advantage of private education; for I apprehend that learning may be as *well* acquired at a public school. Your friend Dr. Johnson thinks *better*. He thinks that more learning may be caught by a clever boy, as it is tossed about in a school, and rebounded from one boy to another, than can be taught by any preceptor. I shou'd think that more hardiness of constitution wou'd be acquired, and more knowledge of the world, by a social intercourse with equals. A school is a little republic; principles of humility, of liberty, and of public spirit, are unavoidably learnt in it. A very clever boy, brought up at home, farther advanced than most boys of his age,—the delight and the pride of his parents, cannot help feeling some pride himself, in his own superiority; and tho' the best resolutions may be persisted in, not to give him too much consequence, by encouraging him to talk, and make display of his learning; yet he *must* feel himself *extraordinary*; and when he has no other boy to compare himself with, *may* think that he is *unique*. This idea wou'd soon give way at a public school, where he wou'd meet with *other* geniuses, of the first class. Humility is to be learnt at school, by a free intercourse with equals; where no authority can be exercised, and where no compliances can be obtained but by reciprocal compliance, and a

disposition to oblige. If a school is a republic, a private family is a monarchy. The master of it is the king ; he has only to give his orders, to his servants, or his children, without assigning any reasons, or if he does give any, it is a condescension. Tho' the master of the house is no tyrant himself, and tho' he prevents his son, as much as possible, from exercising any authority, yet he sees the power that is in his father's hands, and he cannot but look upon himself as heir apparent. His brothers and sisters have in *some degree* the same equality with him, that school-fellows wou'd have ; but not *quite* the same, if he is the eldest. The laws of our land have given a constant superiority to the eldest, which must always be felt in some degree ; but the advantage of years and of knowledge must be felt still more strongly, by the eldest brother ; because that is a *real* superiority. His inferiority to his father and to other persons of mature age, he does not feel with humiliation ; because their situation removes them too far from comparison with him ; but a boy of fine parts that was a year or two older, wou'd shew him what he ought to be too, in a year or two more ; and, by excelling him in *some* talents, tho' he fell short perhaps in others, wou'd give him an idea of that great *diversity* of talents and knowledge, which he must afterwards find in the world.

“But on the contrary, some of the virtues are better learnt at home ; and the *principles* of them all. The forms of religion too may be better acquired, where the adherence to them is the regular practice of the family. But what are the *forms* of religion, except as they lead to the *reality* ? It is temperance, truth, justice, and mercy, that are required of us by God. Temperance and sobriety may be best learnt at home, where there are no bad examples to tempt to transgression ; and truth may be learnt anywhere ; yet perhaps it can be no where better taught, than in a little world, where there is continual

proof, that a boy who tells lies is not believed by any one ; and that an artful and interested boy is suspected and disliked in the *little* world, as he will afterwards be in the *great* one. Justice, compassion, kindness, fellow-feeling and generosity may certainly be most practically learnt, where there is most occasion to exercise them. And perhaps when all these virtues are radically planted in the heart of a boy during his earliest youth, the best finishing of his education may be to put him into a situation to practise them. I own I have a horror of the idea of sending little uninstructed boys to a great public school, to have vice instilled into their minds by the example of the great boys, before they have been accustomed to the practice of virtue. But after a boy has been taught the true principles of virtue ; has seen it practised—when he is arrived at an age to comprehend that virtue is in itself the greatest conducement to happiness—that all the severest evils of this world arise from the vices of its inhabitants—from the intemperance with which they inflict diseases, and premature old age upon themselves, and the injustice and inhumanity with which they inflict distresses upon others—when a boy sees that this world, imperfect as it is, might yet be made a world of great peace and happiness, if every man was just and kind to his neighbour—that even a single individual who practises these virtues, contributes his share to accomplish this great end, and increases his own happiness, as well as the happiness of all those with whom he is connected—when a boy has learnt all this, and feels it practically, I apprehend he is armed with a good defence against all vices, except those which arise from the impetuosity of the passions. You will not be displeased to see that I have thought much on a subject which is so interesting to you. After all, I cannot help finally thinking for others, as I do for myself, that eternal happiness is to be preferred to every temporal advantage ; and therefore, whatever plan of

education may be judged to contribute most to the practice of virtue and the exclusion of vice, shou'd be adopted.

"I receive with gratitude and affection your expressions of attachment to me, and I doubt not that our friendship will be unalterable, during the period of all our lives. Adieu.

"Your affectionate friend,
"M. HARTLEY."

From Sir William Pepys to Mrs. Hartley.

"East Bourne. Sept. 13, 1791.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I know not how to thank you as I ought, for your charming letter on a subject which exercises my first thoughts when I wake, and is usually the last when I lay my head down to rest. With respect to mental attainments my boy is everything that I could wish, but I am by no means equally satisfied with his strength of constitution, and hardness of body. Reading, conversation, and the acquisition of new ideas is his great delight. I have endeavoured as much as domestic education will permit, to give him air and exercise, but the necessity of being nine months of the year in London, (and for a great part of that time I am engaged in business,) makes it necessary now that he is grown to such an age as to require stronger exercise, to look either towards Eton or Harrow. If I was a hardy rough ignorant fox-hunter my son wou'd stand probably in no need of being sent to school for any other purpose than that of learning, but the life which I lead, though it affords exercise enough for 50, is not sufficiently active and hardy for 15. I feel besides that the attention of a parent's eye is perpetually checking those enterprises which are frequently attended with some danger, but are the means

by which nature hardens the muscles, braces the fibre, and gradually forms the body and the mind of the boy, into the man. This is no doubt the reason why boys at school have usually better spirits and think less about themselves and their own health than those who are brought up at home. I remember being asked by a lady to call upon her son, who was at school and to ask him privately whether he was happy? I rode 12 miles through a very hot sun upon this important errand, but when I asked the boy the question his answer was ; what I doubt not, would be made by 99 boys out of 100 at Eton : 'Yes I believe so ; I know nothing to the contrary.' My boy is very subject to nervous headaches, as I was at his age ; I got rid of them for some years during the time I was at Eton, which I have always looked upon as one of the happiest seasons of my life. I agree with you that it is better to train boys while they are very young under the eye of a careful parent in those principles which must regulate the conduct of their lives, but as they must soon mix in the world it is safer for them to begin while they are of an age to be under some restraint than to plunge at once into all the temptations which the world holds forth, at a time when they must be their own masters. I hold, that strong health and spirits is the greatest of all blessings and these whether it may please God to give him at school I cannot tell, but certain it is that he has them not at home. My brother says the best definition he can give of health is not to have your attention called forth to any part. I was much pleased with the scheme of Mrs. Ord and Miss Burney travelling together. You gratify me exceedingly by telling me that Mrs. Ord spoke handsomely of my boy because she is a person whose judgment I hold in the highest estimation."

Mrs. Hartley to Sir William Pepys.

“Belvedere. May 21, 1793.

“DEAR SIR,

“There has been a long interval in our correspondence, and I regret it. I have it not in my power to be a good correspondent because a good deal of business, in which I have had the satisfaction to think that I was of some use to my brother, has occupied me so much, that I have had little time for amusement. But this morning I find myself at leisure ; and the amusement I have given myself, has been to read over many of your old letters, and the impressions of some that I have writt to you in answer. This is something like renewing the long-passed conversation of an absent friend ; and it brings back a thousand pleasant remembrances.

“Many political events, and some very terrible ones have happened, since you wrote to me last, and we are actually engaged in that war, which you seemed then to dread. I am but a bad politician, and it is a subject which occasions so many virulent disputes, that I scarce ever open my lips upon it ; yet I think to you I may venture to say, that I feel myself much afraid what may be the consequences of this war. It *must* bring increase of taxes, and it *has already* brought on many alarming bankruptcies ; I shou’d fear that the interruption of trade in the manufacturing towns *may* bring on insurrections there ; and therefore I wish very much that it was possible for us to leave the French to fight their own battles, without spending the blood and treasure of England, in pursuing them, when they have evacuated Holland and Flanders. The occupation that they will have at home seems to be quite sufficient, to secure the Dutch and us ; and if we can make them give up their wild system of propagating their principles in other countries, we shall be safer by a Peace

with them, from all disturbances at home ; than if we fight, against *principles*, with *armies*. False principles are only to be overcome by true reason, not by force of arms nor by prohibiting all communication of sentiments. I thought at first that the French set out with the true spirit of Liberty. I rejoiced to see them resist, with success, that system of despotism, which had oppressed them for some hundreds of years, and I hoped they wou'd have established a temperate government of limited monarchy, under such regulations, as wou'd have given to every rank all that was necessary to secure them from the usurpations of others. It seemed to me as if every thing wou'd be thus settled, when the King accepted the constitution in Sept. 1791. (There is a clever little history, which comes down to this period, written by Rabaut, and entitled *Precis Historique de la Revolution Francoise*.) But the horrors that have followed since, make my blood run cold. We have now no French newspapers, therefore we cannot tell what account they give *themselves* of their own proceedings ; but if we may credit the accounts in our own papers, (which come thro' Flanders, and consequently thro' the hands of their enemies) France is such a scene of anarchy, devastation and tyranny, that the despotism they have escaped from, was still less terrible than what they now suffer. The Revolution seems to be the Judgment of God upon tyranny ; but it is a judgment, not executed by the hand of an Angel ; but committed to the violent passions of men, who repel one evil, by exciting another. This seems to be the way in which events in this world are transacted ; and we know not the reason why they are done in so coarse a way ; as if the world was left to blunder, from wrong on one side, to wrong on the other ; till the course of time, (after various injustices and miseries on all sides) may at last set all things right. We know not why this is ; for we know nothing ; except that *one* consolation, that we are, notwithstanding all these

perplexities, under the government of a Being who is our father and friend ; and that a future state is to succeed, where every species of injustice and misery shall be annihilated. In every anxiety and every apprehension, this is my final consolation.

“I hope you have not suffered from any of the Banks that have broke. We, my brother and I, have been so lucky as to have escaped ; but many persons, particularly among the lower class, are ruined by the banks that broke here. All the private banks, I apprehend, are too apt to speculate with other people’s money, here they have advanced money to the builders, without proper security ; the buildings are stopped, the workmen are enlisting ; and the houses, half finished, are to be sold, for a song. I am told that at Clifton there is a large crescent (half built) to be pulled down, and those who have lent money to erect it, are to pay themselves as well as they can, by selling the materials. Happy wou’d it have been, for the face of the country, as well as for their own interest, if they cou’d have fore-seen this, and not have dug up all the fields and cut down all the trees, to leave the whole scene at last in ruins. The trees that have been cut down and the buildings that have been erected, within sight of my windows, since you were here last, have injured my prospect much, however still there is a beautiful part of the view, which we cannot be deprived of, towards Bath Easton, Bath Hampton and Kingsdown ; which makes our situation still desirable ; and my brother Hartley and I like it so well, upon the whole, that we have joined to purchase the house, and the little estate around it, which consists of a few little houses adjacent, the rents of which will pay the interest of the purchase money ; and by being in our possession, will secure us from having such buildings erected, as wou’d intercept our prospect. The purchase was made last year in chancery, and perhaps you may have heard of the sale ; tho’ I have forgot under what Master in Chancery it was

sold. I only remember that the name was not yours. Adieu, let me hear from you when you are at leisure, and let me know what part of the world you go to this summer. I wish it was the West. My sincere good wishes attend you all, and I am ever

“Your faithful and affectionate friend,

“M. HARTLEY.”

“Belvedere. Nov. 4, 1797.

“I had been thinking my dear friend of you some time before you wrote : I wondered that I had not received your vacation letter. You cannot give me more pleasure than by communicating to me your family history. It only grieves me that you never take this country into your summer excursions, and that I can only learn the talents and merits of your young people by report. I am not surprized that, with such domestic companions, you do not feel the *necessity* of mixed conversation. No one ever loved it better, or shone in it more than you have done ; and I dare say you enjoy it still with the same relish, tho’ you seek it with less avidity. You ask how it is with me : but you forget that I am in a very different situation. I have no family round me, no companion, with whom I can interchange my thoughts, except when my brother is at home, and even then I have very little society with him. He is always employed with his books and papers. Of course therefore I lead a very solitary life. I find company very disagreeable to him, (for he flies out of the room the minute he hears a rap) and it is now grown tiresome to me ; for I have not the spirits I used to have ; and therefore I am generally denied ; at least whenever my brother is at Bath. I have not however given up my old and valuable friends ; tho’ many of them, to my sorrow, are departed from Bath. The Deanes are still here, and have now just taken a house in the Circus ; which will make

them my near neighbours, and I shall therefore see much more of them than I have done for some time past.

"I have lately lost a most dear and valuable friend, in Lady Scarborough; the last of those three with whom alone I lived, and whose friendships were the joy and comfort of my life, during all my best and happiest years. This last stroke has renewed all former sorrows; but I submit; as I am compelled to do; and I find, in looking back to losses long since past, that the pain of separation now yields to the hope of future re-union: All my anxiety is to make myself fit for admission to that state, where I hope they are.

"I told you I had few companions; but I converse very much with books: yet I am not eager to seek for new ones. There are so many valuable old books, which I have not yet read, and which I am eager to read, as soon as I can find time, that I have already a large field before me. I read however, with great eagerness, the memoirs and letters of Gibbon, when that book came out, and was much entertained with it, but his criticisms on his studies were rather too learned for me, and spoke of many books which I have not read. But one thing gave me pleasure; that he endeavours to restore that play of the imagination, which Warburton had attempted to destroy, by representing the 6th book of Virgil as nothing more than a figurative description of the initiation into the Eleusinian mysteries. This had put me out of temper formerly, just as Walpole's historic doubts about the character of Richard 3rd had done; and I was pleased to find a champion for the reality of Eneas's descent. I read too with the greatest avidity, Roscoe's 'Life of Lorenzo di Medici;' a most admirable performance on a most entertaining subject. I never read a finer style, a history more full of interesting events, nor a character of more courage, generosity, presence of mind, political capacity, classical talents, poetical genius, with one of the most sociable and amiable tempers that ever



Engraved by Jas. Walker.

Painted by George Romney.

DAVID HARTLEY, M.P.

Selected by Government to act as Plenipotentiary in Paris, where, on September 8, 1783, he and Sir Benjamin Franklin signed the Treaty of Peace between Great Britain and the United States of America.

was known. As I cannot afford to buy books of value, and only hire them from a library, I cou'd not keep a book so much in request, as long as I cou'd have wished to study it ; but I was much delighted with many of Lorenzo's poems, in which I thought there was much imagination and beautiful diction. But I am talking of an old subject—last year's news. I have since read a lighter work ; but of beautiful imagination, interesting scenes, and true genius, 'The Italian,' or the Confessional of the black Penitents. I hope you like it and that you read it with as much eagerness as I do ; Mrs. Radcliffe's works, seem to me more like Epic poems, than ordinary romances. She equals any author that I ever read, in fertility of imagination, intricacy of plot, and consistency of character.

"I must hasten to conclude, because I have an immediate opportunity of conveying this letter to London ; and I conclude you are, or will be soon in Wimpole Street. Receive the affectionate regards of a faithful friend to you and Mrs. Pepys.

"M. HARTLEY.

"P.S.—I find I have time to add a few lines in this page. When I told you that I had not sought for new books I might yet have said that I have read part of 'Lord Mansfield's Life,' the *whole* I cannot say I did read ; for much of it is unintelligible and uninteresting to me. It is written by a lawyer, and for the perusal of lawyers ; to whom I dare say it is very valuable ; but I was disappointed not to find more anecdotes of his political, or his private life ; particularly the latter ; in which I shou'd have felt interested from the regard that I have for his valuable neices, Lady Charlotte Wentworth, and the two Lady Murrays (*En passant*, pray tell me if Lady Charlotte is well). I found one entertaining anecdote near the end of the book, of a transaction about a mortgage, between Lord Mansfield and Mr. J. Manners, whimsically related,

and very characteristic of the avarice and unblushing craft of the Usurer, and the noble generosity of the Chief Justice, who relieved the young nobleman from such rapacious artifice. Do you know who the young nobleman was? I was extremely pleased with the address from the Bar, transmitted by Mr. Erskine, in 1788, when Lord Mansfield retired from his judicial station. The description of Lord Mansfield's eloquence, given by Bishop Hurd and others, is of a kind, which it wou'd have given me great pleasure to have heard, and I read with great admiration his fine speech on the Douglas cause; but it has made me wish to know more of that interesting subject. Where can I find any history of it? I have likewise looked into Sir Wm. Jones's 'Asiatic Researches;' but I am not qualified to say much about that, for it relates to a part of the world so little interesting to me that I have forgot most of again. Gisborne's 'Duties of Woman' I have read with pleasure and improvement. I hope Mrs. Pepys approves of it. Mr. Gisborne is a relation of mine, and I am proud to say so, because he is a very worthy man. I can give you no tidings of Mrs. Hannah More. I believe she is not here, but when she is, we seldom meet. You know I cannot make visits, and she is not often well enough to come to me. But I have great respect for the ingenuity, industry and perseverance with which she employs her talents for the public good.

"Mr. and Mrs. George Coxe are lately come to Bath. They have taken a lodging near me, and are to drink tea with me this afternoon, we shall talk of you. Miss Coxe is now at Bemerton with her brother William, but I know not where she will fix her future plan of residence. I am very impatient for the publication of Mr. Wm. Coxe's life of Sir Robt. Walpole, and I wish I cou'd read some good history of the reigns of Geo. 1 and 2, to prepare me for it. Can you recommend any? Mrs. Holroyd was here lately, *en passant*, but is now gone to London, and is with her

brother, [Lord Sheffield] and her neice Mrs. Clinton [afterwards Lady Louisa Clinton, younger daughter of Lord Sheffield, and sister to Maria Josepha Holroyd, afterwards Lady Stanley of Alderley], either in Downing Street or at Sheffield Place."

"Belvedere. Sept. 12, 1798.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"It vexes me, that after having challenged the renewal of your correspondence, I am not able to continue it. My eyes are still too weak; yet as I have an opportunity to send a letter by a private hand, as far as London, I will not neglect to thank you for your most kind and friendly letter. I am very sorry that I have a fellow sufferer in your eldest son, whose eyes are much more important to the world than mine. I hope he will soon recover the free use of them. The rest of your letter gives me the highest delight. There is no subject on which I love so much to hear you expatiate, as on the amiable qualities, and improving abilities of your young people; and it is with the most cordial ardor that I wish them every prosperity which can conduce to their happiness, and to the satisfaction of your heart, and that of their most valuable mother. It is true indeed that we owe all our prosperities to the favor of Providence, without whom none of our plans cou'd succeed; but you two may unite, with your gratitude to Heaven, a self-satisfaction, in the remembrance of those exertions which you yourselves have given, to obtain every advantage for your children by the most attentive and judicious education. I think I never saw any parents so indefatigable in watching every thing that cou'd be done for them, from the moment of their birth to their maturity.

"I cannot write longer; but if you are not discouraged by having a correspondent who can make you no

equivalents, let me hear again of you and your family, while your holydays last. In the meantime Adieu.

“Your faithful Friend,

“M. HARTLEY.”

NOTE.—Of the disturbance caused by the troops among the peaceful inhabitants of Bath, Serena Holroyd wrote, “The soldiers are all manœuvring and firing at such a rate in the field just behind my garden, that I am jumping and shaking all over every moment. I wish they would spare their powder.”

“Belvedere, Bath. Oct. 14, 1798.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“I am very glad you got my letter at last, but as I find your leisure hours are now so few, I will send this strait to Dover. I am sorry that my fellow sufferer’s eyes have not yet found benefit either from bathing or riding. Nothing does mine good but idleness; an unpleasant remedy for me, and a worse for him. I must however employ my pen a little, in writing to you. I rejoice that your situation is now so much pleasanter than it was, and that you are relieved from the fatiguing noise of the town and the drums. We have had a great deal of the latter here; for this town, which used to be a scene of quiet and repose, from whence all troops were excluded, on consideration of the invalids, is now like a barrack, full of regiments, militia, volunteers, supernumeraries, &c. I can seldom pass out from the door, without having my passage across the road intercepted, by eight hundred horsemen, who go twice a day to exercise on Lansdown. It makes me melancholy to see such eternal preparations for war and bloodshed; when the world is large enough for us all, and every man might live at his ease, if no one wou’d attempt to oppress or destroy his neighbour. I feel as you do on this important victory [the battle of the Nile]; perhaps the greatest that ever was accomplished, and related in the most modest account that ever was given by any conqueror: but nothing can be a true and essential benefit to this nation except what

produces peace ; and I much fear that we are not more, nearly approaching to that only desirable event. I am not able to judge whether Buonaparte can proceed to India without reinforcements, but it appears to me, that if he is not there already, the monsoons will prevent him ; for I have seen on the globe that they will blow full in his face, from the beginning of this month to the end of the year. If he shou'd get to India, he will there meet with a gallant competitor, in Genl. Hartley, a cousin of mine, who is commander on the Malabar coast near the country of Tippoo Saib, and a very able general. But I had much rather hear that my cousin had no such occasion to exert his talents. The event which you take notice of, an alliance between the Russians and Turks, is certainly extraordinary and unexpected, but I am not politician enough to comprehend what are the important consequences which you foresee. The general state of human affairs affords a most melancholy prospect ; and I lament to see the true cause of Liberty betrayed, by directors in one country, and by ministers in others. In the year 1789, and afterwards, when the Bastile was destroyed, I rejoiced in the advances that were made, towards the overthrow of tyranny and the establishment of real Liberty ; but those endeavours have been defeated, by the artifices of those who were interested to support arbitrary power, who cou'd not bear the contrasting picture of victorious freedom, and who found means to contaminate by vile bribes, that virtue, which displayed itself in words, but had not resolution enough to adhere to the principle, in spite of temptation. I am hurt that the nation who began with the noble principle *that all wars of conquest were unjust*, shou'd pursue their conquests in the same manner that the Romans did, to the destruction of peace and happiness, whenever they have had power to invade. Such is the imperfection of human nature, that the most exalted plans of public virtue are smothered by competition of private interests ; but they

are only smothered for a time ; they are not destroyed. The principles remain, and will revive. Such discoveries as have been made of late years, in the cause of truth and justice, against the absurd claims of ancient prejudices will still remain in force among rational and temperate minds, notwithstanding the ill use that may at times have been made of them ; and they will certainly be pursued to the happiness of mankind, in the destined time—whenever that may be. The triumph of Virtue may not prevail in your time and mine ; but I do firmly believe it advancing. To suppose that Truth will not at last prevail, in the creation of the God of Truth, seems to me the worst kind of blasphemy.

“ Yet while I write this, the dreadful histories from Ireland make my blood run cold. Human creatures are there devouring each other like beasts, and are fighting for a desolate land, in which there is neither corn, nor grass nor houses, nor inhabitants ! Insurrections there seem likely to be terminated only by extermination.

“ *Oct. 19.*—I have been a long time in writing this, as I told you I shou’d ; for I have always stopp’d when it pained my eyes ; and by this caution, I think it has not hurt me. My stile being a little disjointed, a friend will excuse. You have put me in mind of a book that I have formerly read with great delight, Montesquieu ‘ On the causes of the grandeur, and declension of the Romans.’ I have now almost forgot it ; but I will read it again, as soon as I can. I never loved the Romans better than you do. Their greatness consisted in conquest, unjust and oppressive conquest, over nations with whom they had no right to interfere ; but not in the real grandeur of internal freedom and tranquility ; for there was such an eternal contest between patricians and plebeians, that I think I cou’d not have lived at ease amongst them. But liberty at that time was not well understood in the world ; it has since been more clearly explained, even to the meanest

capacities, by the increase and the universal diffusion of knowledge, and the invention of printing, which has made knowledge a *permanent* good ; not an advantage gained at one time, and lost at another. It is this advantage (which must subsist wherever the freedom of the press is not taken away) that makes me say, whatever be the end of the present disturbances, and however the principles of true Liberty may be suppressed on one hand, or abused on the other, the divine theory will still remain, and will, in its destined time, be brought into practice, for the happiness of mankind. I feel for the Swiss as you do ; they formerly made themselves respectable to all lovers of Liberty, by their noble and glorious resistance to the Austrian tyranny. They bought their freedom dearly, but they obtained it with honor, enjoyed it with tranquility, and proved themselves worthy of it. While other nations submitted to the Will of despots, they were subject only to impartial laws ; and they cultivated their barren country, with a cheerfulness, which arose from knowing that all they gained was their own, and cou'd not be taken from them, by the capricious or mercenary decree of a Minister. In their country appeared the Equality which has been so much talked of ; because their stations were nearly equal. No lofty titles, nor exuberant estates ; nor any wretchedness of poverty and famine.

“ ‘ Tho’ poor the peasant’s hut, his feast tho’ small,
He sees his little lot, the lot of all ;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed,
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms.’ ”

But I will not trouble you with more quotations, from a description which I am sure you know and feel. If the description is just—and I have heard much the same from those who have travelled among the least frequented Cantons—it is grievous that such a happy system shou’d

be interrupted, for the establishment of any other form of Republic, in a different shape. If the people were contented with what they had, it was enough for them. But of this circumstance I shou'd like to be better informed than I am. I have heard that the Council of Berne was very despotic ; and I know that what is called a Republic, may be the tyranny of a *few*, as a Monarchy is of *one*. Witness the republic of Venice ; where the despots were not only a few, but those few were unchangeable, as well as unaccountable. For their demolition I rejoiced at my heart, I do not mean to compare the republic of Berne to them ; but I understand that the government at Berne took part in all the intrigues of crowned heads against the French republic, and that numberless schemes, by ministers of various courts, were planned and transacted at Berne. This has brought upon them that dreadful revenge, which has cost such rivers of blood. But what had the canton of Appenzell done ? or Glarus ? or the serene and peaceable valley of Urseren ? That these innocent people shou'd be involved in the general calamity, is one instance among many how grossly the distribution of Justice is performed in this world, not by any miraculous interposition of Providence, but by the counteraction of one vice against another.

“Time will come—in a better world—when rewards and punishments will be distributed with perfect and impartial justice : yet *tempered* by *compassion*. If it were not, where shou'd we all appear !

“But let me turn to a pleasanter subject ; your kind advice about my little nephew, and the warm interest you shew for the child of a friend. I approve as much as you do, slowness in speaking. It gives time for reflection, and likewise, for subjugation of angry passions. But altho' my nephew is a lively boy, he has never been apt to speak quick : he thinks too much. When he was quite a little boy of 3 or 4 years old, if you asked him a question, he

would be a second or two before he gave the answer, and then it would be as good an answer as such a little boy could be expected to give. For what he did not understand, he was continually asking information; and so he does still. For his father's memory he has the greatest respect. My brother carried him one morning to Mrs. Smythe (Mrs. Fitzherbert's mother) who had expressed a great desire to see him, and in some conversation about the resemblance he has, to what his father was at his age, he said, 'If my mind can be as generous and as noble as my father's was, I can desire nothing more.'

"Your view of the sea, the castle, and Shakespear's cliff must be a fine one, and if Miss Pepys' talent is in the landscape line, I hope she has taken a sketch. I wonder what view Lady Lucan has got of the cliff, for her Shakespear. I find she is endeavouring to get all the subjects that she can, of rocks, ruins, monuments, or any historical memento, as well as of portraits, to adorn her beautiful book. I have not seen it, but I am pleased that I have seen *her*, for she is a very intelligent, clever, agreeable woman. She did me the honor to make me a visit, and when she came into the room I saw that it was the very face which I had several times met in my airings and said to myself 'I like that countenance.' I am very sorry to find that her house in Ireland is burnt down and destroyed by the insurgents. When she was here she expressed a wish to get a view of Berkeley Castle where 'this King of smiles, this Bolinbroke, did proffer his candied courtesie to gentle Harry Percy;' and as a castle famous in history it is an object worth having, but, as a picture, nothing beautiful can be made of it. Never was a heavier lump of brute matter. However, such as it is, Col. Cockburn has been there lately and taken a sketch for her, that I think will make as good a drawing as such a subject can admit.

"I must now conclude, tho' I could go on longer, if there was time, but Mr. Wilberforce, who gives me the

frank, is going out of town for a week, and therefore cannot frank it after to-day. I lament that my communication with you can be only epistolary, but I rejoice that you accept with so much kindness these distant remembrances of friendship. Remember me affectionately to Mrs. Pepys, and teach your young people to know my brother and me for your friends, whenever we shall be so fortunate to meet with them. Adieu.

“M. HARTLEY.

“Mr. Wilberforce and his agreeable little wife are going to Cowslip Green. I am glad to find Mrs. Hannah More has received a legacy of £300 with an annuity of £100 a year. It will increase her powers of doing good, but I am afraid it comes to her by the loss of a friend.”

“In the *British Critic* for last September there is the description of a book which bears the very Title for which you enquire. ‘Devotions extracted from the Psalms.’ How it is done I know not ; for I have not seen it, neither have I met with any one who has. But such a Selection, judiciously performed, wou’d be a very useful thing ; and I wish it had been made, before the whole book of Psalms, without discrimination, had been appointed to be read in our churches. Parts are undoubtedly as fine performances, and as sublime, as ever were composed ; but parts are very unintelligible, and from the difference of times and manners, cannot be understood, without a commentary : It is therefore useless to repeat them : and there are parts, which ought never to be repeated, by a Christian audience. What has our religion to do with malevolence and resentment ? It is true, that I have heard such explanations of these phrases, as may exculpate the Writer, but which cannot make them suitable responses for the illiterate Reciter. He will probably understand them according to the common meaning of the words ; and he will learn

from David to *curse* his enemies, tho' in the lesson which may follow after, he may be taught by Jesus Christ, to *love* and, to *forgive* them. Surely it is very indiscreet to puzzle simple and uninformed minds, with such contradictions.

"I was persuaded by a friend of mine, last year, to buy a book of Hymns, by Mr. King, of Mansfield Street, and was told that it was the finest composition in the world. I believe it is an injury to any performance to rate it too high, and it was perhaps on this account, that I did not find it so sublime, as my friend did. There were certainly some fine passages, and such as must excite devout aspirations, particularly in those which were taken from the Psalms ; but I cannot taste the *imitations* of Eastern poems, so much as the poems themselves. The most lofty flights of poetical imagery in the *originals*, seem to belong to the character of the Writers ; We believe them to be natural, and we are struck with their sublimity ; our imaginations carry us out of the cold composure of our own climate, into the effervescence of theirs ; but the imitations read like affectation, and do not warm the imagination, in any degree. I like your Uncle's taste for Poetry and Applepye ; and I hope my brother's taste for both will long continue. He has many serious studies and much fatiguing business, but I rejoice to see that he can relieve his mind sometimes with works of taste ; he reads old books, again and again, as you do ; particularly Shakespear, from whom he continually quotes some applicable passage, for every important occurrence.

"I cannot recommend you a new book, for I have seen nothing new except Mungo Park's travels, which I conclude you must have read ; and with which I hope you have been as much entertained and interested, as I have. But I can tell you where to see some charming pictures, and in your neighbourhood, if you have time to look at them. The fine portrait that I told you of, in my last, of a Spanish

lady by Velasquez de Silva, is now in London, and is to be seen at No. 12 Great Portland Street; and there is likewise a landscape there, by Ruysdael, which I saw some time ago and admired very much; tho' parts of that picture were preferable to other parts. I shou'd like much to know what you think of it. But the picture that I am most desirous to have you see, is a Madonna, by Ludovico Caracci. It was at Bath for a few days, and I had it in my dressing room for an hour; during which time I had leisure to contemplate it thoroughly; and I think I never saw a finer picture in my life. The grace, sweetness and dignity in the Virgin's countenance, the infantine form of the child's limbs, and particularly the little leg and foot, which seem to project from the canvas, the correct, elegant and high-finished drawing of every part, and the beautiful colouring, are beyond any thing that I have seen for many years. However, as I cannot pique myself upon skill in pictures, or upon discerning the hands of different masters, I want to know what is said of it by the Connoisseurs. It is at Mr. Henry Monck's, No. 9, Lower Berkeley Street, Portman Square. I wish you wou'd call and see it, if you have any time. Whether you are acquainted with Mr. Monck or no, is of no consequence, for any gentleman who enquires for the picture, is admitted to see it, without any introduction to the Master of the House. I imagine you are well acquainted with Lord Callan's pictures, and particularly his fine Claude, of the Israelites worshipping the golden calf, which I think we have talked of formerly. Mr. Redmond Barry told me a story lately, of a gentleman who was visiting Lord Callan, and talking most scientifically on the beauties of these fine pictures. He had his little boy with him, whose wonderful talents he spoke of, with the highest enthusiasm. It is true that the boy looked at the Claude with the utmost attention, and never took his eyes off from it. The Virtuoso Father observed him with rapture; 'See the genius of that child! how

he looks at the picture! He is fixed—He is lost in admiration!’—At length the wonderful boy burst forth—‘Papa! I want to know how the Cow got up upon the Pump?’

“*Nov.* 8.—I have been a long time writing this letter, and if I had dated it as I went on, you’d have seen 4 or 5 different dates; for I have been interrupted continually in the middle of a sentence; and when I have taken up the pen again to compleat the unfinished line, I have been again called off, to business more necessary, tho’ less entertaining. For several days past I have been totally occupied, by a person who came over from the country to my brother, on business of the Trust, in which I was obliged to give what assistance I cou’d, at times when my brother was not well enough. All this prevented my being able to send the letter to you while you remained at Brighton. It will now, unluckily, come to you in the midst of your business; however, *reading* does not take up so much time as *writing*, and I suppose you have leisure in an evening. I know I cannot expect an answer till your next holydays; but I desire you will not then forget me. Your letters, tho’ they come but seldom, are of high value when they do come not only as marks of friendship, but as compositions of entertainment and information. Your little anecdotes delight me beyond measure. No one tells a story better: by word of mouth, or by the pen. Dr. Johnson’s reply—‘Why sir, have you read all that *is* discovered?’ is admirable, and I never heard it before. It might be often applied to those whose curiosity makes them seek for new Follies, while they have not taste enough to appreciate ancient beauties. But the object of reading is very different. A *few* read, to improve their understandings and cultivate their taste; but the greater part only seek to occupy their time by ideas, which pass before their eyes in a book, as objects do upon a theatre. No matter whether it is *Macbeth*, or a Harlequin Farce.

I have not read Lord Orford's works ; and by what you say of them, I think I shall not. But I am much pleased that you like 'Caroline de Lichfield.' I have not seen it since the time that I recommended it to you, and I now remember little of it ; but I know that I was extremely delighted with the humour in some parts, and the sentiment in others. What enjoyment shou'd I have had in hearing Mrs. Pepys read it ! I have not forgot how admirably she reads French, nor how kindly she used to read to me, when I was ill at Tunbridge. It is one of my misfortunes, that I am fixed to a place, where you and she never come. Receive my affection however, tho' at a distance, and preserve your friendship to me as long as we all shall live.

"M. HARTLEY.

NOTE.—Maria Josepha Holroyd, afterwards Lady Stanley of Alderley, wrote, "I saw Mme. de Montolieu at Lausanne, the author, or at least first mover of 'Caroline de Lichfield,' my favourite book of that species. Mr. Deyverdun and Mr. Gibbon gave a finishing stroke, which sets it so infinitely above the rest of novels. Mme. de Montolieu has the most piercing eyes, and most sensible countenance, but is neither young nor handsome, as I expected the woman to be, who had put Mr. Gibbon's liberty in danger ; for he acknowledges there was a time when he had a narrow escape. It never occurs to him that she might have refused him, and I daresay he would sooner believe a miracle, than the possibility of a sensible woman's showing such a want of taste."

"P.S.—Poor Mrs. Montagu ! That her talents shou'd be spoken of as *past* ! It is a mortifying reflection : and I fear she is conscious of the decay of her faculties, for I am told that she has invited her nephew and niece to live in the house with her, and to take care of her. Yet I hope this is rather as a precaution against infirmities which must be expected at her age, than from any afflicting sensation of present decay ; And I rejoice for her, that she is blessed with *such* a nephew and niece, qualified by understanding, gratitude, and faithful affection, to be her consolators, and Protectors.

"I regret, as you do, that I have never made a *Receuil* from the *bon-mots*, the curious anecdotes and the judicious remarks, of many valuable and intelligent friends. But life is not long enough for half the things that we want to do; and if I cannot write even a common letter, without fifty interruptions, how shou'd I record a volume of anecdotes?"

"I ought not to conclude without telling you something of your friends here; but the variations of this place are so great, that I think there are none of our common friends left, except Mrs. Holroyd. She is here and is well, and much comforted that her nephew Col. Clinton is safe. Mrs. Clinton (Louisa Holroyd) was brought to bed of a girl, at her sister's Mrs. Stanley's* house in Cheshire, while her husband was in Holland, but notwithstanding the anxiety that this must have occasioned, she has fared well, and is recovering very fast. Mrs. Holroyd has heard from the Coxes lately, who are all well.

"She has this summer introduced to me a new and entertaining acquaintance, who lives opposite to me; Dr. Maclaine. He is a man of a worthy character, gentle in his manners, and very full of amusing anecdotes; having conversed with a vast number of different people, of all ranks and classes, in the two and fifty years, that he has resided at the Hague. He and his daughter are so obliging to come over and sit with me, whenever I send them word that I am disengaged; tho' that indeed is not very often; because as I give up all my time and thoughts to my dear brother, for whom I can never do enough, I never let in any body, except when I am sure that he cannot want me. He desires me to give his most friendly regards to you and Mrs. Pepys. You are both very high in his estimation. He knows your value."

* Maria Josepha Holroyd, Lady Stanley of Alderley.

“Belvedere. April 12, 1800.

“No ideas of your neglecting me ever entered into my head, my dear Friend ; I know how much you are engaged with business ; but I know likewise, from the experience of many years, that your friendship is firm and invariable. As such, I shall always depend upon it.

“I wish you wou’d inform me accurately what your Holydays are ; for I apprehend the Chancery terms are not exactly the same as those which I see in the almanack, and which I suppose are the terms of the common Law.

“By some particulars that I have lately heard, relating to our friend Mrs. Chapone, I hope her situation in point of income is not quite so narrow as I imagined ; tho’ certainly it is not so affluent as I heartily wish it was. But her health I fear declines every day. Every one who knows her must lament that she has no near relation or friend, to be her companion, and her consolation, in her declining years. Life, as it advances, brings to every one, in some way, increase of trials and afflictions ; and it is right, tho’ painful, that it shou’d be so : for disappointments and misfortunes relax our attachment to this world, and teach us that happiness is only to be found in the next.

“I have lately made a new acquaintance, Mrs. Kennicott, whom I find extremely agreeable and intelligent. She has spent two or three evenings with me, in company with Mrs. Holroyd, with whom she spent some weeks, and since that, with Mrs. Preston, who has possession of her now, and seems to value the acquisition much ; tho’ I apprehend she will not be able to detain her much longer at Bath. Mrs. Holroyd gave me a letter to read, from our old friend Mrs. Ord, and I was delighted to find in it, all that animation, and all that interest for the welfare of surviving friends, which is too often paralyzed, by years and afflictions. I rejoice that her mind still retains its

energy, notwithstanding all the misfortunes she has suffered. Mrs. Holroyd shewed it to me, that I might see how kindly she spoke of her friends; and I read it with the utmost impatience, till I found my own name; which I did at the end; and when you see her, I beg you will tell her, how much I am gratified by her kind recollection. I think of her with affectionate remembrance, but I am afraid I shall never see her again; as I cannot move from Bath, and she seems to have left off coming to this place. Mrs. Holroyd is delighted and so am I with the excellent character Mrs. Ord gives of Mrs. Clinton.* She speaks of her exemplary conduct, both as a wife and a mother; and says, that among all the young women in town, she does not know her equal. You, who have been so long and so often gratified, by the high characters of your own young people, may easily imagine what a satisfaction it is to Mrs. Holroyd, to hear such an encomium of her beloved *élève*. I suppose you have heard that Mr. G. Coxe has at last got a small piece of preferment, at Lincoln, given to him by his old friend, Mr. Prettyman, brother to the Bishop of Lincoln. I fear it is *very* small; however I hope it will place him in the view of such friends as may be able to serve him; and be the road to something better.

"I received yesterday from Miss Coxe her translation of 'Montaigne's Essays,' with which I expect to be much entertained. I had never read them thro', tho' I do remember to have taken up the book a great many years ago, and read a few pages. I remember little of them, but I have often heard them, both admired and censured. She says she has omitted all the objectionable passages; I am afraid there must have been *many*; for I see that her book is a very little thin duodecimo, and I thought that the original had filled two or three octavos.

"The 'Life of the Empress of Russia' [Catherine II.]

* Louisa Holroyd, daughter of Lord Sheffield.

has been lately my study ; and in her character I find much to censure, and much to admire. As a Woman, she is shockingly licentious and profligate ; but as a Monarch, she certainly ranks in a very high class. Few monarchs have ever done so much to improve and civilize a country ; and the Russians have infinite obligations for her, for the encouragement she has given to every useful improvement, in agriculture, commerce, arts and sciences, education, and every liberal and humane institution. Her qualities of mind have been all great and energetic, and they have led her to the extremes both of Virtue and Vice ; yet I imagine she was *originally formed* for Virtue ; and had she not been educated in the vicious court of Elizabeth, and married to a man whom she neither cou'd love nor honor, her character might have been as unblemished, as it was splendid. She had the noblest sentiments of justice, equity, generosity, compassion, and intrepid courage, and she did *right* wherever there was no motive of Ambition, to lead her *wrong*. To Ambition indeed she sacrificed every thing, except her love of pleasure, and even in that, she had too much command over herself, to suffer herself to be taken in, by any of her lovers, or to permit any one to obtain an authority over her, but the title of husband. To every person with whom she had been connected, she was magnificently generous, (at least as far as I have yet read, for I have not finished the book). To all those who had served her, she was grateful, and often passed over with indulgence many instances of insolence, which they assumed, on presumption of their former services. Tho' whether this arose from gratitude or policy, may be doubtful. I see that the Princess Dashkow was banished to Moscow twice ; and when we saw her in England, I apprehend she had had a hint given her, that it wou'd be proper for her to make an excursion, on her travels. But I imagine she had an enterprising mind, equal in courage to that of her Royal Mistress ; who might perhaps find

her dangerous. I never shall forget the entertaining conversation at which I was present between you, and her, and Mrs. Montagu; in the year 1780. Do you remember with what contempt she censured the pusillanimity of our Ministers, at the time of those Riots?

"Since I began this letter I have had a flying visit from Mrs. Kennicott. I told her I was writing to you, and asked if she knew you. She said she had passed some very entertaining and agreeable hours with you, 25 or 30 years ago, when you was at Oxford, and her husband Canon of Christchurch.

"I must now bid you adieu. My brother and I are well, and we trust that you will always remember us with kindness and friendship.

"M. HARTLEY."

NOTE.—Catherine the second's *decision* enabled her to add to her dominions. "It is better to do amiss," she said, "than to be continually changing one's opinion. Nothing is so contemptible as irresolution." Though she was a pupil of Voltaire, yet after the massacre of Louis XVI. she went in solemn procession, with her feet naked, to the Monastery of St. Alexander Newsky. She perceived, but too late, the connection between religion and good government, and that those who fear God, honour the King. Dr. Hartley, in his "Observations on Man," wrote, "Christianity is so interwoven with the constitutions of the kingdoms of Europe, that they must stand or fall together. It is the cement of the building."

Princess Dashkow was lady-of-honour to Catherine II., and took a leading part in the revolution of 1762, which deposed Peter III. She travelled through Europe and gained the friendship of many distinguished men. In 1782, she was appointed president of the Academy of Arts and Sciences at Petersburg, assisted in compiling a Russian Dictionary, and shared the literary pursuits of the Empress Catherine II.

Mrs. Kennicott was the wife of Dr. Kennicott, who spent ten years in collecting the numerous MSS. for the text of his Hebrew Bible—two volumes folio. He was assisted in his labours by his wife. Hannah More said, "There are certain ladies who, merely from being faithful and frugal, are reckoned excellent wives, and who indeed make a man everything but *happy*. They acquit themselves, perhaps, of the great points of duty, but in so ungracious a way as clearly proves they do not find their pleasure in it. Lest their account should run too high, they allow themselves to be unpleasant in proportion as they are useful, not considering that it is almost the worst sort of domestic immorality to be *disagreeable*." This was not the case with Mrs

Kennicott, who acquired the Hebrew language, from which she could derive neither pleasure nor fame, merely to be useful to her husband.

“Belvedere. Aug. 19, 1800.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“Your anecdotes of the Hebrew passage, which, after having puzzled 3 or 4 learned men, was at last interpreted by Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Kennicott, diverts me much ; and you relate it well. Neither of those ladies has any pedantry accompanying their knowledge, and Mrs. Kennicott acquired hers merely from the amiable desire of assisting her husband in his laborious work. Ladies who wish to display their accomplishments, learn Italian, or some other elegant modern language ; but no one could think of learning Hebrew, for any other motive than the affectionate one which influenced her. I hear she is now at Mongewell, with the Bishop of Durham and Mrs. Barrington, who are truly sensible of her value. Some other friends of mine are there too. Miss Master, sister to Mr. Master who was in last parliament member for Glo'stershire, and to Mr. Richard Master, who is now Gov^r. of Tobago. Mr. and Mrs. Green are likewise there, in their way home, to York. She was Miss Lister, a Yorkshire lady ; and I believe you knew her too. Never were two people happier, or more congenial. They have elegant and virtuous minds, and exquisite taste, directed to the same objects. They have no predilection to wordly pursuits, but an enthusiastic enjoyment of picturesque and sublime beauty, and last year they spent the summer among the lakes, wandering about, sometimes by themselves and sometimes with Sr. George and Lady Beaumont, among all the romantic scenes which their genius led them to discover, but which are never seen or noticed by common travellers. They both draw in a masterly manner, they brought 170 or 180 interesting views, which have been a very high entertainment to me. They are gone I imagine,

by this time, from the Bishop's house ; for the Bishop's brother Ad^l. Barrington is just dead, and tho' this was an expected event, it must be a great affliction ; for I am told there never was a more valuable man living. I knew him not personally, and, as he is gone, I am glad I did not. So I feel with regard to Cowper. Those who were his acquaintance and friends, lament his death, as a loss to *themselves* ; but I feel only that it is a release to *him*. His mind was, at times, very unhappy, even to so great a degree that his distress rose to derangement, and he himself was sensible of his misfortune ; as appears in those beautiful lines which I dare say you know,

“ ‘ I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since —— ’

NOTE.—Mongewell House came to the Bishop of Durham (Barrington) through his wife, who was a niece of Sir William Guise's. Hannah More said of the Barringtons, “ I am in love with all the four brothers of that noble family, I think the peer is as agreeable as any of them except the Bishop whose conversation is always instructive and delightful.”

“ Postscript. August 20.

“ Mrs. Thrale's *bon-mot*, on the stepping stones in a dirty lane, is a very good one ; but I will not agree with you, that no such clever things are said *now* ; altho' I cannot quote you any witticism fit to stand in comparison with it. I do not live among witty people ; and indeed I have but little communication with society of any kind. O how I wish that you were sitting by me, either *tête-à-tête*, or with Mrs. Pepys, which wou'd be better ! Delight, and not *Ennui*, wou'd be my happy lot ; I am apt to think that my cotemporaries are equal, if not superior to their predecessors, in all intellectual acquirements and accomplishments ; as well as in the humanity and benevolence of their minds ; which has appeared very strongly in the compassion that has been every where shewn, to the late

distresses of the Poor. At the same time the Poor have likewise shewn their patience, in submitting to their hard lot. Some years ago, a scarcity like this, wou'd have produced insurrections, in almost every county. Grateful we ought all to be, that this delightful summer has restored plenty, as well as present enjoyment.

“The conversation with Princess Dashkow, was, as you guess, at Mrs. Vesey's, which was indeed the most agreeable house for conversation ; and she herself one of the most ingenuous and amiable of women. It was at your house that I first became acquainted with her. Mrs. Montagu and she were both there, and Mrs. Montagu was proposing to come to me the next day ; upon which Mrs. Vesey turned to me and said, in her *naïve* manner, ‘ You don't ask me to come, too ? ’ You may imagine that I told her how much I shou'd be obliged by her visit ; and after that we met often ; till the beginning of my illness, which took place in summer 1782 ; the very summer which I afterwards spent so pleasantly, in society with you and Mrs. Pepys. I never saw Mrs. Vesey again ; I believe her mind was lost, soon after, and her death, after the first loss, was less to be regretted. A relation of hers, by marriage, I became acquainted with afterwards, Lady de Vesci, who was one of the most pleasing and amiable women I ever knew. I had great esteem and affection for her, and she retained a kind remembrance of me, long after she returned to her own country, Ireland. But she is taken away likewise by death ; and happily for herself, just before the bloody scenes that desolated that part of Ireland, in which she lived.

“As soon as you are settled in your summer residence I hope you will let me know what place you have made choice of, and how you all do. My brother and I are well in health, but he is confined chiefly to the sopha, by a wrench that happened to his knee, by his slipping into a deep hole in the ground, at Lady Rockingham's,

about a month ago, as he was walking in the twilight of evening.

“Yr. affectionate friend,

“M. HARTLEY.

“I have never recollected to take notice to you of a great blunder in the story I told you some time ago of the little boy who asked, *how the cow got up upon the pump*. That beautiful Claude, both you and I remember in the collection of that Mr. Agar, who had married my old friend Miss Hobham ; but I thought it had been him who had been made Lord Callan. I find I was mistaken, and that he is Mr. Agar still. I know not who it was that is made Lord Callan, but it is some Agar with whom I am not acquainted. There are several Irish Peerages in the Agar family.”

“Belvedere. Sept. 7, 1800.

“When you wrote to me, my dear friend, I imagine you had not heard of Mrs. Montagu’s death, which I think must be a grief and a loss to you, who were in a situation to enjoy her friendship and society. When I read the article in the papers, it gave me an instant feeling of regret, that I shou’d never see her more ; but when I began to consider the great improbability, that if she had lived, we shou’d ever have met again ; I perceived that I ought only to think of the event, as it had reference to *her*. With regard to this life, she had passed thro’ the best of her days ; those which were approaching, must have been gloomy and oppressive ; and, when the feast of life is completed, happy are those who retire, before the dregs are drawn off. Age and infirmities, like any other evils, *must* be endured with patience if it pleases God to prolong life ; but if He thinks fit to take a virtuous person to an *earlier* rest, it is a happy escape from pain and sorrow. Yet

these are considerations of small importance, in comparison with the state into which the spirit shall pass, after it is sever'd from its mortal clay. If that be happy, how infinite wou'd be the gain, altho' taken from the highest pinnacle of youth and prosperity ! If miserable, how poor a reprieve wou'd be the longest period that ever was given to human life ! The escape therefore from future misery and the admission to future happiness, is the only object which can engage a wise man's wishes and endeavours. The period of life and the manner of death we must leave to Providence.

“ ‘ Nor love thy life, nor hate ; but what thou liv'st
Live well : How long or short, submit to Heav'n.' ”

“ As my intercourse with Mrs. Montagu was never very intimate, I knew more of her intellectual abilities, than of her virtues. It was impossible to be in her company for an hour, without perceiving the superiority of her genius, the brilliancy of her wit, the elegance of her taste, (I mean in Literature, not in dress,) the extent of her information, and the agreeable, polite, and engaging stile of her address. Never have I been more entertained and delighted than with her conversation, when she has been so kind to visit me ; and never was she more sprightly and brilliant, or more kind and obliging, than in the last visit she made me ; but that is many years ago ; for it was just before the Primate died. She passed thro' Bath in her way to him, and staid an hour or two with me, while her horses were baiting at the Hotel. I do not think she ever came again to Bath. I shall remember the entertainment of that pleasant hour, as long as I live, and likewise her friendly expressions of regard to me, which arose from her friendship for my Father and Mother. The most delightful claim I cou'd possibly have ! All these circumstances endear her memory to me ; but those who knew her more intimately than I did, knew more of her virtues. I have

heard of them in the highest stile, and I conceive that the loss of her munificence to the numbers whom she relieved, will be a lamentable privation; but I hope she has remembered in her will, those who were dependent upon her bounty, while she lived.

"I am grieved for the situation of our poor friend Mrs. Chapone, and can well conceive the struggle she must feel, in making her option, between the place she is to live in, and the friends for whom she wishes to live. Your brother's kindness to her does him great honor, and I rejoice with you that you have a brother so worthy of you.

"I have no frank, and I am expecting a visit from an old friend, therefore I must defer answering the rest of your letter.

"Yrs. sincerely,

"M. HARTLEY."

"Belvedere. Sept. 10, 1800.

"What a happy man are you, my dear friend, to have possessed, 'for twenty summers ripening by your side,' the very wife, for whom in early youth you expressed your poetical wishes, (I liked your lines much. They are in the gay stile of Milton's *Allegro*.) You probably then thought it a prize not very likely to be obtained! No man can express himself more gratefully than you do, for this great blessing, and for the additional comfort of having six amiable and affectionate children. My nephew is a lively and pleasant companion to me, and now he is here I have more of my brother's company than at other times. In general I see my brother only for a couple of hours in an evening. He neither breakfasts with me, nor dines with me, but remains all day in his own apartments; where he lives upon tea and bread and butter. He now comes down often to breakfast; otherwise I never see him in a

morning, unless he is writing letters, or doing business ; in which case he comes to me, again and again, all the time. Such marks of confidence are flattering to my pride, & affecting to my heart. For a brother who loves me as he does, I can never do too much ; and it is for his sake, I own, that I have given up all society. I love it still, as I always did ; but he does not ; and as I find, that if a rap is heard at the door, he starts up, and flies to his own apartments, before any one can possibly get up stairs, I let no one in ; unless it happens at a time when I know he is otherwise engaged. I am sorry that he does not like the society of one or two sensible companions (which is all that I desire) but he does not ; and therefore it cannot be helped. I have found, all my life, that I never cou'd alter any body's taste ; but I can alter my own, to conform to theirs ; and this is much the easiest way. I often lament that you never come to Bath, because if you did, I shou'd not only enjoy your conversation myself, but bring him, very likely, to enjoy it too ; for I know that he has the highest respect and regard for you.

“I do not very clearly understand the courtier's phrase, ‘Ce que votres perdrix faisoient a mes *joues*,’ unless he meant that the partridges made him *fat* ; which does not convey a very elegant or delicate idea, but I like your observations on silent but animated attention. What Tessier said to you on Mrs. Lock's attention, he said once to me, on Lady Templetown's expressive countenance, one evening when he read *L'Indigent* at our house. I remember Miss Burney's silence well. It had every engaging expression, of modesty and of intelligent observation. Did you never hear any one make the same remark on Mrs. Pepys, while she has been listening to the friend of her heart, as he told a good story, or shone in an argument ?

“*Sept.* 11.—I wrote more than half way down my last page, before I recollected that I had not left room for the

direction ; therefore I shall now keep it till I can get a frank, and begin upon a new sheet ; that I may answer your questions, about entertaining books. I suppose you read 'Lorenzo de Medici' when it came out. I found it so extremely entertaining, that I shall read it again, as soon as I have time. Nothing can be more interesting than the events of the history, nor more noble than the characters of the Medici ; and the criticism upon the reviving literature and the poesy of that time, is curious and very pleasing ; tho' I often wished it had not been so intermixed with the history, that an interesting period was sometimes interrupted, by the biographic history of a learned man, and quotations from his works. I conclude you have read the life of the late Pope, which has been recommended to me, I have not yet had time to read it. I am at present very busy with Wraxall's last book of Memoirs, which begins with a most interesting history of George 1st's wife, for whom I have felt great compassion, and even admiration, ever since I met with, 25 or 30 years ago, at Mrs. Chapone's, an old lady, who had been her attendant during her confinement, who spoke of her with the strongest attachment, as well as the fullest conviction of her innocence ; and related the same circumstance which Wraxall mentions, that she invariably asserted her innocence every time she received the sacrament, and at the hour of her death. The gayety of her temper during her long confinement is a corroborating presumption ; and her dignified rejection of the invitation to come to England and be received as Queen, speaks the noble pride of an injured, but guiltless mind. Yet it seems, by all accounts, that she had had too much partiality, in her mind, towards Konigsmark ; and his profligate character made him little worthy of it. Another very interesting part of Wraxall's book, is his account of the Great King of Prussia, whom every one admired, but no one cou'd love, and the 7 years' war, where much is related in so short a compass, that

it has not fatigued me, as histories of wars and battles commonly do ; and when I have finished it, I intend to read the 'Memoirs de la maison de Brandebourg,' that I may see what so great a man says of himself and his family.

"If I had time I shou'd read much more than I do ; but every moment of my day is so fully occupied, that one employment treads upon the heels of another, and I have not leisure for half that I want to do. As I know you are interested about me, with the kindness of an old friend, I shall not be afraid of tiring you, by describing how I spend the day. I rise about 6, and go out airing, from about 8 till 10. My breakfast takes up but little time, and from thence till about one or two, when I go out airing again till dinner I am employed in reading, writing, or casting accounts and doing business of every kind, which falls almost entirely upon me, because my brother does not like the trouble. I find this hardly time enough, and am generally very much hurried ; particularly if I am interrupted by visitors, and I am seldom denied in a morning, because it is the only time when I *can* see any body ; yet there is little enjoyment of society or conversation in this. When first people come in, my head is full of the employment I was about ; and by the time that I can turn my thoughts to other objects, and find conversation, they get up to go somewhere else, or some formal visitor comes in, and obliges us to exchange some interesting subject, for the common topics of weather and news. During the summer, however, I have few interruptions ; for this place is as empty as possible. Even the constant inhabitants are all gone to water drinking or sea bathing places ; and as I drive about in my wheeling chair, I meet no one. I dine at the old fashioned hour of 4 o'clock ; and when the cloth is taken away, I go on immediately with my business ; for as my dinner is always of a very light and innocent kind, I am just as fit for writing

afterwards as before. Frequently my brother comes down, to drink coffee with me, and I go out afterwards, till 7, when I come in, to make tea for him. He sits with me till 9, when he goes to bed, and I remain alone, in a brown study : (See Cowper's Task. Book 4, page 151 and 152.) or I send for the housekeeper to read to me ; (for I never allow myself to read by candlelight) but this is not like the enjoyment you find, when your son reads to you. My present housekeeper does not read French, as the last did ; and tho' she has had a pretty good education, having been an Attorney's daughter, and taught to read English with sense and propriety, yet she has a rough voice and such a Wiltshire accent, that I sometimes find it difficult to understand her. In summer I stay out till 10 or 11. Mr. Wilmot's garden has been delightful by moonlight ; and as it is full of large forest trees, it wou'd be shady even in the midst of the day ; but there is such a long sunny hill to ascend, that I never attempt it, at that hour, in the heat of summer. I am very well content to stay in the house, where I have never been too hot ; even this year. This house stands so high upon the hill, that it is very airy. The aspect is east, and there is no sun upon the bow-window after 11 o'clock. The trees which we planted 14 or 15 years ago are so much grown up, that I wish I cou'd shew you the improvement. Tho' it is such a little scrap of a garden it is filled so full of sycamore, ash, elm, plane, acasia, poplar, birch, and other trees, that it forms a little grove before the windows. When the leaves are out, they hide all the tops of the houses beneath us, and make a rich fore-ground for the distant scenery. We see, between the branches, the spire of Walcot Church, which makes a very picturesque object ; the villages of Hampton, Bath-Easton, and Bath-Ford, with the London road rising over the distant hills ; and towards the south we see Prior Park and the woods around it, the Abbey church with Beecham Cliff behind it and the most luxuriant verdure, which has

every where recovered its colour since the rain. This I enjoy ;

“ ‘ And in the sunless side
Of my bow-window, forest crown’d,
Sit coolly calm ; while all the world without
Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon.’

You see how I *boast*. I do it to inform your kind heart that while you are enjoying your ‘*Bel Riposo*’ I am at peace in mine, thinking often of you and your family, and wishing that we were all together. I shou’d like to be introduced to your young people ; for I love to keep an *inheritance* in friendship. I hope I shall not be destined to outlive those friends of my youth, who are yet left in the world ; but if it shou’d be my misfortune to be left forlorn, a solitary being, in a world of strangers, I might still find some consolation and sympathy from those whose parents had formerly loved me. I have myself endeavoured to cheer the declining age of many who had been the friends of my father and mother, and what I have done for others, I trust some one will hereafter do for me ; if I shou’d live to be very old. But that is what I do not wish. I only desire to live so long, as to compleat the task that Providence intends I shou’d perform, and to improve my mind to such a degree, that I may be admitted to rest and peace, whenever I am allowed to depart. I am pleased that you are grown intimate with my very amiable friend Mrs. Weddell whose character you give specifically, in one word, by calling her ‘*Good-nature personified*.’ I have spent many delightful months in her house, as well as in that of her engaging sister Lady Ducie, whose death was a great affliction to me. Lady Charlotte Wentworth too I have known many years, and I shall always look up to her with the highest admiration and affection. I have heard lately, from Mrs. Spragge, who met her at Lady Rockingham’s, that she remembers me, and speaks of me very kindly. When you see her

next, I beg you will present to her my most affectionate respects and my best wishes. Neither of these friends ever come now to Bath; and I have lately lost Lady Midleton too and Miss Brodrick, who used to come every season; but I think it was more for Dr. Fraser's advice, than for the Bath waters; for since he settled in London they have come here no more. They are now at Chislehurst with my dear friend Mrs. Mary Townshend, comforting her and receiving comfort from her, for an affliction that is bitterly felt by them all—the death of Lord Sydney. He was the second, and the only remaining brother, who has been taken from them, within a few months! It is a heart-felt grief to Mrs. Mary Townshend, and she writes to me in great dejection, tho' very submissive and resigned. She had been, some time ago, in great apprehension for Lord Sydney's life; but latterly she and all the rest of his family thought him recovered. This information she communicated to me, and he himself wrote me a long kind and affectionate letter about 3 weeks before he died; which I had just answered, when I was shocked with the account of his sudden death. I believe it arrived a few days before he died, and I am pleased to think that he received it. Of late years we have met very seldom, but we used formerly to live very much together at his father's, and I have frequently experienced from him the kindness of a brother. The renewal of our old friendship was occasioned by something that I had said of him and of his daughter Lady Dynevor, who had just been here to visit me, and who had introduced herself to me by *telling me her name*; for I shou'd not otherwise have known her, as I had not seen her since she was a child. Here was an instance of that very *inheritance of friendship* which I mentioned just now. It gave me great pleasure, and it revived in Lord Sydney's mind, all the pleasant ideas of former times, and family friendships, particularly between his father and mine. I think I felt his loss the more; and yet it is a

satisfaction that *one* of the last acts of his life was an act of kindness, to me and to my brother, whom he mentioned very affectionately. The *very last* act of his life was an act of benevolence ; for he expired in the arms of his affectionate and beloved son, while he was writing a letter in behalf of a distressed farmer.

"You say the French have a better assortment of amusing books than we have. I wish you wou'd recommend some to me ; for I have rather neglected my French of late ; yet there is one very entertaining book, which I often take up, when I have only time for a quarter of an hour's reading : Mercier's 'Tableaux de Paris.' I believe you are well acquainted with this, for I think I remember your quoting some interesting passages from it. But it is a book which one may turn over occasionally, again and again, with fresh entertainment. I am told that Mercier has lately published a new Tableau, giving an account of the present state of things ; as that published in 1783 did of the former Regime. Have you seen it ?

"I know not when I shall send you this, for I have no opportunity to get a frank. No member, nor any one else that I know, is at Bath now. We are comfortably released from the Beau monde ; we are secluded in our retirement, and our private thoughts, which turn, in faithful friendship to you and yours.

"M. HARTLEY."

NOTE.—Lady Midleton, mentioned in this letter was Albinia, wife of the third Viscount Midleton, and eldest daughter of the Hon. Thomas Townshend ; her brother was Thomas, first Viscount Sydney.

"Sept. 23, 1800.

"I have kept this letter a long time, partly because I had no frank, and partly because I feared such *meer tittle-tattle* wou'd only fatigue and not amuse you ; tho' the whole might be compressed into much smaller compass, I have not time to do that ; therefore, be so indulgent to

take it as it is, and let me have the pleasure of hearing from you, without waiting for a frank.

"Let me now put you in mind of another book, which, if you have read the life of Catherine 2nd will follow it, as a suitable accompaniment. It is the Memoirs of Valentine Duval, and his letters to a Russian lady at the court of Catherine. His history is as wonderful as if it were a novel, yet it is genuine matter of fact. The work will not cost you much time, for it is contained in three of the smallest duodeximos you ever saw.

"I hear that several of our friends are in the Isle of Wight and I hope you have had some communications with them. The Bowdlers, that is Mr. Thos. Bowdler and both his sisters, are in a very picturesque spot, somewhere on the eastern or southern side of the Island; and Lady Rivers and her daughters are on a visit to a Mr. Mackenzie. Mrs. Holroyd told me this, but cou'd not describe the situation. She is gone this morning to make visits to so many friends, that she does not propose to return till next year. She goes first to London, then to Sheffield Place, and in the winter to Lincoln, to Mr. George Coxe, who is just going to settle there on a small piece of preferment given to him by Mr. Prettyman. She has let her house; and I am sorry to say it is for a whole year.

"I have just heard that Miss Mulso has at last determined to go and reside with her aunt [Mrs. Chapone], which I rejoice at."

NOTE.—Serena Holroyd said that George Coxe was a very pleasant man, when in good spirits. He was a clergyman, and wrote from Ireland that in one day he rode forty miles, travelled in a coach twelve, and afterwards danced from eight o'clock till four. He was living gaily at other people's houses, though attending to his Church, where the congregation daily increased, and the people were all civil; but within ten miles he described the "Defenders" as very daring, burning houses, laming cattle and roasting people alive (she suspects him of "Zig zag," as to the roasting part of his story). He married Mrs. Lyon, who had to obtain the consent of her son, who was with his regiment in India.

"Belvedere. Oct. 18, 1800.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"You encourage me with the kindness of a friend ; and yet I am a little inclined to quarrel with you, for flattering *my* style and not doing justice to *your own*. If you do not give me a large service of "*turtle and venison*", nor even a "sirloin of beef", you treat me, at least, with a delicate dish of ortolans. The anecdotes and *bon-mots* to which you refer, are very entertaining. When you write from your own materials, nothing can be more entertaining, yet you have not quite the same idea that I have, of familiar correspondence. It shou'd be an interchange of question and answer, as long as the subject is interesting. Corresponding with one who does not reply to the subjects of our letters, is like conversing with a *deaf* man. This puts me in mind of a very entertaining old man, who is just dead, at the age of 84. He was a sensible, clever man ; retained the animation and enthusiasm of youth ; had seen a great deal of the world, both in Europe and Asia ; had a keen discernment of characters, and was full of anecdote. But he was deaf ; and I was continually eager to make some reply, or ask some question, which he, poor man, cou'd seldom hear, even with his trumpet. Yet having been so long accustomed to use his eyes instead of his ears, he had such a discriminating observation of the countenance, that he wou'd read my features as he talked to me, and wou'd answer my looks of surprise and pleasure, or doubt, hesitation and enquiry, almost as well as if he heard my words. If I had had anything to conceal, I shou'd not have liked to converse with him.

"I have lately met with, by accident, a book that I am surprised I never saw before, as my father was so great a collector of useful and practical books. It is Watts's bible, in which all the useful part is retained, but the genealogies left out, the levitical Law, the denunciations

in the psalms, the abstruse parts of the prophecies and other unintelligible things. The words are the same as what we are used to, and the division of the chapters the same ; but instead of being split into verses each subject is divided into paragraphs, according to the sense. Adieu.

“Yrs. sincerely,

“M. HARTLEY.”

“Belvedere. Jan. 5, 1801.

“DEAR SIR,

“I have been talking of you with the Bowdlers ; and it gives me the greatest pleasure to hear Mr. G. Bowdler say, that you wear better than any man he knows. He tells me that if I cou'd see you now, I shou'd see very little difference either in person, or vivacity and powers of entertainment, from what you were 18 years ago, when we passed our time so pleasantly together at Tunbridge. Long may you continue to possess these happy powers of health, spirits and enjoyment with the still higher felicity to yourself and Mrs. Pepys, of seeing your 6 young people useful and ornamental members of the rising century. Your birthday is now approaching, and I hope it will arrive with every present enjoyment and future prospect of happiness.

“Miss Bowdler has explained to me the wonderful Phenomenon which you mentioned in the Isle of Wight, and has shewn me a drawing of the *travelling* portion of earth, with all the fine trees which it carried away with it, and which are still growing in their new situation, in full luxuriancy. I cou'd not help expressing some anxiety lest any other removal of the ground shou'd disturb their tranquil habitation at St. Boniface ; but she gives me many good reasons for believing that they are secure from all such danger : and she describes its warm and sheltered situation as you do. Indeed her very pretty little drawings together with her explanatory descriptions in conversation, have given me a compleat idea of all the beauties of the

island, which I have always heard of, as a most picturesque spot. Lady Napier, sister to Sir Wm. Oglander, and my near neighbour in Belmont, often talks to me of it in raptures, and particularly of the cottage of her younger brother, which, by Miss Bowdler's drawing, must be in a charming situation. Her return to Bath is a very pleasant circumstance to me ; but she herself laments the loss of many other friends, who are absent from hence this year. The greatest loss of all is that of her valuable and intimate friend Miss Hunt. But she consoles herself, that so excellent a woman is appointed to educate the young Princess [Charlotte], who may, possibly, be our future Queen. This is an object of consequence to the nation, and there cou'd not have been found a woman more fitted for the office. She has the firmest principles, with an exceeding good understanding, highly cultivated ; yet entirely free from all pedantry. Her person and countenance are agreeable, her address modest, and unpretending ; but not unfashioned. And for the care of children, she is particularly adapted ; she is very fond of them, and has already had practice, in educating some children of an intimate friend, who were so much attached to her, that they were ready to break their little hearts when she left them. I hear the little Princess is already very fond of her. Soon after she came, the child said to her, ' You can't imagine how I cried when Miss Gale went away.' ' Then I suppose you loved Miss Gale ?' ' Oh yes ! indeed I did.' ' I hope you will love me too.' ' Perhaps I shall, when you have been with me as long.' A rational and reflective answer, for a child of 4 years old, and free from flattery. Miss Gale I find has been to see her lately, and Miss Hunt took that opportunity to visit Lady Spencer and Lady Lucan, who I now find were the persons that recommended her to the Prince of Wales ; tho' at first I guessed it to have been my friends, Lady Charlotte Finch and Mrs. Fielding ; because Miss Hunt was with them often while

they were here, and they used to speak of her to me, with the high encomiums, which her merit deserves. But Lady Lucan and Lady Spencer I find were likewise acquainted with her when they were here ; and I have heard that the acquaintance arose from their having read her translation of Vilette's '*Sur la félicité de la vie à venir* : ' A book, which if you have not read, I will venture to recommend to you. I think I never read a book so well, and so judiciously translated. She has left out all that was fanciful and whimsical in the original, has shortened the rest with taste, and has added something of her own, strongly expressive and important. It is happy that a woman whose attentions are directed to the next world, as well as this, shou'd have the cultivation of a little mind, which may prove of consequence to this kingdom ; and I am glad that the Prince of Wales seems to have a full value for her abilities in this particular. He had a long conversation with her ; in which he recommended the strongest attention to the morals and the temper of his child ; and told Miss Hunt that he entrusted her *with confidence* to her care, because it was his earnest wish that his daughter shou'd receive her value from her moral virtues, rather than from her rank.

"I was hindred from finishing this letter when I began it, but I now make haste to seal it, because there is no post tomorrow, and I wou'd have it arrive before your birthday, and bring my best wishes, for as much of the beginning of the century, as you can enjoy *with comfort*.

"Your faithful friend,

M. HARTLEY."

"Belvedere. Sept. 26, 1801.

"I received great pleasure my dear friend in the arrival of that letter which I had been wishing for some time. I remembered your usual kindness, in writing to me as soon as the leisure of the vacation had released you from the fatigue of business ; but I had heard that you was detained

longer than usual in town, and I feared it might be from some perplexing or troublesome affair. Yet I had likewise heard of your newly acquired honor, which I hope will long continue to your excellent sons and their descendants, for many generations. I desire you, and Lady Pepys, and all your family to accept my affectionate congratulations. And now I beg you to tell me, what I am surprized I never shou'd have asked before, during my long intimacy with you : What county your family originally belongs to ? And whether this Baronetage is entirely a *new* one, or whether it is an extinct title, now revived in you ? I rejoice with you most cordially that your sons and daughters are so worthy of every honor and advantage which can befall them, and I was sorry that your paper came to an end, just as you began to write about them.

“My nephew *will* be sent to some public school next year, and therefore I wish you wou'd let us know what you think of Harrow, or of any other great school. My brother is gone to pay his annual visit to Lady Rockingham, with whom he generally spends a week every summer, in talking over the events of former times and former friends ; but I expect him again next week, and he will be as anxious to hear your opinion, as I am. He told me he wished I wou'd write to you about it.

“Upon another subject too I want your advice, and tho' a subject not of so much consequence to me, I do not know any one better able than you, to decide upon it. What edition of Shakespear shall I buy ? We have Sir Thomas Hanmer's, which is an excellent print ; but it is in quarto, and therefore too cumbersome ; and I know there have been editions published lately, which have great reputation. I have seen both Johnson's and Malone's, and I have heard Johnson's most commended ; but there is a great objection to me in both ; that the notes are at the bottom of the page, and therefore distract my attention in reading the play, which I wou'd wish to go thro' without

interruption. And, in general, the notes are of little use to the beauty or expression of the performance. They seldom explain any thing that is worth attending to, and admiring. They are oftener gramatical and only bent

“to chase

A panting syllable thro' time and space.”

If I cou'd get an edition in which the readings are the most judicious, and the notes referred to at the end of each play, so that I might look at them when I had occasion, without being pestered by their interruption, while I am enjoying the genius of Shakespear, with all the enthusiasm it deserves, I shou'd be well content. Is there any such edition? Of these which we have seen, my brother finds the notes so teasing, that he is still more impatient at them than I am, and he rather persuades me to buy the old edition of Theobald's. We had that, and Pope's too, in the library at Sodbury; but they are lost, except one or two odd volumes.

“I have seen Mrs. Ord; for as soon as I received yours I sent to the post office, to know where she was. She was just arrived, and she drank tea with me the night before last, and promises to come again on Monday. She is very thin, but she looks well, her complexion clear and healthy, and her eye as full of intelligence and animation as formerly. All this is much better than I expected; for I have not seen her since the loss of her daughter, by that dreadful accident, which is too horrible to think of!

“I feared that the loss of her friend and companion in so shocking a way, together with the accumulation of years, which now must be far advanced, wou'd have rendered her body enfeebled and her spirit broken. But she is really very little altered since I saw her last, and I admire that firmness of mind, which has enabled her to submit to the decrees of Providence with placid resignation; and even with cheerfulness, in conversation. Mrs. Holroyd

came with her and we all talked much of you. I rejoice to hear so good an account of you and all your family. The description you give me of your day is delightful. I go out as you do, before breakfast, tho' not quite so early; and I wish I was wheeling upon the Pier by your side, and enjoying, in society with you and Lady Pepys, that health and complacency of mind which you wish me, and which, I thank God, I enjoy much more now than I used to do in my youthful days. When all the pursuits of life are over, the mind rests in placid repose; relieved from all agitations, and thankful for present security, while it humbly raises its hopes to Heaven, for future felicity. When Providence bestows such a state of mind it is happy; but I agree with you that it is not at our own command; and, I remember that when I read that passage in Horace, many years ago, I thought it as presumptuous as you do. I was always much better pleased with the almost Christian morality of the prayer which Juvenal recommends, *Fortem posce animum & mortis terrore carentem*. This is a far more desirable request than long life or riches; the deceptions of which he so admirably shews in that 10th satire, which is one of the finest compositions I ever read. Parts of that my father frequently quoted to me when I was a girl, and my brother since. It appears to me that Juvenal, tho' not a Christian, had yet, unawares, collected many of his sublime ideas, from that divine source. I cannot recollect the passages correctly, and I have not the book; but I think the description that he gives of a firm and placid mind,—*nesciat irasci cupiat nihil*,—with the truest and best motive for resignation—*Carior est illis homo quam sibi*—are worthy of a Christian.

“Our friend Mrs. Holroyd has been long absent, and is but just returned. She went from hence to her brother's, and spent part of the winter with him in London, and part at Sheffield Place. In the spring she went to Mr. and Mrs. George Coxe at Lincoln, and staid with them

two months. From thence she wrote to me, to tell me how comfortable she found them; with that contented mind we have just been speaking of, tho' not with such gifts of Fortune as we could wish. It is indeed hard that after having been 19 years, (as Mrs. Holroyd tells me) in the Church, and having had so many friends, from whom he had reason to expect preferment, he shou'd have nothing more than a perpetual curacy, of £80 per ann. This little thing has been given to him by his old friend Dr. Prettyman, brother to the Bishop of Lincoln, and tho' it is but small, I hope, that as it has brought him into their neighbourhood, they may think of him again. Mrs. Holroyd tells me there are 3 old incumbents in Lincolnshire, to any one of whom she wishes George might succeed. But I believe hers are merely unavailing wishes, and I am *sure* mine are, for I have no interest of any kind. However I rejoice to hear that he acquits himself in the most respectable manner in his present situation, and is very much beloved by his parishioners. He and his wife are gone to Harrowgate, for a few weeks, on acct. of his health. Her son, Major Lyon is in Egypt, and she had a letter from him last June, which contains this remarkable account. On the 20th of March 5 officers of his regiment dined with him in his tent. The day after, the French made an attack on their lines, and when Major Lyon returned to his tent after the action, and enquired for his 5 friends, he found that *he alone* had escaped! All the rest had been killed, or dangerously wounded! He finishes the history with these words, 'Shou'd not such circumstances inspire a military man with awe, and *me*, in particular, with gratitude?'

"I hear a very good account of the Bowdlers from Lady Napier, who is just come back from the Isle of Wight. She had not seen any except Mr. Thomas Bowdler, who she says is in better health than usual. Miss Bowdler only arrived just before Lady Napier came

away. I have little more to tell you of any of our friends, except that Lady Hesketh has recovered her voice, as Miss Catherine Fanshawe's poem (humourously dated 1901, tho' it was written in 1796, or thereabouts) prophesied. Is it not comical, that Poets shou'd again become prophets in our days? The event is a very happy one to me, as well as to Lady Hesketh; for by the return of her voice, I have acquired one of the most agreeable entertaining and pleasant companions I ever knew, whose society I had little capability of enjoying, while she was only able to whisper. I have been acquainted with her, by the reports of common friends, for many years, but it was not till last year that we met, and I now find her so delightful an acquisition.

"I have made an enormous long letter, because I have a friend who can frank my scribbles to any size or weight, and I have indulged myself in running on without restraint. When you are inclined to write to me you may do the same if you please, and enclose it to George Hammond, Esq. &c. &c. &c.

"Secretary of State's Office,
"London.

"I have now tired myself and you, and will only add that I am and ever shall be

"Your affectionate old friend,
"M. HARTLEY."

"Belvedere. Oct. 27, 1801.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I acknowledge the full weight of your Uncle's answer, "*I have innoculated 7 of my own*," confirmed by your own happy experience, in your excellent sons; I rejoice with you in their having escaped the dangers, and profited by all the advantages of public schools; yet I still dread the bad examples and profligate principles of great schools, particularly of Eton; which I apprehend is



Engraved by J. Heath from Original Painting by Shackelwell.

DAVID HARTLEY.

From Dr. Hartley's "Observations on Man."

a very different place now, from what it used to be 50 years ago. I remember well, that when the late Lord Scarborough sent his sons there, which was between 30 and 40 years since, he used to lament, even then, the dissoluteness of manners which had taken place, and say that instead of the sports of children, which prevailed in his time, the boys were then ruined by drinking, gaming, and all the vices of men, while they were yet in their teens. And I fear the corruption is still farther increased by the neighbourhood of a Court. Therefore, whatever may be the high classical advantage of Eton, above all other schools, as I look forward for my nephew's happiness *beyond* this world, I tremble at any thing which may endanger his morals.

"I have borrowed Johnson's works, and am reading 'The Vanity of Human Wishes,' with very high entertainment. My brother has likewise lent me a Juvenal, *fit for a lady to read*, because all the exceptionable passages are left out, and I am comparing (as well as my capacity allows) Johnson's poem with the 10th satire, which is the only satire that my father ever quoted to me. In some parts I think Johnson much inferior to the original; but in others I am pleased with it, even more; particularly the description of the old age 'exempt from scorn or crime.' My father did not live to be an old man: he died at 52; or this character wou'd have suited him, as it did his friend Mr. T. Townshend, whose placid life continued to the age of fourscore, and who was my friend many years after my father's death, and treated me with the kindness of a parent, for my father's sake. Of either of these friends it might have been justly said,

" 'Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers.'

For the many things that my dear father taught me I feel the most grateful remembrance; tho' what little I did learn of the dead languages is now so gone from my

memory, by long disuse, that I cannot call back enough to enjoy the conversations that I hear between my brother and my nephew. But for what I stand most indebted to my father, is the exalted pattern of virtue, which every word and action of his life afforded me; and for which, if I can copy it with perseverance, I may hereafter thank him in heaven.

“Our excellent friend Mrs. Ord is gone, and I regret the loss of her society. She and Mrs. Holroyd sat with me the night before she went, and we talked much of you. She wou’d have taken this letter with her, but I had not time to write it. I was then much engaged with a young friend, who is happily married; Miss Mary Anne Master, who is united to a very amiable young man, Lord John Thynne, the object of her choice, as she was of his. They made the match for themselves; altho’ with the full consent and approbation of parents, on both sides; and I never saw two people look happier than they do. As he is member for this place, the short time that he cou’d stay here now, was very much taken up with his constituents; but Lady John (or Mary Anne, as she still insists upon my calling her) flew to me every moment she cou’d spare. They are now gone to London, taking her father’s house in the way; where they have been ever since they married, till a few weeks since, when they went to Longleat, and from thence came here. Mr. and Mrs. Master have been for many years my faithful and affectionate friends; but they have been deeply afflicted in the loss of their only son, tho’ they have borne it with great resignation. I rejoice now to see that loss in some measure supplied to them, by a son-in-law, who behaves to them with the greatest tenderness and affection; and who had lately a painful opportunity of shewing those dispositions, by being with them during a very dangerous illness of Mrs. Master, in which his watchful kindness and attention was a support and comfort to them all.

"Lady Hesketh is still at Clifton, and I have no opportunity of seeing her at present, but when she comes here again, I will certainly tell her all the pretty things you say of her youthful beauty ; which I can easily believe to have been "*excessive*", from the remains which I now see, at so advanced an age. Mrs. Holroyd says she was in her prime, at the same time with the Gunnings, and that in her *face* she *equalled*—by some was thought to *exceed*—even their standard of loveliness. But beauty passes away ; and at a period beyond 70, it can be only the *remains* that are visible. Her features however are still regular, neat and elegant, her eye bright, and her complexion, incredible as it seems, is still fair and delicate, without the wrinkles of years. But what is more than youthful beauty, is the expression of intelligence, vivacity and good temper, which I think her countenance will never lose. And her conversation, as you bear witness, is extremely animated and entertaining.

"I shall direct this to you at Ramsgate, because if you shou'd be still there, it is possible I may yet receive another line from you, before your winter occupations begin. If you are gone to town, I know I have no chance to hear anything of you, till the next vacation. The meeting of Parliament this year will be very important and interesting, and I am told that the Peace is to be warmly attacked by Lord Grenville and Mr. Windham. I am no politician and therefore I cannot judge of the merits of the question, but I hope no altercations, or sinister events of any kind will plunge us again into the horrors of war. The rejoicing for the Peace here was excessive, and the illuminations very beautiful. It was a very fine night and I was carried all over the town in a sedan chair. The crowd was immense, but it was the happiest and the most good tempered crowd that ever was seen. Joy was in every countenance and congratulation in every mouth. Almost all the inscriptions under the transparencies were

taken from scripture, such as, "Praise to God ; Glory to God in the Highest—On Earth Peace—Goodwill towards men—&c. &c." And it was delightful to hear all the people repeat the words with an enthusiasm, almost devotional. In one window the sashes were taken out, and *real* persons (the smiths belonging to the Dragoons) acting a *living* pantomime, and beating their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks, over an anvil ; the strokes of their hammers keeping time with the music of the regimental band. I cannot describe the delight which this scene gave. But another thing struck me still more strongly. In a little insignificant street, and upon a small unadorned house, without any transparency, was written these lines :

" The Angel said, ' It is enough !
Stay now thine hand !'
Glory to God in the highest ! "

The manner in which these lines were repeated by all who went by, was one of the most affecting sounds I ever heard. And it is remarkable that all the expressions of joy on that happy evening were of the most benevolent kind. It was not a riotous, but I might almost say a solemn joy. No mischief was done nor even any mischievous fun attempted ; neither did I see or hear of any such thing as a drunken man, or a quarrel of any kind. May it please God to preserve to us the blessing of Peace and the gratitude to make the right use of it. Adieu, your sincere and faithful friend,

" M. HARTLEY."

PART NINE

LETTERS OF SIR WILLIAM
PEPYS TO HIS ELDEST SON

LETTERS OF SIR WILLIAM PEPYS TO HIS ELDEST SON

“ Albion Place. Monday, Sept. 8, 1792.

“ MY DEAR BOY,

“ I cannot let a Post escape me without giving you the Pleasure of knowing how much you have gladden'd the Heart of two as affectionate Parents as ever liv'd : when you tell us that the Principles of Religion, begin already to exert their efficacy in making you look down with contempt on the wretched groveling Vices with which you are surrounded, you make the most delightful Return you can ever make, for our Parental Care and Affection ; You make Us at Peace with Ourselves ; and enable us to look up to God, in the humble Hope, that our dear Boy will Persevere in that Path which will ensure the greatest Share of Comfort here, and a certainty of everlasting Happiness hereafter. We receiv'd the Sacrament yesterday, and you may be assur'd that *you* was one of the principal Objects of our Prayers : You know, my dear Boy, that I have never deceiv'd you. If it was not the *sincere* conviction of my mind, that Virtue and Religion are the best Sources of real Happiness in Prosperity, and the *only* support and Consolation in Adversity, I wou'd not have so uniformly recommended them to you, but your own good Sense Have, I doubt not, already begun to ratify the Truth of what you before receiv'd from Us upon Trust, and I see by your Letter how well you are already aware,

that the Misery, even in this Life, attendant upon Vice, infinitely outweighs the momentary Gratification which It offers. Persevere, my dear Boy, and remember that you act under the Eye of God, Who will not suffer the smallest Particle of Merit to escape unobserved or unrewarded. May you be inur'd to those Habits of Self Command in the practise of which every Thing *Great*, as well as every Thing *Good*, must consist.

“You have done right to chuse a Companion rather for his unexceptionable Conduct, than for the Brilliancy of his Parts ; Where they cannot be had united, I never shou'd hesitate to which I shou'd give the Preference : But I trust that when you have had more Time to look about you, you will find some two or three Boys, out of so great a Number, whose conversation, as well as Manners, will be such as you can approve : In the meanwhile you will be rising gradually into that Situation, which will enable you in Time, to give the *Ton*, rather than to receive it. A Boy who is *merely* good, in a great school, has indeed the comfort and satisfaction of his own conscience, but has little Chance of doing much good by his Example : but if He distinguishes himself considerably by his Talents, when He rises into an elevated Situation, He does *unknown* Good by the credit which his Abilities reflect upon his conduct ; and this Example may very often decide the Fate of many a weaker Mind fluctuating between Virtue and Vice, that is more likely to be swayed by Imitation than by Principle.

“This is the first *very* fine Day we have had I believe since you left us, which makes the Length of this Letter a greater Compliment ; or at least wou'd do so, if you did not know, You Rogue, that I had rather write to You, or converse with You, than do anything else. You will be glad to hear that your telling Me of your Uncle having been at Windsor was of very great *Use* to Me, as I will explain to You when I see You.

"I must tell you that your Horse is very observant of your Instructions, for It is impossible to make him go *Butter & Eggs*, with any tolerable comfort. Your dear Mama desires to be remember'd to you in the kindest manner, and says that She does not write, till she can find some Body to frank a double Letter. Adieu, my dear Boy, Be Jolly and Happy as you deserve, I can send you no better Wish."

"Wimpole Street. January 28, 1793.

"MY DEAR BOY,

"Your last Letter has delighted both your Mama, and Me, beyond any that We have ever received from You: If I was pleas'd to hear of any success, for which you were indebted only to your Head, Be assur'd that I am infinitely more delighted with your Letter which does so much credit to the Feelings of your Heart: Indeed you make both your Parents truly happy, to see that all they have planted has been in so good a Soil, as to promise the most ample Return to them of Gratitude and Love. I know, by long Observation, that for One who disclaims Religion upon Argument and Conviction, Ten Thousand renounce It merely because they find it incompatible with their Vices: I don't know whether I ever told you of a Visit that I once paid to an old Eton Acquaintance, who, with many good Qualities, had not shewn that Sense of Religion which his Understanding seem'd to promise: On Our assembling to Prayers in the Evening, I observ'd to him (with a significant Look) that I was glad to find He had establish'd that good Regulation in his Family, 'Oh (says he) I never had *in truth* any other Objection to Religion, than that I found it a very *troublesome Monitor* while I was engaged in some Pursuits which now (thank God) I have for ever renounc'd.'

"This is the true Solution of by far the greatest Part of all the Free thinking, Deism, and Atheism, that you

will meet with in the World. But Let me caution You, my dearest Boy, against the fallacious arguments, and (what is much more apt to strike a young Mind) the Attempts of Ridicule, which you may hear from your *present* Companion. You may observe that I have not as yet recommended to You any Book upon the Evidence on which your Religion is founded, except that very Short Tract of Addison's : but I understand that the Man who has done the greatest Honor to Eton by his deep Researches into whatever can constitute the profound Scholar, and who is also by Nature a Man of most acute and penetrating Genius, has lately, published a Book on that Subject, which a Gentleman of Great Eminence at the Bar told Me the other Day was one of the ablest Performances He ever read. I understand It is very short ; and if your present Companion has anything of that enlargement of Mind which enables a Man to attend to an Argument or Proof tho' it may militate against his own favourite Notions, He will not be sorry to see a Work, which It seems does so much Honor to our Mater Etona : The Author is no less a Man than Mr. Bryant. Mrs. Montague says It is admirable.

"I enclose You the Will of the poor King of France [Louis XVI.], which has drawn Tears not only from my Eyes, but those of Every One who reads it : I trust It will operate very forcibly in rousing the Indignation of all Europe. I am going to the House of Commons to hear Mr. Pitt move for an *addition* of 30,000 Seamen ! God bless you, My dear Boy,

"Yours affectly.

"W. W. P."

NOTE.—Mr. Bryant is described as one of the most eminent scholars of the age ; he lived much in the neighbourhood of Windsor. Fanny Burney noticed him walking on the Terrace at Windsor. His best known work was "Analysis of Ancient Mythology." Hannah More wrote, in 1782, "'*Mythology Brayant*' is as pleasant as he is learned, and we are become great friends. He bears his faculties meekly, and has such simplicity of

manners, that I take to him." He went one morning to Windsor to present his book, and was met in the ante-chamber by the youngest of the little Princes, who begged to look at it. When it was put into his hands, he held it upside down, and glancing his eyes for a moment over the pages, returned it with an air of important graciousness, pronouncing it — excellent !

"Wimpole Street. Monday, 22 April, 1793.

"MY DEAR BOY,

"I am pleas'd with the Freedom with which you write to Me on the subject of the Fast, and the Terms in which Confession is generally express'd ; I wish you always to tell Me what strikes your Mind, upon every occasion, especially as you do it with the becoming Diffidence of supposing that you may be mistaken. I think in general that *Politicks* and *Prayer* have but little to do with each other ; we are so blind to our own real Interests, and actuated (in *Politicks* especially) by such unworthy Motives, upon many Occasions, that I am by no means a Friend to inserting any *particular* Petitions in our Address to the Supreme Being : I have never dar'd to do it in my private Devotions, but have always thought it more becoming the Ignorance and Blindness of a poor weak Mortal to adopt those *general* Terms, which our Saviour has prescrib'd in deprecating *Evil*, and praying for a Continuance of God's Favor, in *general* : The same rule I consider as safest in Thanksgiving : But as to that part of Prayer which consists of Confession, a Distinction is to be made : In *private* Prayer, a Person conscious of having offended, may find great Relief from a *particular* Confession of an Offence, even accompanied with all Its Aggravations,

"'. . . For while I sought

By Prayer to appease th' offended Deity,
Kneel'd, and before Him pour'd out *all* my Soul,
Methought I saw Him, placable, and mild,
Lending an Ear : Persuasion in Me grew,
That I was heard with Favor—Peace return'd
Home to my Breast.'

"Now, as this cannot be done in the general Confession of a mix'd Congregation, It was requisite to adopt such Expressions, as while they might reach the *worst* Offenders, might not be too strong for Mankind in general: The words to which You object viz. 'There is no Health is Us' do not mean that we consider ourselves as abandon'd to all Wickedness, and *Nulla Virtute redemptos A vitiis*—But are intended to convey, in other Words, What is expressed in the Communion Service, namely That we do not presume to approach the Deity trusting in our *Merits*, but in his *Mercies*, That we do not rely upon the virtuous part of our Conduct (which is metaphorically express'd by *Health* or *Salus-Salvation*) as the *Ground* upon which we hope for the forgiveness of our Sins, but are ready to acknowledge, that after we have done our best, we are but unprofitable Servants, and must still have recourse to his Goodness, through the Intercession of our Saviour, for our Acceptance.

"It does not Strike Me that, in this Sense, there is anything in the Passage, in which even a good Man may not very heartily join, but I must add, that, as in our Addresses to the Supreme Being there shou'd not be the *least* mixture of Insincerity, if any part of the establish'd Form can not be reconcil'd to the Heart and Understanding of an Individual, *that* part had by *Him* much better be omitted. I shou'd not have answer'd your Question so much at large, did I not think, from the bottom of my Heart, that Religion and Morality are the most momentous Concerns, and if I had not felt great Pleasure in having you consult Me upon whatever Matters of that Sort occur'd to your Mind: You shall always find Me deal as honestly with you in these, as I trust you have experienc'd in whatever else has pass'd between Us. No News—Adieu, My dear, dear Boy.

"W. W. PEPYS."

“Wimpole Street. Nov^r. 26, 1793.

“MY DEAR BOY,

“Tho’ I am much pleas’d with many parts of your two last Letters, yet the Passage which I prefer to all the Rest, is that in which you tell Me that you are to come home on Tomorrow Sennight: I therefore hasten to desire, you will make your Arrangements for that Purpose as soon as you please, as you may be well assur’d of a most cordial Welcome.

“I am much pleas’d to hear you say that you look forward with so much Satisfaction to our comfortable Evenings; and I am already considering, by what Book, I can contrive to make them of much use as well as entertainment, to You. I know you do not *like* to read aloud, but I request you to consider, that Nothing can possibly be of *half* the Importance to You at present, as the daily habit of reading *loud* & slow. I have been strongly recommended, in more Quarters than One, to Mr. Walker in Harley Street, a celebrated Teacher of speaking, to assist You with his Advice and Instruction, in Speaking & Reading. I intend to call upon him this day, if I can, to inquire his method; but I am persuaded, that whatever It be, the effect must depend wholly upon *yourself*; and as I flatter myself that I know something of that matter, if you wou’d resolve to read to Us every Evening that we are at home (which you do exceedingly well whenever you give your Mind to It) you wou’d perceive an *astonishing* Alteration before the Holidays were over. I shall not forget to apply to Mrs. Garrick for her Box as often as I think you will be entertain’d there: News is come, that Lord Howe has fallen in with Six French Sail of the Line & two Frigates, which he *thought He shou’d be able to surround*, this is all we know, but are in anxious expectation. Lord Moira is gone on an Expedition to St. Maloes, as we think.”

NOTE.—Speaking to Mr. Walker, the celebrated master of elocution, Dr. Johnson said, “Sheridan reads well, but he reads low ; and you know it is much easier to read low than to read high, . . . your loudest note can be but one, and so the variety is less in proportion to the loudness.” Walker replied, “The art is to read strong, though low.”

“Wimpole Street. Wednesd : Dec. 4, 1793.

“MY DEAR BOY,

“Your Acquiescence in what I proposed for improving you in speaking, is what I always have, and trust I shall always find, from you, as I have nothing else in view but your own Advantage, and You have (thank God) Sense enough to see It. The Book which occur'd to Me as likely to be very Entertaining to you, as well as the Rest of our Fireside, is Lord Clarendon's ‘History of the Rebellion ;’ which seems peculiarly interesting at present, while the Disturbances in France are so fresh in our Minds, as to enable Us to draw the Comparison. This is a Work, which, while it may furnish *your* Mind with much useful Observation and Reflection, would afford a Story by no means unentertaining to any one of your Audience. If however It appear to You in the light of an irksome Task, I am very willing to withdraw It ; not only because I am satisfied that you will derive no Benefit, from what You do with so much Reluctance, but also, because It is my Earnest Desire, that your Holidays should be made as comfortable and happy to You at home, as It is in my Power to make Them : And therefore if you wish to decline that Scheme, I should propose to you to wait till the Others retir'd to bed at Nine o'Clock, and then to read to me for the *sole* purpose of improving yourself in Pronunciation ; an Hour, or an Hour and half, at most, would be sufficient ; if this cou'd be done regularly, it might perhaps answer your Purpose as Well, if not better. Your Wish to receive my Assistance is very delightful to me, and the only Reason of my suggesting Mr. Walker was, that I thought the Solemnity of a *Master's* coming on

Purpose, might perhaps be more likely to fix your Attention upon the Necessity of some Improvement in Speaking more *deliberately*: And here give me Leave, once for all, to assure You that my *sole* Object at present is to prevail upon you to speak *slow*; I will set aside, for the present, the most distant Idea of your speaking *Articulately*, and only request you to fix your Attention upon *that single* Object of speaking *slow*: In this attempt you will be rather assisted, than impeded, by the swelling of your Glands; for the greater the Obstruction and Difficulty of Utterance, the stronger is the Inducement to do that with Deliberation which you find It no easy Matter to do at All. I shall add no more upon this Subject, than merely to request, that You wou'd keep this, and any other Letter that I may have written to You upon this Subject of *Speaking*, because I am so perfectly sure that the Time will come when it will appear of such *vast* Importance to your Success in Life, that I should be glad to have, what I have written to You upon It, preserv'd, as a Memorial of my anxious Solitude for your attending to what I consider as the most important Object of your Education (after Religion and Morality) before It becomes too late.

"I have received a very sensible and intelligent Letter from your Uncle William, in which he says that It is made no Secret to the Army that they are to invest Lisle as soon as the Return of Spring shall Enable them to begin their Operations. No News from Lord Howe; but much reason to apprehend that the French have escaped him, as Four Sail of French Men of War have been seen lately going into Brest, by Sir Andrew Snape Douglas, who has just brought in a French Frigate of 28 Guns. We are told that Lord Moira has actually sail'd for the Coast of France, but I should conjecture, that He wou'd wait at Guernsey till he is quite sure whether the Royalists are in sufficient Force to co-operate with Him. Sir John Jervis [afterwards

Lord St. Vincent] (we understand) is sail'd with his Expedition to the West Indies. As I hear nothing from you of the Wedding in your House which has appear'd in the Papers, I conclude that It is one of those various *Squibbs*, with which the Boys molest those unfortunate Ladies who are intrusted with the Care of Them. You inquire after Charles' Greek; We are still in the Alphabet, and I fear shall long remain so, unless *You* can give Us an helping hand when you come to Town, for my Time is (as you know) so very much engross'd by Office Business and the *Latin* of two Boys, that unless Charles can learn to *read* It, as you did, by the Letters cut out, and the Alphabet in the Grammar, I know not when, or how, I can teach it Him."

NOTE.—Charles was the future Lord Chancellor.

Serena Holroyd wrote to her niece, afterwards Lady Stanley of Alderley, on the importance of speaking slowly. "I hear of a certain bad carriage and walk, with a little too' fast speaking, which I intend should be got rid of before you make your first appearance. Lord Chesterfield reckons speaking fast as totally inconsistent with grace or dignity, even in a female, who is allowed the privilege of being less solemn than a man; but it is like a pert chambermaid rather than a woman of fashion to chatter fast, and few sensible women do so." Speech as a means of making ones meaning clear, was less appreciated by her brother Lord Sheffield, who at the time of the General Election made a spcch at the Exchange at Bristol, which he said "thank God! could not be heard."

"Wimpole Street. Midsummer Day, 1794.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,

"I was sorry to miss a single Post in congratulating you on your recent Honors, and to thank you again and again for the affectionate acknowledgment which you never fail to make upon these occasions of the Care which I have taken of your early Education. I think with great Delight, even at this Time of Life, upon a Letter, the last which I ever receiv'd from my dear Mother, in which She says, that God had bless'd her with two Sons from neither of Whom She had ever receiv'd the least Cause of Dissatisfaction: and I look up to his Paternal Goodness,

in the humble Hope, that, at the Close of Life, I shall be able to bear the same honourable Testimony to all my Children! Much will assuredly depend upon your Example, and upon *that* I have the firmest reliance.

"It is, this Day, Seventeen years since I had the Happiness to be united to your dear Mother, and when I reflect that It has pleas'd God so far to bless our Union as to give Us *such* Children, without having afflicted Us with the Loss of any One of Them, or even with any of the common Misfortunes of Life, such as Losses of Property, etc., etc., I feel my Heart expand with more Gratitude than I am able to express, and trust that his Goodness will accept that Gratitude as the least Return that I can make for so many Blessings, and will be graciously pleas'd to continue them to Us, since No One can be more deeply affected with a Sense of his Kindness, and my own Dependence.

"I wish, my dear Boy, that you cou'd be with us this Day to partake of our Turbot and our Thankfulness—I am going to take your Brothers and Maria, by way of Treat, to the Leverian Museum, and shall bring my old Friend Mrs. Chapone home with us to Dinner; She has much of a Mother's Affection and Interest in everything that affects the Happiness of me and Mine. Mr. Guillon ask'd me this morning to see your Verses upon Lord Howe; He seems to have taken a great Partiality for You, '*Puisque Monsieur a si bien saisi l'Algébre,*' and indeed *I* should be very glad, now that the Event is recent, to see them Myself: I will not however impose so disagreeable a Task upon you as that of writing them over, and therefore if it is voted too great an Act of Power to make a lower Boy write them over, I must wait till the Holidays—Adieu, my dear Fellow, continue to deserve as well as you have hitherto done, the entire Affection of

"Your's most tenderly

"W. W. PEPYS."

NOTE.—The Leverian Museum, which was long exhibited to the public, was sold by lottery in 1785. It consisted of natural and artificial curiosities, collected by Sir Ashton Lever. He was the son of a Lancashire baronet, and so impaired his fortune by collecting, that he was obliged to dispose of his Museum.

Fanny Burney said he might be an admirable naturalist, but if the *ist* was left out he would not be much wronged. As a man of sixty “he pranced about accoutred as a forester, in a green jacket, a round hat, with green feathers, a bundle of arrows under one arm, and a bow in the other: while two young fools, in the same garb, kept running to and fro in the garden, carefully contriving to shoot at some mark just as any of the company appeared at the windows.”

“Worthing. Monday, 27 Octob. 1794.

“MY DEAR WILLIAM,

“Our Letters have cross’d, and your’s contains the welcome news of fresh Honors. It will be, through Life, a very pleasant Circumstance, & may be attended with very solid Advantages, to have been highly distinguish’d in the first Place of Education in this Country; and tho’, chiefly from want of Health and Spirits during the first years, I came into the World, I did not avail myself (as I might perhaps have done) of the Reputation which I obtain’d at Eton, yet as there is no Reason why you shou’d not hope to be exempted from these Impediments, I trust you will both enjoy it more, and convert it to more lasting Advantage than I did. In the mean Time your grateful Acknowledgments (upon all these Occasions) of my fatherly Attention and Instruction is the most delightful Reward I can ever receive. My impatience to congratulate You on your success, will not allow Me to answer (as I ought) your Question as to the comparative Merit of Grays & Dryden’s Ode; but one great Advantage is evidently on the Side of Dryden, which is, that of being exempted from all Obscurity. I cannot think, with Johnson, that the Song of Johnny Armstrong having preceded Gray’s Ode, and going at once *in medias Res*, in the same manner, deprives Gray, of what I think must be acknowledged to be, a great Beauty, and has, in my Opinion, the

Advantage of Dryden's in seising more forcibly upon the Attention of the Reader: Had Gray made Use of such expression, as, tho' darkly pourtraying those important Events which were to happen in the Language of Prophecy, had been sufficiently pointed to mark them out distinctly to Us, who live *after* the Events, (which in many Parts of the Ode he *has* done) I shou'd have thought it perhaps superiour to Dryden's, as the Subject is doubtless more splendid & Poetical; but as the first Beauty, both in speaking & writing, is to be *understood*, so the most inexcusable Fault appears to Me to be, that sort of Obscurity in an Ode, which produces the necessity of a Note. It has an effect as bad, as that of an Orator, when He is suppos'd to be hurried away by his vehemence and the Importance of the Subject, stopping to look into his Hat for a Memorandum of what is to come next. I have not either of the Odes by Me at present, but will look at them again, when I come to Town, and will write to you what occurs to Me upon their comparative Merit: The Beginning and the *End* of Grays are (in my opinion) superior to Drydens; but were I not to have any Dinner, till I said which upon the *whole* I should prefer, I believe I should think myself on the safer side in preferring Dryden's as more uniformly excellent. These Discussions between you and your Friends are most eminently useful; and if any of them shou'd be in Town at Christmas, I shall be mighty glad to partake in Them at my Table on a Sunday, If you shou'd have any fair opportunity with Goodall I wish you to intimate to Him, that my Original Intention was that you shou'd have left Eton at these last Holidays, and that my chief Reason for keeping you there a year longer was, that you might have the Advantage of being in the Sixth Form for the Purpose of Speaking: If you can introduce this cleverly, it may assist the Business very much; as I flatter Myself that They wou'd not (if it cou'd be manag'd) disappoint Me. As I am in the Public Office

on Thursday the 6th of November, we go to Town on the 5th, and indeed if this very wet weather shou'd continue, It will not be with much Regret, at least on my Part. You delight me by saying that your Rational Friends are so good as to remind you, when you speak with Precipitation; Avail yourself (as the present Chancellor did) of all such kind Assistance; Your *Health* & your *Elocution* are now my principal Concern. You frighten Us by talking of Bergen Op Zoom. We have heard nothing of It, and if that were taken, *actum est* with regard to Holland; But I think it not unlikely that some Peace will be patch'd up, if the French will *grant* it; and how mortifying will it be, for Us to give up all the West Indies to preserve Holland & Hanover! Yet thus I fear It *must* be at last; for to impose a King upon several Millions of Men who are resolv'd not to have One, seems but an hopeless Undertaking: That was certainly the Object of the Treaty of Pilnitz; tho' the War, on our Part, might be no more than justifiable Self Defence.

"I am delighted with a second Perusal of Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' and tho' Boswell makes him say that He endeavour'd to lessen me in the Opinion of Those who heard him, more than I deserv'd, yet I cannot help looking up to Him as One of the most Exemplary characters of our Nation, nor can I think of any Biographical Works that you can dip into, with more chance of Instruction and Improvement. God bless you, my dear Boy, and preserve you to be a comfort & Honor to your Affectionate Father,

"W. W. PEPYS."

"Wimpole Street. Nov. 6, 1794.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,

"You will be glad to hear that we are all arriv'd safe in Town, especially when I tell you that two of our Post Horses fell down at once in coming down a Hill on



Engraved by Dages,

HANOVER SQUARE IN 1789.

the Downs, and that, had it not been for the vigilance of little Sophy, whom I had plac'd to watch the Trunk behind, It would have been stolen, as five men beset it in Cockspur Street, One of Whom had got so far as to cut the Cord, but my Stentorian Voice soon put them to flight. We are therefore all (thank God) once more arriv'd safe within 20 miles of You. When I take out with Me a Wife and six Children into the Country (where no Assistance can be had in case of Illness) I cannot help feeling very thankful when I see them all return, not only well, but much improved in Health, and my Heart is turned with Gratitude to Him, who blesses my Going out and my Coming in. Indeed such has been the Goodness of Providence to Me, hitherto the chief part of my Devotion has consisted of Thanksgiving, and to me the Sensation of Gratitude is one of the most delightful I have ever experienced, nor shall I ever envy the cold blooded Philosophy of Him, who can with Swinish Gluttony

“ ‘Ne'er look to Heaven amidst his gorgeous Feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Cram and blaspheme his Feeder.’

“I much approve of your going through the ‘Odyssey,’ and wish to know whether I shou'd not send you mine, that you may return Goodall's as soon as possible, lest any accident shou'd befall It. Johnson (I see in Boswell) speaks highly of the Pleasure which He deriv'd from the ‘Odyssey,’ as a beautiful Picture of Domestick Life. I was so entertain'd with Boswell's Book, on a second Perusal, that I cou'd not prevail on myself to return it till the day before I came away. Tho' Johnson's Prejudices were no doubt very great, and tho' He had Personally a Dislike to Me, yet there is such a Vein of strong Sense, Integrity of Heart, and exalted Piety, runs through all his Conversation, that I cannot but think it highly delightful and instructive, especially when You feel yourself out of

the Reach of any sudden *Ebullition* (As Boswell calls it), of coarse and unmannerly Resentment, of which he gives some very striking Instances, tho' I had the good Fortune never to have experienc'd any from Him.

"It is suppos'd that the Grand Pensioner Fagel is here to induce our Ministry to negociate for Peace ; but if it be true, that the French have dispens'd Medals through all the Provinces they have conquer'd, on which the Figure of France is engraved, with an Urn emblematical of the Rhine ; and with this Inscription '*Le Rhin et la Paix*,' (by which I suppose they mean to include Holland and every Thing between the Rhine and the Sea) We must either fight *ad Internecionem*, or in process of Time be swallow'd up, as an additional Province. But I trust the good Providence of God will find out Ways that We cannot foresee, by which such a Calamity may be avoided. The acquittal of Hardy may be attended with various Consequences in encouraging the Revolutionists in this Country to renew their Meetings, but I am not clear, whether in the present State of Men's Minds, so *decisive* a Mark of the *real* Liberty and Security which we enjoy, may not operate more forcibly upon the *Public* Mind, than any Punishment however severe, to prevent Innovation, by demonstrating that It is not necessary : As I have not read the Evidence I can give no Opinion on the Verdict, but I have long thought that It is almost an hopeless attempt to convict a Man of *Compassing the King's Death*, by shewing that He had done several Acts which *might* ultimately have ended in such a tragical Event : It is too constructive for the Understandings of any, but Lawyers, and when the Life of a fellow Subject is at Stake, a Jury requires some more direct Proof of the Intention to commit that *particular* crime which is charg'd in the Indictment, and from which They cannot turn their eyes, tho' they may think the Prisoner's Conduct likely to have produced even a still *greater* Evil (if possible) than that

for which He is tried; as for Instance, if the King were resident in London, and *under such an Indictment* the Prisoner cou'd be prov'd to have taken every means in his Power to reduce London to Ashes, yet It wou'd not be easy to prevail on 12 Men to say, that his Object, in so doing, was to compass the *King's* Death. I mention this as the strongest Case possible, and merely for Illustration, for It might be said that as the Palace of St. James was detach'd, and surrounded with Guards all the Night, It was impossible that He cou'd have suppos'd that the King wou'd be involv'd in the Conflagration etc. etc. The Reason why they cannot adapt the Indictment for High Treason to the Facts which They can prove, is, That they are confin'd to those Treasons only which are enumerated in the Statute of Edward 3d.

"Here is more Law than perhaps you either expected or wish'd, but You deserve that I shou'd write to you in a Style very different from that in which I shou'd address Boys of your age in general. Your Horse and the Pony will go to Grass in a few days, and in the Spring I mean to sell the former if he shou'd be found, as you do not like him. Believe Me always,

"My dear William,

"Your's most Affectionately,

"W. W. PEPYS."

NOTE.—Thomas Hardy was a Radical politician, and boot-maker. He was charged with high treason in company with Horne Tooke and others, but was defended by Lord Erskine, and acquitted in 1794. He was pensioned by Sir Francis Burdett.

"Wimpole Street. May 12, 1795.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,

"Tho' I should be sorry to think you capable of leaving us without some Regret, yet I am concern'd to find, by your Letter, that you are counting, not only the Weeks, but the Days, and even the Hours, till your

Return: Much as I am delighted to think that you prefer Home to every other Place, and anxious as I am that you shou'd be always of that opinion, I cannot but lament that such a Preference shou'd make you unhappy; I do not expect you at 17 to be a Philosopher; But as you have been, upon all Occasions, so much open to Reason, I cannot help flattering Myself that you may be induced to avail yourself of the Experience of an Old Man.

“Addison was the First whose caution against wishing to jump over certain Spaces of our existence made a deep Impression upon my Mind; and tho' I have known, in my Time, *as much as most men*, what It is to feel that Dejection of Spirits which makes One anxious to arrive at some distant Period, when we expect to find some Relief; yet I have always endeavour'd resolutely to combat that Idea, as fallacious, and to set Myself vigorously to make the best of the present Day, without referring my Happiness to some other Time: There are two means of doing this; The first is, to keep the Mind thoroughly occupied in some laudable Pursuit; The second is, to catch at every Thing, as it passes, from which comfort and Satisfaction can be extracted; The Power of doing this very much depends upon Ourselves; and I know few better Receipts for extracting that Cordial Drop of Happiness in this World, than to habituate our Minds to the Contemplation of the *light* side of every Object; instead of dwelling upon that part of It which is darken'd: The Distinction you have obtain'd at Eton as a Scholar, The good Character you have establish'd, Some pleasant connections which you have form'd there, The real Regard which both Dr. Heath & Mr. Goodall have evidently for You, added to the great & inexpressible Comfort which you have afforded to both your parents from your uniform good Conduct, are of themselves very delightful Objects of Contemplation; Not to mention the Advantage of being in the Country, and Seeing the Beauty of all Nature

reviving before your Eyes in all the charms of Spring : These, and many more Things, to which I cou'd direct your Attention, shou'd induce you to enjoy the present Hour, and not wish to expunge the next three Months as a Portion of your Existence unproductive of any Pleasure or Satisfaction ; whereas if you resolve to Enjoy it as much as you can, You will not only extract many Comforts for the present, but what is of infinitely more importance, will make a considerable Progress in that *Habit* of Mind, which (I can assure You from Experience) is one of the most conducive to Happiness : ‘ *Sapiens dominabitur Astris* ’ says the Proverb, but a far more easy Victory may be obtain'd over *Place* ; for the Influence of *Weather* is sometimes very difficult to resist, tho' much may be done by Resolution even in that Point ; but every *Place* almost will supply means of Enjoyment, if we apply our Minds, & keep them open, to the Perception of It.

“I am glad you learnt all that was to be learn'd from your fat Companion ; Does not Seward tell Us that Salmosius always endeavour'd to extract whatever was to be learn'd even from the meanest and most illiterate Persons, so that a Fox Hunter was quite surpris'd to find that He knew more of that Matter than He did Himself ? Tully somewhere says that such a Faculty, is of the utmost Importance to an Orator ; and I think he goes so far, as to insist that *his* Orator shall talk better upon the Trade of a Carpenter, and even shew more *knowledge* of the Business, than a Carpenter Himself. I hope your Mama has written to tell You, that We have left off Fires, as some *cold* Comfort to You for the Empty State of your Grate : I congratulate You upon having risen even once, at Six o'Clock ; I had rather you Shou'd acquire that *Habit* than get a sum of £5000, and believe It wou'd be really of more Value to You ; Now, in the Spring, is the Time to set about It, & believe Me that I *daily* experience,

there is no such great Specifick ever yet discover'd for good Spirits, as early rising. So God bless You says

“Your Affectionate Father,

“W. W. PEPYS.”

“Public Office. March 11th, 1796.

“MY DEAR WILLIAM,

“As you know how my mornings are engaged, and how little my Eyes will bear to write by Candle Light, you will not wonder at the Place from whence I usually date my Letters : I flatter myself You will be able to look back upon your Academical Life with as much Pleasure as I do upon mine : There is however One Part of it, which I believe I have never yet mention'd to You, but from which as I have since deriv'd so much Comfort, I wou'd, most earnestly recommend to You, which is that of appropriating your Sundays to some Species of Reading, that has a Tendency to carry your Views forward to another Life, and to lay that solid Foundation of Manly Piety and determin'd Virtues, which will, by the Grace of God, enable You to keep a steady and joyful Eye upon that Country whither we are All travelling, and in Comparaison of which, Every thing here is, (as Burke with his Animation expresses it) but Dust and Ashes : This Practise of devoting Sunday to some Reading of that Kind, was most earnestly recommended by Dr. Johnson, and I believe invariably practis'd by him ; and is, without doubt, One of the very best Rules which Any Man can lay down to Himself : Without some such Rule, Our Thoughts are apt to be so continually engross'd from Day to Day, with worldly pursuits, that when Sickness or Death comes upon Us, We are taken, as it were, by surprise and unprepar'd. I have never touch'd upon this Subject while you were at Eton, because You were not then your own Master, nor indeed of an Age to make such a Recommendation so seasonable, as at present : and it happens very fortunately,

that some of the finest Compositions in the English Language, are upon Subjects of a serious Nature; Locke, Sherlock, Blair, Butler etc. etc. might be read by any Man, who wishes to be an accomplished Scholar in his own Language, independent of any more important Consideration.

"Mr. Matthew Montagu was saying, the other evening, That the Book of all others from which He had deriv'd the most Advantage, was Lord Bacon's 'Tract de Augmentis Scientiarum,' as published in English by Dr. Watts, who as He was the most distinguish'd for his Piety, was also One of the Soundest Understandings that this Country ever produc'd; I am asham'd to say that I am not acquainted with the Book, but intend to get It.

"Your Post Boy frighten'd to Death by a Ghost, is really very curious, and shews how happy we are, to be exempted, in these days, from those Scare Crows of the Imagination.

"Grey made his Motion yesterday for a Committee on the State of the Nation, and stated, what I do not find has been contradicted, that this War has not cost us less than Ninety five Millions! I have also a Paper just now put into my hands, and signed by the Cashier of the Bank, where they state themselves to be in Advance to Government between 12 and 13 *millions*. But this is too horrible a Subject to dwell upon with you, my dear Young Man, who are rising up in a Country, which seems sinking under the Load of It's debt. I am however in great hopes that these gloomy Thoughts will prove as fallacious, as those which were so universally entertain'd at the Close of the American War.

"Adieu, my dear William, We are all well, and I am most truly, and affectionately

"Your's

"W. W. PEPYS."

“Wimpole Street. Midsummer Day, 1796.

“MY DEAR WILLIAM,

“The sensible, manly, and liberal Manner, in which you speak of the Decision of a Contest, in which the Prize has been adjudg'd to Another, gives Me full as much Pleasure, as I cou'd have receiv'd from your having obtain'd it yourself. The One, cou'd at most have amounted only to a Proof of the Goodness of your Head, whereas the Other does equal Honor both to your Head and your Heart, from the enlarg'd view which you take of the real Advantages of such a Contest, and the noble generosity with which you speak of a Rival Candidate. These Qualities will ensure you a much better Prize, than any which the University has to bestow, the Love & Esteem of Mankind.

“I am glad you like Charles' Exercise, and think that this degree of Success will operate as a great Encouragement to Him. It was very pleasant to Me to receive Letters from you Both this Morning, as you know this is my Wedding Day; and the next Pleasure to that of having my Children with me on such Occasions (which I always wish) is to receive such comfortable Accounts of their doing everything so much to my Satisfaction: Indeed, when I look back upon the last nineteen years of Prosperity, uninterrupted by any One Misfortune that can cloud the Retrospect of so long a Period; I feel the deepest Sense of Gratitude for so large a Portion of Human Happiness; and this Sensation is greatly enhanc'd, when I look round Me, and see how many Families, have in the same Space, lost much of their Peace & Comfort, by some One or Other of the various Misfortunes to which poor Human Nature is continually expos'd: but amidst the many Blessings, for which We have so much Reason to be thankful, there is none which lies so near to our

Hearts, as the Preservation of our Children, and their exemplary good Conduct."

"Wimpole Street. March 14, 1797, Tuesday.

"My DEAR WILLIAM,

"Your Letter yesterday gave us particular Pleasure, by the kind mention which you make of a so good Report of Charles : He seems indeed to be developing very fast those good Qualities, which, I never doubted, wou'd by Time and Opportunity, expand themselves, and I have received some Letters from him lately, particularly on the Subject of a Charitable Scheme which he has prepared, that do him the highest Credit. I shall never cease to acknowledge, how much both your Brothers are indebted to you, for an Example, of good Conduct & laudable Exertion ; It is a great Thing for the *first* Horse in the Team to go well. I want to know whether you receiv'd any Marks of Approbation for your Declamation ; You must not let your Modesty, at any Time, deprive *Me* of the greatest Pleasure I am capable of receiving. I see by your Letter on the Chemical Lecture, that I was very near being the Means of depriving you of great Entertainment, & perhaps much Instruction, from the mutual Delicacy which subsisted between Us on that Subject ; You did not chose to express *your* Wishes, nor I *mine*, lest they might not exactly meet the Wishes of the Other : We must therefore agree for the future to be more explicit, tho' I do not apprehend that this Delicacy is the source of *all* the Quarrels which arise between Fathers & Sons. I remember being highly entertained by the Chemical Lecture, but for want of working in the Laboratory, which I never cou'd bring myself to do, I found that the Knowledge escap'd from Me, as fast as Sal Volatile or Ether : but exclusive of what I have forgot, you will have many Things to communicate to Me which the last Thirty

Years, & particularly the Experiments of Lavoisier, have discovered.

“You alarm me a little by what you say of these very *long* walks, as I know that *one very undue* Exertion is sometimes attended with very bad Consequences: You will however I trust, think of *Home* in your Walks, and *that* Will prevent your extending them too far. As to your learning the Military Exercise, I think it a most desirable Object; There is certainly Nothing that gives a young Man so much the Air and Manner of a Gentleman, or has a better effect upon that most important of all Things the opening & expanding the Chest, which to all Literary & Sedentary Men is the great Desideratum; I am therefore most decidedly for your practising the Exercise: as to *Time*, I am perfectly sure you cannot possibly employ it to any better Purpose; and I have too good an Opinion of your Understanding, to suppose that you will be tempted to go into the Army, when you are, I fear, as much disqualified, by your Shortsight, for a General, as I am.

“You give me great Pleasure by telling me that You feel so comfortable at Cambridge and write in such excellent spirits: Major Rennell was so good as to send me a Message on the Fast Day, that He had heard by his Son that You were well. On Sunday last Mr. Thomson gave us a Farewell Sermon; I wish you had been there, as It wou’d have impressed, more deeply than all the Lectures in the World, the powerful Effect of Elocution, & what Sheridan’s Father always called the *Living Language!* There was not a Dry Eye in the Church: How ardently I do *long* for you to possess that Talent; but it is only to be acquir’d by practice, of which I doubt not that Dr. Thomson has had a great deal, with his Father, whom I believe you heard on New Year’s Day;—Pray tell me in your next, whether you continue to keep your Eye steady upon that grand Object. Erskine’s Pamphlett is excellent;

How natural a Transition from Eloquence to Erskine!
 Adieu, My beloved & Amiable Son! God bless You!
 says

“your Affectionate Father.”

“ Wimpole Street. April 3, 1797.

“ MY DEAR WILLIAM,

“You seem to be so happy at Cambridge, that you wou’d be acquitted of habitual Discontent, had I ever suspected you of It, for I always attributed Your uncomfortable State at Eton, to the Circumstance of not having gone earlier to School, & which must undoubtedly be consider’d as a Drawback from sundry Advantages which I think you gained by having staid so long at Home. As you advance in Life, you will perceive more and more that the great Art of being happy is to direct your mind towards the Advantages of your Situation, & turn your Back upon whatever is disagreeable, whenever It is not necessary for your Security & to contemplate it: The utmost that the happiest man can boast of, is, that the *Ballance* has been greatly in his Favor; & if He finds upon comparing his own Lot with the Majori *Miseriorum* that He has more Cause of Thankfulness than Complaint, let Him accustom his Mind to dwell upon the *bright* Side of the Landscape; This is my earnest Advice.

“I am obliged to you for the Information of Sir Isaac Newton’s having suggested the three Discoveries you mention; tho’ I don’t very well understand how Light can properly be deem’d *immaterial*; It may be the *subtilest* of all Fluids, but as it is suppos’d to *impinge* upon our Organs of Sight, It seems as instrumental in producing a great *Knock of the Eye*, of one sort, as a Stick or a Bludgeon of another: I shall be glad however to be set right, if I shou’d be mistaken, for I conclude that the very Barbers of Cambridge know more of Light & Colours, (as the Discovery was originally made from some of their Soap Suds)

than even the Professors of other Universities. I desire you will treasure up for Me, all that you learn of the Decomposition of Air & Water, for I am an Absolute Tyro in all the Modern Discoveries on those Subjects.

"I have had some Conversation with Mr. Frere upon the respective Claims of Eton & Harrow, in which (tho' he manifestly gave the Preference to Eton about a year or two ago) He seem'd to incline to the latter :

"I am really sorry to find that you will not have an Opportunity of learning the Military Exercise ; but of other Exercise you seem to be in no Want ; I am almost frighten'd at the Walk you mention to Audley End, & shou'd have almost as soon expected to hear that you were set out for the *End* of the World. It must certainly be a great Convenience, in these hard Times, to have no longer any Occasion for Horses or Chaises, but what will become of the Farmers of the Post Tax, if this Practise shou'd prevail ? You are, as you always was, most amiably ingenuous in what you confess upon the Subject of Elocution ; It is a cruel circumstance, if the University will not only, not promote and Encourage that Talent, without which nothing Great can be done in this Country, but will not even allow Time & Opportunity for the private Exercise of It. I once read a French Author, who told Me, that all the Pleasure arising from Popularity, was resolvable into the Consciousness of having such Numbers ready, if you wish'd it, to administer to your Pleasures ; which I happen'd to read on the very Day that the late Lord Chatham was drawn by the Mob into the City, debilitated by a long Fit of the Gout, & with no very keen Appetite (I trow) for the great Feast to which he was going, tho' He seem'd to have a main good Relish for the Acclamations which He receiv'd.

"I heard last Night that the Report of the Committee on the state of our Finances is very favorable as to the Productiveness of Taxes and Commerce, but I fear the

Expenditure has been much more lavish than will appear by that Report; I want Pitt to ask himself what we are fighting for now? If the French wou'd throw Flanders at our heads, what cou'd we do with it? The Emperor cou'd not keep it, without Luxembourg, which they will never give up, nor I fear can the Austrians recover from them.

"Adieu, my ever dear William, I love you more & more every Time I see or hear from you, & Am most truly,

"Your Affectionate Father,

"W. W. PEPYS."

"Wimpole Street. 1 May, 1797.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,

"I congratulate You very sincerely upon your new Honors, which I understand were hardly to be expected from your *Juniority*: May a Father's most cordial Blessing light upon you! and may the Almighty reward You for all the Returns of Kindness, which I have experienced at your Hands!

"With respect to the Pursuit of a Fellowship, I trust, that I have in our repeated happy Conversations after Breakfast explain'd most amply to You, that It is a Matter in which I wish to leave You *entirely* your own Master: I have never, not only *not urg'd* you to the Pursuit of it, but have not done (what is too often the Case with Parents) *talk'd* you into an Eagerness, which they do not care openly to encourage: On the Contrary, I have always held out to You that neither a Fellowship, nor any other Acquisition which the University cou'd afford, wou'd, in the least degree, compensate the Danger which you wou'd incur by any undue Exertion: This is a Justice which I am sure at all times of receiving from your Testimony; & therefore It may seem unnecessary for Me to dwell upon It; but I wish to explain myself thus fully *upon Paper*, that hereafter, when I may be gone,

and no longer able to answer for Myself, You may be fully apprised of my Wishes upon the Subject : Your Time of Life, & the Understanding which you possess, enable You to form a better Judgment *on the Spot*, than I can form for You, how far the Acquisition of a Fellowship will, or will not, be an Object to You ; But I deprecate the Idea of being thought capable of urging you on to the Pursuit of It, for the sake of obtaining £50 a year ; Indeed no such Motive could ever have operated on my Mind ; for were You to acquire, by your Industry & Exertion at Cambridge, ever so great an Income, I should never have thought of diminishing, on that Account, one Shilling of what I should have thought myself at Liberty to supply you with, consistently with my Duty to your Brothers & Sisters. Such is the Uncertainty at present of all Property, that a Fellowship *may* be no sort of Object to You in point of Emolument ; or It *may* be a Refuge left when every Thing else shall have failed : I have thought it my Duty to place You at a College where such a Thing was to be had ; but I always have, & always shall, *discourage* You from engaging in that, or any other Pursuit, which may, in the smallest degree, endanger your Health, which not only to Yourself, but to Us, is of infinitely more value than any Acquisition either of Riches or Honors ;

“ I do not recollect any Book that takes your side of the Argument, or indeed treats the Subject of Colonization in the Abstract, very much at large ; but the Circumstance of diffusing our *Language*, & thereby the Fame, of our Country, both in the East & the West, might be dwelt upon in a *Declamation* with good Success. Having a vent for those Inhabitants of a Country whose crimes make it necessary to remove them, & yet who may, when separated from their Companions in Wickedness, be reclaimed, is Another good Topick. Not to mention the *Bread Tree* &c. &c. Charles is just set off for Harrow ; & next Thursday fortnight I am to go there, to hear him speak, &

perhaps to leave Harry there, as It is now determin'd that Harrow is to be the Place. Drury gave to a Person we have seen, so high a Character of Charles' good Conduct, & particularly of his good Nature to lower Boys in the House, that I cannot help flattering myself He will be of great Use to Harry, upon his first going from Home ; Adieu, My dear William, Endeavour to preserve your Health & Spirits, for of every thing else I have long since ceas'd to entertain a Doubt & Be assur'd that you constitute a very great Portion indeed of the Happiness of your affectionate Father

“W. W. PEPYS.”

“May 4, 1797, your Birth Day.

“MY DEAR WILLIAM,

“I cannot seal this Cover without adding my cordial good Wishes and Congratulations on this Day to those affectionate Expressions of Tenderness by which your good Mother has convey'd to you my Feelings, as well as, her Own : May the Almighty protect and bless You and tho' the World shou'd frown Upon Us, may He give us Grace to be a Comfort & Blessing to Each Other ! It is in vain to lament that you are entering into Life at a Time when the Prospect of Public Affairs is so gloomy. Let us repose our Confidence in Him, who alone can give Repose & Confidence to our Minds !

“Celui qui mette un Frein au fureur des Flots,
Scait aussi des Mechants arreter les Complots ;
Soumis, avec Respect, a sa Volonté sainte,
Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, Je n'ai point d'autre Crainte.

“I can never sufficiently adore his Goodness who has permitted me to see such a Son attain to his nineteenth Year ! Once more, God's choicest Blessings be with You ! says your most affectionate Father,

“W. W. PEPYS.”

" Wimpole Street. June 5, 1797.

" My dear dear William, I congratulate you a thousand Times on your well merited Success, and am most heartily glad to find that you will have no more Examinations till your Degree. Pray let me entreat you, not to trouble your Head about being a Senior Wrangler, or any such unimportant Stuff: who knows, or who cares, whether a Man in any Profession was a Wrangler when at Cambridge? if there is any way of securing a Fellowship without making such an undue Sacrifice, pray let me know how it is to be done.

" The alarm here is less than some days ago. Our Fears from Ireland are abated, & a Flag of Truce was sent to Calais as soon as ever we knew that Barthelemy was chosen One of the Directory. The Fleet at Sheerness is our great Calamity. But it is said that the Mutiny in the French & Spanish Fleets are equally outrageous. Adieu, my beloved & amiable Son! God only knows how much I love & value You! I wish you had given yourself a few days Dissipation with Dawney. We shou'd have been main glad to see You.

" Yours affectionately,

" W. W. PEPYS.

" No sort of Occasion for your Mourning."

" Public Office. 24th March, 1798.

" MY DEAR WILLIAM,

" As you mention in your Letter of yesterday, that you are out of Cash; I do not like to suffer a Post to pass by Me, without, in some degree, replenishing your Coffers, & repaying the Sum which my *Banker* Charles has been so good as to advance for Me. In this Town, I am often distress'd upon the Subject of Alms, as it is so difficult to know where they can be most usefully applied;

but in the deplorable Case, for which you have exerted yourself, there can be no doubt of a proper application. I perfectly agree with You, that of all Scholars, None appear to be so little calculated for the Business of Life, as abstruse Mathematicians: If you contract the Habit of reasoning more closely from your Mathematics You have extracted all the Good from them which They can ever produce to You. But don't drop this Sentiment of mine out of your Pocket, for It would be bound by the Hands of the Cambridge Common Hangman. I rejoice to hear you augur so well of my dear Charles' Examination, and have no Doubt that I shall always have Reason to be glad, that I indulg'd him in His Request to pass some time at Cambridge.

"What a melancholy Account is this from Berne! If this does not convince all Mankind that No Neutrality, No Peace, Nothing but absolute Submission will content these Barbarians, They must wait till they experience the same Fate with Switzerland & Rome. I hope you have read the Chancellor of Ireland's Speech on that mischievous Motion of Lord Moira: Sure never were two Publications so fraught with Conviction, as that, and Mr. Harpur's Letter to the Americans! It is curious to an Observer of Political Changes, to see a Fleet of American vessels sail under British Convoy, to Protect Them from that Power who has lately contributed to disunite them from Great Britain. When I reflect upon All that has pass'd, and is passing, I bless God that I am not worn down by a fruitless Anxiety for the Future, which cou'd serve no other Purpose, than that of destroying my perfect Comfort: It must however be confessed, that there are Times, in which It is of the utmost Importance for Us to cherish in our Minds the most perfect Resignation to the Will of that Supreme Disposer of all Events, who maketh all Things work together for the ultimate Good of those who love & fear Him: Of this I am as much convinced as of my

own Existence. Every One Should endeavour to fortify Himself, as much as possible, both in Mind & Body ; to exercise all Habits which may render him as little dependent, as possible, on the Assistance of Others, and to sit as loose as may be to a World which is as rapidly changing all about us."

"Wimpole Street. May 4th, 1798.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,

"This day nineteen years I was made a happy Parent, and I may (thank God) with great truth assert, that you have never by your Conduct in any respect whatever, given me one moment's anxiety, and very many causes of thankfulness to that Being who has granted me the Blessing of such a Son! Long, my dear Boy, may you enjoy life & happiness, and prosper in the Career you have begun with so much credit to yourself. Your Public life at Eton & College has made you not unknown in the World and I have the satisfaction to think the World does you Justice, and I also hope I may indulge the delightful expectation, that He who rewardeth the diligent Child will continue to bless and protect you."

"Wimpole Street, Jan^r. 18, 1799.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,

"Since I have lost, for a Time, the Enjoyment of your Company, I must console myself, as well as I can, by Writing ; in which however I feel my Genius & Inclinations greatly cramp'd by the Consideration of its not being proper to send you a long Letter.

"No Man knows Himself, much less can he be known to Others, till he is put to the Proof ; and to a very severe Proof of Temper & Resignation have you, my dear Fellow, been put, for the last nine Months, which has however on the Trial redounded most highly to your

Honor; and I can assure you, with the greatest Truth, that No Academical Distinction you cou'd have obtain'd wou'd have rais'd you near so much in my Estimation, as the Fortitude, Equanimity, & Good Temper, which you have shewn under your late Disappointments, and the tedium of your complaint."

PART TEN

LETTERS OF SIR WILLIAM
PEPYS TO HANNAH MORE

LETTERS OF SIR WILLIAM PEPYS TO HANNAH MORE

SIR WILLIAM PEPYS was quite angry with himself at having lost so much time in getting acquainted with Hannah More, and out of all patience to have been so long only bowing at her. He calls down a thousand blessings on Mrs. Garrick for making them acquainted. Had it not been for her, he would have known no more of her than if she had been a contemporary of Sappho; "I am determined not to let you go now," he exclaimed; "but what a provoking circumstance it is, that just as I have succeeded in diminishing that distance at which you have kept me, for two or three years, you should take your flight, and cut me off the little advantage, I have so long been attempting to gain. Remember I hold you obliged to make me ample amends, when you return to town, and I never will be put back again to my former distance. I desire you will not leave me off, when you are surrounded by all the *beaux esprits* of the Metropolis. I shall be desperate jealous, and hate many people exceedingly, if I find you go to their houses, and send excuses to mine. If I had you here for a fortnight, I'll be hanged if we did not grow better acquainted with each other in that time, than we probably shall be in the whole of our lives."

Sir William wrote to Hannah More of her neighbourhood, near Bristol—

"To have three intellectual neighbours in the country is more than your share. In town though there are many more, the difficulty is to meet them. Two days in the same house in the country is worth twenty meetings in London, where we only see enough of those whose company we delight in, to tantalize us."

Hannah More was born in 1745, and died in 1833. Her nurse attended Dryden in his last illness; classical history and anecdotes from Plutarch she had learnt from her father; Italian, Spanish, and Latin she acquired from the Masters, at the school kept by her eldest sister, and French she picked up from some officers living on parole at Bristol. She met all the literary and scientific people (John Langhorne, Dean Tucker, Sir James Stonehouse, etc.) who came to Bristol.

In 1773-74 she wrote a letter to a friend, expressing her admiration of Garrick's *Lear*. She soon became intimate with Garrick and his wife, and in 1776 spent some months with them at the Adelphi, and at Hampton. Dr. Johnson declared she was the most powerful versificatrix in the English language; and Garrick called her "Nine," as an embodiment of all the muses.

Her tragedy of *Percy*, the most popular of her plays, of which the prologue and epilogue were written by Garrick, was produced at Covent Garden, December 10, 1777, and ran for twenty-one nights. After Garrick's death (January 20, 1779) she gradually retired from the gaieties to which he had introduced her, and showed her disapproval of the stage by refusing to attend the performance of *Percy*, which was revived with Mrs. Siddons as heroine in 1787.

Hannah More ceased writing dramas from conscientious scruples, though Mr. Cambridge and many of her friends maintained that the object of dramatic art was to correct the vices and follies of mankind, by a just representation of them. Dr. Warton placed Congreve at the head of those who wrote with this professed object, though in the

attainment of it, he appeared to have gone a little out of his way. Lady Davy described Hannah More as a "virtuous wit," and those who know her earlier works, written before she retired from the circle of fashion and literature, to devote herself to the more stereotyped ways of active benevolence, must regret that she did not recognise the fact that all have received "gifts differing," and should have felt obliged for conscience' sake to suppress that wit which enabled her to improve society, by holding up to ridicule, its vices, follies, and affectations.

Sir William Pepys wrote to her, "Your lines on wit suppressed will certainly put you on your way to Heaven and act as a *shove*, though not to a 'heavy gaited Christian.'

" 'To quench at once the bursting flash
The shining mischief to subdue.'

We shall not get many to prefer the glory of suppressing a *bon mot* to Cæsar's brilliant victories."

Her fame as a serious writer made many people forget how much wit she had shown in her poetry and prose. Mrs. Montagu said she had more wit in her serious writings than other people when they meant to be witty. Pepys considered that she and Burke were the only two people he knew, who could be safely trusted with metaphor. He added that he would refrain from saying with Swift—

" If with such talent Heaven has bless'd her
Have not I reason to detest her."

Sir William Pepys' political views, which his friends considered extremely liberal, were no doubt modified by the events in France, and on December 1, 1792, he wrote a letter to Hannah More, which shows genuine alarm. "Both Mrs. Montagu and I most earnestly request you to exert your talents at this juncture for the good of your country, which is in Great peril; do pray set yourself to

work directly, and remember that if you should be an instrument to prevent the horrible scenes of confusion and bloodshed, which have laid France desolate, you will have a greater reward than the applause of all the Literati in Europe."

Mr. Wheatley, F.S.A., says it is not at present known how much her writings did to maintain public order in England.

During Mrs. Garrick's very long period of widowhood, and until her death in 1822 at the age of 99, she did honour to the memory of her husband by the kind and hospitable manner in which she received his friends at Hampton. Hannah More wrote of having spent twenty winters in her house.

In 1781 Miss Burney thought it "insufferably impertinent to be thus dragged into print" by a paragraph in the newspapers. "Miss Burney, the sprightly writer of the elegant novel *Evelina*, is now domesticated with Mrs. Thrale, in the same manner that Miss More is with Mrs. Garrick, and Mrs. Carter with Mrs. Montagu."

Horace Walpole appears to have had a genuine admiration for Hannah More, and to have endeavoured to avoid shocking her by modifying his ordinary worldly tone in her presence.

In 1784 she thought she had discovered a poetic genius, in her milk-woman, whose poems she edited, and raised £600 for her benefit. Mrs. Montagu believed that the study of the Bible had raised a dairymaid above Pindar, and became trustee with Hannah More for the money. Though Sir William Pepys took the liberty of questioning the genuineness of this heaven-born genius, he sent two guineas to be spent on her behalf, and begged that in all Hannah More's other beneficent works, she would "take him in tow with her, towards Heaven." The subsequent ingratitude of the milk-woman is well known; she declared her benefactress was envious of her talents, and accused

her of theft, because she would not give her the capital of the money raised on her behalf.

Hannah More was a sincere friend to the cause of the Greeks. She wrote, "What an afflicting sight to behold a nation the very nursery of all our learning and science, so gallantly struggling to emancipate itself from the worst of slavery, and from untoward political circumstances, not one national arm in Europe stretched out to save her. If this had been predicted a few years ago, it would not have been believed."

On the day I made this extract, I attended a meeting to raise funds for the present sufferers in Macedonia, and the apathetic feeling of the average Englishman with regard to these perpetually recurring troubles amongst the Balkan nations, as described by the speakers, reminded me of the half-hearted sympathy, for the sake of their past, expressed in Sir William Pepys' answer to Hannah More.

"Though I do not believe that one out of twenty of the present inhabitants of Greece, are descended from the ancient Greeks, and though their character is considerably worse than that of the Turks, I cannot withhold my mite from their assistance if only from 'l'Amour de Grec.' I have derived so much pleasure from some of their writers."

Sir William Pepys found the classical allusions he was so fond of were going out of fashion. "As to the common intercourse of life," he wrote to Hannah More, "it seems to me, that I might as well have walked up and down St. James' Street all my life with Florio, for any use that literature is of, in conversation; but it is my great delight when *alone* and that is of much more consequence."

"Florio" is one of Hannah More's poems, of which the following is a short extract :—

"Florio, a youth of gay renown,
Who figur'd much about the town,
Had pass'd with general approbation,
The modish forms of education ;

Knew what was proper to be known,
 Th' establish'd jargon of Bon-ton ;
 Had learnt, with very moderate reading,
 The whole new system of good breeding :
 He studied to be cold and rude,
 Though native feeling would intrude : ”

.

Then we are told the cause of his misfortunes, for Florio—

“ Was handsome, generous ; but by fate,
 Predestin'd to a large estate !
 Hence, all that grac'd his op'ning days,
 Was marr'd by pleasure, spoilt by praise.

.

He thought the World to him was known,
 Whereas he only knew the Town ;
 In men this blunder still you find,
 All think their little set—Mankind.

.

His mornings were not spent in vice,
 'Twas lounging, sauntering, eating ice ;
 Walk up and down St. James's Street,
 Full fifty times the youth you'd meet ;
 He hated cards, detested drinking,
 But stroll'd to shun the toil of thinking ;
 'Twas *doing nothing* was his curse,
 Is there a vice can plague us worse ?

Dr. Kennicott, Bishop Horne, Bishop Porteus, and Wilberforce were amongst Hannah More's friends. Cobbett delighted in her tracts and helped to circulate them in America ; they led to the foundation of the Religious Tract Society. In one she described an exemplary parish priest, who lived on a shilling a day, never complained of hunger, and rejoiced that only three of his children were under five years of age.

The cause of slavery was the bond of union between herself, Mr. Wilberforce, and Mr. Macaulay, with whose son, afterwards Lord Macaulay, she had mentally fought the

battles of Homer when he was a child of six. He afterwards showed his affection for her by refusing to write about her in the *Edinburgh Review*. She did not carry out her original intention of leaving him her library, through dissatisfaction with his religious views. Twelve gentlemen went one night to Barley Wood and carried her off, when the misdoings of her old and trusted servants had reached a climax; she said they had forced her to seek a refuge amongst strangers, and to "exchange eight pampered minions, for four sober servants." The following extract from a letter written by her to Sir William Weller Pepys' eldest son in 1826, gives an account of her domestic troubles:—

"The occasion of quitting my darling abode at Barley Wood was occasioned by a sudden and accidental discovery of the atrocities which were carrying on in my family every night after I was in bed. I grieve for the honour of human nature to say that the ringleader had lived with me 26 years; the Coachman eighteen and so on. "At ten o'clock as soon as I was in bed, and I thought they were so too, their party from the village arrived and they all sat down to the nightly festivity, consisting of game (if it was to be had at any price), or a Turkey, or ducks. Tea with the finest pastry covered a large table, my silver forks, Candlesticks, &c., rum brandy or gin followed during the greatest part of the night; they not only went to bed shockingly intoxicated, but I have known them go to bed before dinner with a second drunkenness, palmed on me for a bad head ach. When the festivity was to be particularly grand, and a band of music attended, the supper was celebrated in my Coachhouse, my doors of course left open—and poor I asleep. As I had not been down stairs for years, I knew nothing that passed there. My friends thought all was not right, but kindly tho' imprudently kept it from me: I found my expenses immense; but was imposed upon by false tradesmen's Bills. I immediately

resolved to quit the place. To turn them away would have been useless, as they had built and planted little spots of their own and I must have seen them from my windows."

Letter from Sir William Pepys to Hannah More.

"Friday, 9 May, 1783.

"You may depend upon it that I am never more in earnest than when I express the pleasure which I feel in yours, and Mrs. Garrick's company. On Friday I am engag'd the whole day; but on *Thursday*, tho' I cannot have the honor of waiting on Mrs. Garrick at dinner, I shall be very happy to be admitted, at as early an hour as Seven o'clock in the evening, and shall have great pleasure in passing two or three hours *comfortably*, in that sort of conversation, which is often an agreeable mixture of reading and talking. But allow me to suggest one hint, which is, that no party of that sort ever *goes off* well, where any thing more is *expected* than the most common and ordinary conversation: Books, like Wit, must come in by accident.

"*A propos*,—Pray tell me if you know of any book which contains striking passages of the History of England, told in an entertaining manner, and likely to catch the attention of my little boy? He now occupies a very large share of my thoughts, and you will oblige me very much, if you can suggest any thing by which I can improve his head, or his heart, without diminishing the enjoyment of his playful days which alas can never return, and therefore shall not, (if I can help it) be imbitter'd by me. I wish we cou'd meet oftener—I have an hundred things in which I want to avail myself of your talents and observation, if you did not keep me so at arm's length. But I shall see you on Thursday, and that is some comfort. My best



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Walker & Cockerell.

HANNAH MORE.

After a Portrait (in the National Portrait Gallery) by H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.

compliments wait on Mrs. Garrick, and I need not tell you that I am

“Very much yours

“W. W. PEPYS.”

“Wimpole Street.

“You *would* have laughed if you cou’d have been present yesterday at our dear Mrs. Vesey’s, who had assembled a very agreeable party to meet you and Mrs. Garrick at dinner. What a *bonne* fortune for me to have another pleasant day with you both, after I had taken (as I thought) my farewell, and had nothing more to live upon, but the recollection of those delightful hours we passed at Hampton! We look’d and look’d and look’d again; most wistfully out of the window, partly from the hope of seeing *your* coach and partly from the hope of seeing *our* dinner; at last, upon the clock striking *five* Mrs. Vesey began to think it possible that there might have been some mistake, tho’ upon recollection, she was sure there cou’d *not*, because your message was in writing, and therefore it must have been in the delivery of her answer: at last, for greater certainty, and to convince herself and all of us that you had promis’d to dine there yesterday, being the 12th, she produced your note in which you say expressly that you will dine there the 19th, and add, that you were going out of town for a week the morning after your note, which was dated the 10th. This discovery having been made most miraculously soon after Five, nothing remain’d but for *Mr.* Vesey to order up dinner, and for *Mrs.* Vesey to express her joy that she shou’d have *two* parties instead of *one*. In this joy I partook very sincerely, for it was accompanied with an invitation to meet you both next Thursday, which, whether I declin’d or not, I leave you to guess. I am in some hopes too that we shall have Miss Hamilton, with whom I feel myself more acquainted from one day at Hampton, than from twenty accidental meetings in

London : indeed to say the truth, that said day at Hampton has made a very deep impression upon me, and I do not think that I pay too great a compliment to my own sagacity when I say that I am persuaded nothing will ever efface the sentiments of regard and respect with which, in that short time, I was impressed for our charming hostess [Mrs. Garrick]. As to you, I must honestly confess that you got no ground upon me at all, for which (if you think it worth while) you may sit down and cry with poor Alexander. Remember me to *l'aimable Hôtesse* of Glanvilla [Mrs. Delany] you I'm sure will call her so.

"P.S.—While I retain my sensation of tenderness I shall never forget the tone of voice in which I was shewn *The dear horse*, or the attention to the Memory of its Master [David Garrick], which suggested the thought of providing a companion to make its latter days less solitary Adieu."

NOTE.—Hannah More described Mrs. Garrick's return to Hampton, after the death of her husband. "A few intimate friends came with us. Our first entrance was sad enough. 'Dragon' looked as he used to do, and ran up to meet his master. Poor Mrs. Garrick went and shut herself up for half an hour. Not a sigh escapes her that she can restrain. When I expressed my surprise at her self-command, she answered, 'Groans and complaints are very well for those who mourn but a little while, but a sorrow that is to last for life will not be violent and romantic.'" Garrick, she added, had more "particular friends" than any man in England.

"Wimpole Street. June 30th, 1783.

"Don't think me neglectful, forgetful, ungrateful, nor indeed *full* of any thing but sentiments of regard and gratitude for your most obliging present, which has daily suggested to me to return you my best thanks for it, and of business which has as constantly put me off when I was going to take pen in hand. I like your Ode exceedingly, particularly that stanza which ends with :

" 'And give them all a dinner,'

which I think a most elegant, and I doubt not, a very just compliment.

“We had a very agreeable day at Hampton, where I leave you to guess, whether you was thought of with any regret or not. It was propos’d that I shou’d drink your health and that of my little boy in the same glass, as I nam’d one for a toast, and Mrs. Walsingham the other, and I need not say that it did not want the recommendation of being very good champaign, to make it go down very pleasantly: But you will know enough by others of how much you was wish’d for, and of what was said of you by the burning glow of your ears during the greater part of that day, I shall therefore say no more about it, but hasten to thank you for what I receiv’d as a very great compliment, I mean the permission which you gave Miss Hamilton to communicate your new honours only to Mrs. Carter and *me*. I congratulate you upon them very sincerely, as I know you are not coxcomb enough, to affect to despise such a testimony to your merit from so learned and respectable a Body of Foreigners: * nor am I less pleas’d with it because it has been *once* before conferr’d upon a lady, for tho’ it be less *striking* than if it had never been conferr’d on any other Lady, yet that Lady having been Madame du Boccage it carries with it a proof that it is not an *ordinary* portion of Merit which cou’d have obtain’d it. I value myself very much upon my liberality of soul in being able thus to congratulate you, so sincerely when it wou’d be more natural for one of my sex to look with an eye of envy upon a Female Head crown’d with Bays: Indeed if things go on at this rate, I must never more venture to repeat the beginning of my favourite passage :

“ ‘Too well I know in the prime end of nature
Her th’ inferior, in the mind and inward powers.’

* Hannah More was made a member of a learned society at Rouen.

The day at Hampton on Saturday (when by the bye I cou'd not help thinking how much honour Mrs. Garrick did to the Memory of her husband by the kind and hospitable manner in which she receiv'd us) has produc'd another invitation for the next Saturday to Strawberry Hill, where you stand some chance of being thought of once more: From thence I am to be carried off between Mrs. Walsingham and Miss Hamilton (by which you see that neither will suffer in their reputation) to Thames Ditton [Mrs. Walsingham's], and hope to pass two days with them in all the luxury of elegant idleness. But what a provoking circumstance it is, that just as I have succeeded in diminishing that distance at which you have kept me for these two or three years you shou'd take your flight and cut me off from every opportunity of improving the little advantage of approach which I have so long been attempting to gain! Remember however that I hold you on this account exceedingly oblig'd to make me ample amends, when you return to town, and that I never will be put back again to my former distance. Adieu."

NOTE.—Hannah More received instructions from a gentleman who was a Chevalier de la Maltière de l'ordre de St. Louis, in what manner she was to write to the whole academy collectively; and what was worse, her letter of thanks was to be in French, and was to be transcribed and preserved in the archives of the Academy. "There is no greater danger," she said, "in this uncertain world than that a head that is only tolerably reasonable should be turned with the honours and glory of it. Heaven, however, often, by some interfering providence prevents it. The very day on which I received *Mes Pancartes Academiciennes*, I was taken ill of a fever, from which, by the aid of blistering, and the whole medical artillery, I am quite recovered."

"Wimpole Street. Tuesday, July 29, 1783.

"Very clever, witty, pleasant and playful, I like it [Hannah More's 'Bas Bleu'] excessively, and have read it over and over again with fresh pleasure. By great good luck your ingenious Malice was disappointed, and instead of plaguing us both, you procured us a very great and

unexpected pleasure in reading it over together on Monday in Wimpole Street. I am at a loss to point out what I like best in it, as it is *full* of the best humour'd wit, and most elegant compliment: but what made the greatest impression on my fancy, was that *admirable* turn of giving Mrs. Vesey the preference to any Philosopher who shou'd *square* the *Circle* [an allusion to Mr. Vesey's dread of sitting in a circle, see Vol. I. p. 53]: I am sure every body will say of that, as Lord Mount Edgcumbe said of Mrs. Walsingham's Epigram: 'That he was sure he had made it himself, but had forgot it.' To prevent the *possibility* of Mrs. Vesey's knowing the hand, Mrs. Pepys transcrib'd it, and sent her the copy. Miss Hamilton and I have had a long piece of casuistry together; I say, that as I had no injunction against giving a copy, I see no reason why I might not delight Mrs. Montagu, or Mrs. Walsingham, and the chosen few now at Burleigh with a sight of it; but Miss Hamilton has rais'd in me such scruples of conscience, that much as I shou'd like to give Mrs. Walsingham and her friends pleasure, I dread so much giving you any cause of complaint that I have not ventur'd to do it. Miss Hamilton says I ought first to ask your leave; but I tell her that upon these occasions I think the asking leave is as absurd as if I were to ask her leave to give her a kiss, to be sure she must say *No*, but at the same time, must say to herself 'Why the deuce did not the Blockhead *take* it?'

"As to suggesting any corrections, I do assure you in sober sadness, that I am the very worst fellow in the world to apply to; for either I am so delighted with a composition, as not to be able to consider it critically, or else I take so little pleasure in it, as not to think it worth the pains of criticism: which of the two, is the case with me at present, I leave you to guess. One or two things however occur'd to me while reading it, which I will mention while I think of it—

" 'To you,
Boscawen sage, bright Montagu,

Tho' you rely upon the *comma* at the end of the line, it appears too much like 'to you Boscawen sage,' and therefore it must have the copulative *and*, as thus :

“‘To you,
Boscawen, and bright Montagu,
Divided fell—’

We were also doubtful, whether as you had mention'd Cato, Hortensius, Cataline, Lentulus and Roscius, from some resemblance of *character*, not of *Name*, and have before introduc'd *Walpole* in his *own* name, whether, I say, the calling him afterwards *Horace* is quite a *piece* with the idea which suggested the other names? but this I mention rather to give you the most *decisive proof of my integrity* than any other reason, because it is the line in the whole which *I* like best as it stands. Your never-failing gratitude in first mentioning Roscius [Garrick], is delightful, added to a *thousand* other traits in it, serve greatly to increase the regard and admiration of your highly honour'd and oblig'd

“LELIUS.

“We go on Saturday to Tunbridge.”

NOTE.—In this letter Sir William, with the “shrewdness and drollery” described by Fanny Burney, seems to have been irresistibly impelled to try and shock Hannah More, whose austerities had apparently become very marked. His illustration was also probably intended as a hit at Miss Hamilton, the fascinating niece of Sir William Hamilton, who appears to have invited remarks, which are seldom made, except where they are sure of a good reception. Mr. Montagu said “he could not bear looking at her, there was something so disagreeably languishing in her eyes!”

“Have you got any charming poem ready upon Miss Hamilton and her *Fly*? I shou'd certainly have written the best I cou'd if I had not been afraid of your writing a much better. It is so good a subject, that you cannot be excus'd; fifty gallant things occur upon the moment, if one was not a Master in Chancery, and had not long since forsworn all poetry. When are we to have a *tête-à-tête*



THE GALLERY AT MONTAGU HOUSE, PORTMAN SQUARE, NOW THE
RESIDENCE OF VISCOUNT PORTMAN.

upon the revision of 'Bas Bleu'? If you come to town before the 17th inst., pray let me engage you and Mrs. Garrick for that evening. You will find many of your friends here, Miss Cadogan won't let me in; I wish she wou'd, for I like her company; but it is not once in an age that I can call in a morning. If you can think of anything that is likely to ingratiate me with Mrs. Garrick, and give her an idea how much I respect and admire her, pray say, and do it, for me. Adieu.

"It is lucky for me that I thought of it in time, and that I did not proceed to re-echo every syllable which you have said about Dryden too, whom I admire, as much as any of his warmest advocates, for what is really admirable in him, but whom (in fact) I seldom take up, if Shakespear, Homer, Virgil, Horace, or even the poor *Versifier* Pope happens to lie near him.

"So it was *you* at last to whom I am indebted for the delicious Tears I shed over the Poem! I have been carrying about my thanks ever since I read it, as one carries about a guinea in a piece of paper, quite sure that I ow'd them to somebody, but not being able to recollect to whom: Indeed I was charm'd with the first epistle beyond measure, and had a proof of its powers from the effect which I saw it have upon Mrs. Chapone, Mr. Mulso, Mrs. Burrows &c. As to the fault to which you allude, tho' in general I consider myself as having too *much* delicacy of that sort for a man, yet when I hear anything so unexceptionable as this appears to be, attack'd upon that ground, I begin to suspect that I have neither eyes nor ears for the divine mysteries of Saint-like Chastity, but that I am one of Milton's imbodied and imbruted spirits: I have more than once got into scrapes of this kind with you ladies from a want of sufficient refinement, tho' with the most perfect innocence imaginable, and have sometimes thought of adopting the little boy's expedient, who inquir'd of a lady how her *hand* did? My hand (my

dear) says she, it was my *elbow*, you know, which I hurt ; Yes, madam, says the boy, I know *that*, but my Mama tells me I must never talk of any thing about a lady which I do not see, and I never saw your elbow. I am however most sincerely oblig'd to you for recommending this work to me, and wish that in return I cou'd answer your enquiry after some book to read, as much to your satisfaction. I have been running my eye over a book lately which has afforded *me* very great pleasure 'Les Viellés du Chateau,' by Mme. de Genlis ; but I shou'd distrust myself in recommending it to you, because I suppose a great part of the pleasure which I deriv'd from it was owing to the delight which I foresaw my boy wou'd soon have in reading it, and from finding it so perfectly unexceptionable and entertaining, which to say the truth it *was* full as much to *me*, as it ever can be to Him.

"As I had read most of Coxe's Russia, and did not bring hither Cook's Voyage, I have had the curiosity within these few days to look into Harris's 'Philosophical Arrangements' which if you have any delight in Metaphysical Abstraction is so far a valuable work, as it gives you some idea of those speculations for which (among other things) the name of Aristotle is plac'd so high in the Temple of Fame ; but Mrs. Montagu was so wicked in the beginning of last Winter to make an observation upon Metaphysicks, that I shall never be able to get out of my head, and which haunts me through all the Predicaments, viz. That metaphysical researches put her in mind of the old Riddle, 'A room full, and a house full, but nobody can catch an handful !'

"Pray tell Mrs. Montagu that she has done me great mischief in my metaphysical speculations by telling me this ; for that several times within this week when I thought that I had just caught hold of *Primary Matter* by the nape of the neck, the thought of this has made me laugh, and let it slip out of my fingers. I wish you had

told me where to find Warton's enthusiast; I shall hunt through Dodsley for it the first lounge which I take at the Book seller's, tho' as I am so far remov'd from the Wells (over which I look clear away upon a most delightful country) it seldom happens that I have much time to bestow upon the Pantiles; but as the finding this, is an object, it will probably carry me down there once the oftener. Pray remember me in the kindest manner to Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Garrick, and my excellent young friend at Sandleford, and tell Mrs. Montagu that nothing but compassion upon her prevents my troubling her with letters, as I love to hear from her beyond measure, but as I know that so many people have claims upon her for letters added to those which she must necessarily write upon business, it is more than I fear is often consistent with her health. Adieu, my dear Madam, and whenever you are dispos'd to talk about any of our topicks, be so good as to remember that there is a friend upon Mount Ephraim whose mind is very much in unison with yours. There's impudence for you."

"Tunbridge Wells. 13 August, 1783.

"Thanks for your license, but a fig for your restrictions, tho' I certainly shall not transgress them without your leave. But when you *must* know, that not only every reading and writing Miss at Margate has got a copy of your verses [the 'Bas Bleu'], but that the copies are by this time dispers'd over every part of the Kingdom (many I dare say sent from thence to Bristol Wells) to all their correspondents, what possible reason cou'd there be to lay me, or any one of your friends, under any restraint? I certainly did not transcribe them *myself*, (I wish I had been half as agreeably employ'd) but Mrs. Pepys did, and her copy was sent to Mrs. Vesey.

The company in which you plac'd me did me so much honour, that I am extremely unwilling to part with my

Colleague ; [Horace Walpole] but agree with you that if I *must* be separated from *him* you cou'd not have thought of a better substitute : However I am desirous of keeping *him* if I can, tho' it shou'd put you to the expence of a Triplett, for the sake of hooking them both in. You wou'd have been entertained with Miss Hamilton's eagerness and curiosity to discover who Lelius was : She did not know the distinguishing trait of my being such a constant attendant upon Mrs. Siddons, nor perhaps my passion for good Society (tho' I think she must have discover'd somewhat of it at Hampton) and therefore I had a fine opportunity of teasing her by telling her that Lelius had had the happiness of conversing with her, was her admirer, &c. &c. *Atticus* is an admirable name for Langton both in respect to his moderation and impartiality about Political Questions, and also because he is, and wishes to be, distinguish'd for his *Greek* literature, but you must (if you can) make a Trio of us.

“ Don't think I abuse the liberty which your liberality has allow'd, much less that I make use of it for a *Cloak of Maliciousness* but I do not like *Frequent* in that place, not to mention that I fear to *steal*, and to *steal away*, are not always exactly the same thing. Might I venture without presumption to offer this to your confederation.

“ Save when his sympathetick tear
Falls o'er the sad Calista's Bier,
Drops lost
Or shares the woes of Belvidere.

“ I have read the Poem over *twenty* times, and really think it a composition of very *first rate* merit in its kind. The last time I read it I made a little q. against every thing that in the least struck me as capable of being improv'd, and as you have quite establish'd your character with me for that most rare indication of a great Mind, the hearing without offence any line or word pointed out

for alteration, I have run the risk of putting them (as you desir'd) upon a piece of paper as they occur'd ; and if you find that you begin to dislike me for it, repent of the sensation as soon as you can, and reinstate me in your favour from recollecting the assurance which I gave you that you are almost the *only* person with whom I was ever hardy enough to try the experiment.

"There is a Mrs. Mary Barwell who says that she had given you an invitation to pass the summer with her at Brighton : I told her that she must stay here, and I would write instantly to you to pay your visit to her *here* : she says she will stay *any* where to have your company, but seems in doubt between this place and Brighthelmstone. Poor Lady Dartrey is come exceedingly ill, but is getting better ; I shall give her (I know) a very high entertainment by shewing her your verses, as you know she was the first who told us the appellation of the 'Bas Bleu,' and was so highly diverted with it.

"With respect to the *Guardian* No. 40, *Donnez vous le violon !* for here is Dr. Blair lying before me who writes thus, 2nd vol. of his Lectures on the belles lettres, page 349.

"'In some papers of the *Guardian* great partiality was shewn to Philipps, and high praise bestow'd upon him : Mr. Pope resenting this preference ; under a *feign'd name* procur'd a paper to be inserted in the *Guardian*, wherein he seemingly carries on the Plan of extolling Philipps, but in reality satirizes him most severely, with *ironical Praises*, and in an artful cover'd manner, gives the palm to himself, See *Guardian* No. 40.'

"I have transcrib'd this under the notion of your not having read it, nor having perhaps the Book just at hand : but suppose all this while that you *shou'd* have read this, and have only *pretended* to differ with others upon the real meaning of that number in the *Guardian* for the sake of trying whether your New Friend (who lives in hopes of

becoming an Old One) cou'd distinguish (as the saying is) *A sheep's head from a Carrot?* Why then I have only to say, as Turenne did when a brother General had wak'd him in the dead of the night with the News of the Enemy's attack, in order to try whether he wou'd be disconcerted, and told him, when he found that He was not, that it was only a joke, 'Since I have lost no credit with you, I will not be angry; what might have been the consequence, *if I had*, I will not say.'

"I wish you was here; you cannot think how pleasantly I pass my time, and how much *more* pleasantly I shou'd pass it if you wou'd come. I rise at six, read or write till twelve. Get delightful rides. Come home very hungry. Walk out with Eliza and children to fly their kite till near dark. Take an hour of the best chat I can get in the rooms, and home to bed soon after ten. 'Hece est vita solutorum misera ambitione graviqr, His me consolor, victurum suavius, ac si Quæstor Ego censorqr simul consulque fuissem.'

But I want a little bit more *blue*, so pray come to this Mrs. Barwell, and we will read over the verses together for I can only send you what may strike some as the blemishes; if I was to transcribe the *beauties* (notwithstanding my frank) the packet wou'd be so much above weight that you wou'd have a great deal to pay.

"Do you know that I am quite angry with myself when I reflect how much time I have lost in getting acquainted with you, and am out of all patience to think how long I have been bowing at you, without ever having had an opportunity of availing myself of your society. Nay, had it not been for Mrs. Garrick's asking me that day to Hampton (for which a thousand blessings be upon Her) I should have known no more of you, than if you had been a contemporary with Sappho; but I am determin'd not to let you go *now*, and therefore have had the impudence to inclose you another cover directed to myself.

"Now I think of it, pray let me *recant* a little of my pert criticism, 'to you, Boscawen sage' is not at all mended by my propos'd alteration tho' it *does* want a Copulative, and besides I cannot bear to deprive her of an epithet, she so highly deserves '*Detrahere haerentem multa cum laude coronam.*'

"If they don't bring dinner I shall never leave off writing, because it puts one so much in mind of *talking* to you, and you recollect I believe that I was not easily tir'd with *that*. I don't venture to recommend 'Blair's Lectures' (in *case* you should not have read them) because I have begun only in the Second Vol. and not made any great progress in that ; but as far as relates to Poetry I think you will be pleas'd with him ; except that after saying in 2 Vol. p. 254, 'that in point of poetical fire and original genius *Milton* and *Shakespeare* are inferior to no Poets in any age,' he says in page 257 that in Epic Poetry *Homer* and *Virgil* to this day, stand not *withiu many degrees* of any Rival. Does not this seem a little like a Contradiction ? At least is it not rather too hard upon *Milton* ? Pray tell me a little about these *Jardius de Lisle*. I have not yet seen them ; and was so overwhelm'd with *unpoetical* engagements before I left London, that I came away without getting them. I want your assistance in suggesting some book for my little boy : He is five and a quarter : Miss *Hamilton* has furnished us with 'Mrs. Trimmer,' which is excellent, but now exhausted. I have begun this morning to let him learn 'Now came still evening on.' He learns every day six or eight verses, but it is difficult to find *good* ones adapted to his years : *You* can help me much in these matters, if you will. Pray tell Mrs. Boscawen to let me know as soon as she comes to Lady Smith's. Adieu."

NOTE.—"Mrs. Barbauld, next to Mrs. Trimmer, was the authoress of the most useful books for children ; in this she began a new walk, which has since been well cultivated."

"As you are so well acquainted with my disgust for moderate Poetry, you will take it as a greater compliment to your 'Bas Bleu,' than any that I can convey in words, that I am jealous of any line being left in it which does not appear of a piece with the correctness and elegance of the whole. I do not conceive therefore that I stand in need of any apology for the freedom with which I shall request you to *touch up* some of those lines which you were so good as to communicate to me on Saturday. . . .

* * * * *

"These are my crude thoughts upon reading them in their present state, and did I not think the rest of the Poem a most *exquisite* performance (and I speak after having read it above fifty times) I would not run the risk of disgusting you with my pedantic scruples. Such *cold-blooded* remarks must appear intolerable to one of your fine, warm imagination, but it is the business of a friend upon these occasions to be as cool, as it is that of the Poet to be warm and animated. Were I less interested about your poetical Fame I shou'd have been less nice in my criticism. After all, I feel that I am a fool for risking my station in your good graces after having been wise enough for 40 years to refuse ever to look at any composition with a view to criticising; but I have been drawn into it by my confidence in your good sense, from the specimen you gave me of it at Hampton. Best compliments to Mrs. Garrick."

"Tunbridge Wells, September 21, 1783.

"Though I am much afraid that I frighten'd you by the unconcionable length of my letter on the 12th of last month, yet as our Friend, Mrs. Boscawen tells me that she is going to write to you in a cover, and offers me a place in it, I cannot resist the temptation of thanking you for those exquisitely beautiful lines upon attention, which you was

so good as to send me by Miss Hamilton, and which make such an admirable conclusion to the charming 'Bas Bleu,'

"Mute angel ! yes thy looks dispense
The silence of Intelligence."

are beyond all praise, and form such a picture that as soon as I see Mrs. Walsingham I shall request of her to paint attention from your beautiful design. I have had the greatest success in disseminating your fame among some very good judges at this place, to whom I have read the 'Bas Bleu' with uncommon affect; and every creature, whose opinion was worth collecting, has agreed with me in thinking it a Performance of very extraordinary merit: Lady Dartrey is charm'd with it; and as she had not seen the lines upon attention, I thought myself very fortunate in being the first to communicate them to her; with regard to copies, I have never suffer'd a line of it to be copied by anybody, except those lines upon attention which I cou'd not refuse to Lady Dartrey.

"Pray come either to London or near it before the Vertigo with which everybody is infected after the birthday, and give me an opportunity of telling you, as soon as may be in person how much.

"I am,

"Yours,

"W. W. PEPYS."

NOTE.—Sir William Pepys read the "Bas Bleu" one evening in 1783 at his own house, to Sir Lucas Pepys, and Lady Rothes, Mrs. Ord, Fanny Burney, and Hawkins Browne: Miss Burney longed to ask for a copy to send to Twickenham, but did not dare, there were some new lines added on wit and attention. Pepys insisted that Fanny Burney had sat for the portrait of attention.

"Tunbridge Wells, Friday, 10th Oct., 1783.

"Our letters cross'd each other on the road, but by no means at an equal distance from us, for no sooner had Mrs.

Boscawen carried off my letter in her chaise, than I was favour'd with yours by one of those gentlemen who Mme. de Sevigné observes are so obliging as to '*Se faire crotter jusqu'aux yeux*' to keep up the Intercourse of Friends at a distance. I desire you will not take the trouble of *transcribing* the 'Bas Bleu,' as I promise myself a very pleasant hour or two with you in looking it over together as soon as we can meet; and, *transcribing* must to *you* be a dreadful task! I wish I knew *when* to expect you: you lose the most *sociable* month in London by not coming till after Christmas: exclusive of the real pleasure I have receiv'd from the 'Bas Bleu,' you cannot imagine the degree of *Consequence* it has given me with some very agreeable people here; and how much I have risen in their estimation upon telling them that *I* was the first person who saw it, and that *I* wou'd read it to them, but that no copy of it cou'd possibly be given.

"Be so good as to remember, that when I put a *Question* to *you* upon any subject of Literature, it is really because I want to have your sentiments upon it, and not for the purpose of filling a Letter. This observation applies only to the *future*, because I am not in the least surpriz'd that a Question in my former letter shou'd have escap'd you; indeed I rather wonder that (all things consider'd) you did not forget you had ever receiv'd any such letter at all: The question was, whether you cou'd suggest any book which contains short extracts from the Poets adapted to the understanding of my little boy? At present he learns every day a description of some natural object of *sight*, viz. the Sun, Moon, Stars, Morning, Evening &c. &c. which he understands quite well enough to cite often, very much to the purpose. I ask'd you your opinion whether the learning fine passages so *early* might not make him afterwards indifferent to them? If this shou'd not be the case, I think much advantage may be deriv'd from an *early* habit of considering every object of nature in the beautiful

representations of them which have been given by our best Poets: & seeing all that surrounds him *en beau*, which is surely of itself no small blessing. I don't know whether this appears to you trifling; and I rather distrust myself when I am either writing or talking about my Boy, for I take such *delight* in the child, that nothing seems uninteresting to me which in any degree affects the cultivation of his mind; and therefore I know you will excuse me if I try to avail myself of the lights which such a mind as *yours* may give me, upon the subject. The worst of those extracts which I have hitherto made for him is, that they are rather too *grave* for his years: He tells me that he wants something more *funny*; but then all that I can find which is *funny*, is not quite so free (as I cou'd wish) from the taint of indecency.

"Do you then enjoy this delicious weather in reading and riding, and will you tell me, not where you ride, but what you read? I have gone through a Vol. of 'Blair's Lectures,' and four *Quarto* volumes of Henry's 'Hist. of England,' which has pleas'd and instructed me very much. At present I am employed upon nothing more serious than Mme. de Sevigné and Ariosto. I get such *delicious* rides in these fine mornings, and then shut myself up with Mme. de Sevigné and Ariosto in the evening in such a manner as to make the morning and evening compose most delightful days.

"I think it most probable that I shall stay here till the 5th of November, when alas I must return to the wrangling of Lawyers, and exchange my exhilarating rides and luxurious reading, for noise, sin, seacoal, and parchment, but *en attendant*, I feel quite overflowing with gratitude for the happiness I have enjoy'd here for these ten weeks; my family and self quite well, *as yet* protected from all those miseries, which 'Flesh is heir to!' God grant me a *continuance* of it! Adieu! Tho' I love your letters as the next best thing to your company, yet I

beseech you not to write unless you shou'd happen to be in the *humour* for it."

The allusion to Charles Fox's Twelfth Night, at the beginning of the next letter, has been thus explained by Mr. Horace Dawkins, who has kindly looked up the Debate which took place in the House on January 12, 1784.

"It was the time of Pitt's India Bill, which he introduced on the following Wednesday, Jan. 14th. The 12th itself was occupied with a series of motions by Fox against the Government, of which the chief one was, 'that it is the opinion of this Committee that in the present situation of His Majesty's Dominions, it is peculiarly necessary that there should be an administration which has the confidence of this House and the Public.' Fox carried all his motions, but did not move Pitt. In one of the speeches Dundas attacked Fox on the ground that *his* Bill had been an 'experiment of the Right Hon. Gentleman, with a view to put the crown on his own head, and grasp a degree of influence which would raise him to an eminence superior to that of the sovereign.' It seems, however, doubtful whether Fox really had more hopes of getting rid of his rival that day, than any other about that period."

"Sunday, 11th January, 1784.

"N.B.—To-morrow is said to be Charles Fox's *Twelfth* Day, when he will *chuse* King and Queen.

"What can you be about, that you don't come to town now that Christmas has been over so long? I hope you heard that I was at your door (the only time I cou'd learn any tidings of your being in town) to thank you for your charming letter, and to desire that you wou'd not leave me off, when you shou'd come to be surrounded by all the *Beaux Esprits* of this metropolis: I shall be desperate jealous, and I suppose hate many people exceedingly in

the course of the Winter, with whom I am at present upon exceeding good terms, if I see that they make any great advances in your favour, or if I find that you go to their houses, and send excuses to mine.

"I am just now in the midst of '*Les Jardins*' and don't think that any thing wou'd have tempted me to lay it out of my hand, but the pleasure of writing to you: I shou'd have written before, to thank you for your very obliging and entertaining letter, had I not flatter'd myself with the hope of doing it in person; but you stay so long, that I begin to dread the possibility of your not having heard that I was at your door for that purpose, and conceiving all the Indignation that arises in a female breast upon being suffer'd *mal à propos* to have the *last word*: by the way, you ladies are very extraordinary creatures in that respect, for sometimes you are determined at all events to have the *last word*, and at other times nothing can offend you so much as to let you have it—I have sometimes thought that it depends upon the occasion.

"As you *will* have nothing more worthy of me to give, and of you to receive, than my old worn out copy of the Pleasures of the Imagination, I send it you in *exact conformity* to your request. As it was unbound, I was oblig'd to have it decently cover'd, which is the reason of your not having receiv'd it sooner, for the Binder, not conceiving it *possible* that I meant to send such an old worn out copy as a present, took great pains to meet with another, which it seems is become very scarce, and was not a little surpriz'd when I rejected *his* spruce copy, and insisted upon my own being bound: In revenge for which treatment, he has squeez'd mine so unmercifully, that he has made *Duplicates* of many of the Pencil marks."

"Mount Ephraim. 8 August, 1784. Tunbridge Wells.

"There is often a certain degree of Profanation, as well as unfaithfulness, of which the mind is perfectly conscious,

tho' no laws and no censure (but its own) can ever reach it: of such a kind of profanation shou'd I have been conscious, had I suffer'd myself to answer your *delightful* Letter in the midst of wrangling, dissonance and chicanery with which I have of late been surrounded, and from which I did not escape till ten o'clock on Saturday night: But now, that I am happily plac'd on this delicious Hill, that I have a fine extensive Prospect in all the luxuriant beauty of the Country before my eyes, and have made the long wish'd for exchange of Town-habits and Town-ideas for country-thoughts and country-pleasures, *that* of expressing to you my gratitude for your friendly remembrance of me occurs to my mind as one of the first in which I wish to indulge myself, not as discharging a debt, but as acknowledging a favour.

"With respect to the Old Romance, I cannot speak of it, as I never read a syllable in that way, having been initiated from the first in real life and manners, *after* which I conceive it is impossible to rise or descend to the other without absolute disgust: I wish indeed that I had read some books in that way at a time of life when they might have given me pleasure, as I well remember my dear and admirable Friend, Lord Lyttelton, used to speak of them in the same terms of approbation as your gay and gallant Admirer, General Oglethorpe: but then I apprehend they must be administered in the proper season; and their effect upon the morals of our Countrymen (may I add *Countrywomen*?) was evidently much better than that of modern Romances. By connecting with the passion of Love, every sentiment of honor, courage and generosity, the old romances had no doubt a great tendency to elevate that passion, which it has been the business of the modern romance to debase: and as works of *imagination*, I do not doubt that they are excellent; but tho' I shou'd be sorry that my little boy shou'd not pass through the medium of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, nay that he shou'd not (in a

particular stage of his education) prefer the wild imagination, and the false brilliancy of that Romantick Poet to the chaste, sober, and correct beauties of Virgil, yet if *after* he had once *tasted* the charms of Truth, and Simplicity, he shou'd go *back*, and give a preference to the former, I shou'd consider it as a kind of Apostacy. I most sincerely lament that I did not read Ariosto at the time of life when it might have taken hold of my imagination, which from the Trial I made of it last year at this place I am persuaded it never will now, not because it is not good enough, but because my Mind is not open enough to such impressions, as I experienced most wofully not long ago with regard to Sinbad the Sailor, whose exploits in fishing up diamonds with raw beef steaks was at one time of my life the very delight of my heart ; but now, alas, those delights are no more ! yet why shou'd I repine ? since tho' I have lost my relish for Sinbad's beef steaks I can feast, with the most exquisite Epicurism, upon Amelia's fowl and egg sauce.

"*A propos* to Ariosto, when I say of him *in general* that I had lost my capacity of being pleas'd with him, let me in justice both to him and myself, except that delightful passage where he comes to the spot where Angelica and Medoro had been together : the *possibilities* with which he endeavours to deceive himself, the starting from the Bed, as if he had lain upon a nest of adders. All that passage is truth, nature, passion, and every thing that is most excellent and wonderful ! I wou'd most readily travel from hence to Bristol for the pleasure of reading it with you. But why Bristol ? I recollect that you are even at this time of writing at Sandleford ! My pen drops from my hand at the thought of what blasphemy I have been writing ! What will our good friend Mrs. Montagu say if you shou'd betray me. She whose mind is equally open to the wildest sallies of imagination, and the closest metaphysical reasoning, who can read Hermes and Ariosto

with equal, tho' with different kinds of pleasure. Alas what will *she* say to all my humiliating confessions."

NOTE.—Hannah More had written to Sir William Pepys on July 17, 1784, saying that her gay and gallant friend, General Oglethorpe, lamented her refusal to read the old romances, and assured her that it was the only way to acquire *noble sentiments*. She maintained that she must have *men* and *women* with whom she could feel affections and interests in common, and whose stories, however romantic, contained *probable* adventure, and *possible* perfection. General Oglethorpe had carried his noble sentiments into practice. Burke—whose "wicked eloquence," Hannah More considered, had brought about the mighty American Revolution—told Oglethorpe that "he looked upon him as a more extraordinary person than any he had read of, for he had absolutely called into existence the province of Georgia, and had lived to see it severed from the Empire which created it."

Born in 1689, James Oglethorpe in 1714 was Captain-Licutenant in the first troop of the Queen's Life Guards; but preferring active duty, he served under prince Eugene during several campaigns in Germany and Hungary. In 1722 he became member for Haslemere, and was distinguished in the House more for what he effected, than for what he said, though he spoke frequently and to the point.

General Oglethorpe's prison reforms, though not on such a large scale as Howard's, were of more permanent benefit; for he not only sought to improve the prisons, but found employment for the prisoners after their release.

In 1732 Oglethorpe, and twenty-one associates, obtained a charter to found the colony, for which he had laboured and made as great sacrifice as William Penn had done for Pennsylvania, but he did not desire to perpetuate his name in connection with it, so he called it Georgia in honour of the King. The trustees, who had themselves contributed largely to the scheme, appealed to private charity, and received from Parliament a grant of £10,000. They undertook to submit an annual statement of their accounts to the Lord Chancellor, and no enterprise was ever started upon more honourable principles. A committee was appointed to visit the gaols, and obtain the discharge of debtors, who were worthy of their charity.

On the 16th of November, 1732, one hundred and twenty persons embarked from Gravesend, accompanied by General Oglethorpe, then in the prime of life. He was handsome, tall, manly and dignified, but not austere, and as he possessed ample means to live at ease and gratify every desire, without a thought of the welfare of his fellow-men, his contemporaries considered his enterprise Quixotic. On the arrival of the colonists in the land of their adoption, General Oglethorpe, after a public thanksgiving to God for their safety, told the people, that in after generations, the seed sown by them would bring forth its increase either for good or for evil. He warned them against drunkenness, and declared the importation of spirits to be illegal. He hoped their settlement might prove a blessing, not a curse to the natives. Later on he offered an asylum to some of the persecuted Protestants of Salzburg, and had the colonists instructed in rearing silkworms.



By S. Ireland.

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GENERAL JAMES OGLETHORPE.

Said to be the oldest General in Europe. Sketched from life at the sale of Dr. Johnson's books, February 18, 1785, where the General was reading, without spectacles, a book he had purchased. He remembered to have shot snipe in Conduit Mead, where Conduit Street now stands.

General Oglethorpe undertook the office of Colonial Governor, though he refused to receive any salary; and at the beginning of the American Revolution, being senior officer to Sir William Howe, he was offered the command of the British forces. But he had always declared that "he knew the people of America well; that they never could be subdued by arms, but their obedience would ever be secured by treating them justly." Consequently, agreeably to his own request, the British Government permitted him to remain at home.

When John Adams arrived in London as Ambassador from the United States, General Oglethorpe waited upon him, saying he had come to pay his respects to the first American Ambassador, whom he was very glad to see in England.

Hannah More wrote in 1784, "I have got a new admirer, and we flirt together prodigiously; it is the famous General Oglethorpe, perhaps the most remarkable man of his time. He was foster-brother to the Pretender, and is much above ninety years old; the finest figure of a man you ever saw. He perfectly realizes all my ideas of Nestor. He is quite a *preux chevalier*, heroic, romantic, and full of the old gallantry. His literature is great, his knowledge of the world extensive, and his faculties as bright as ever. He is one of the three persons still living who were mentioned by Pope; Lord Mansfield and Lord Marchmont are the other two. He was the intimate friend of Southern, the tragic poet, and all the wits of his time." In his ninety-fourth year, when Horace Walpole offered to visit him, General Oglethorpe answered, "No, no; I can walk better than you; I will come to you." When upwards of ninety he challenged a neighbouring gentleman for trespassing on his Manor. Samuel Rogers met the General in 1785 at the sale of Dr. Johnson's books, when a sketch was made of him, reading without glasses. He talked of the alterations that had been made in London in his time, and said he had shot snipe in Conduit Street. If the reading of the old romances in any way contributed to make this *beau idéal* of an English gentleman, he has established their claim to elevate their readers, and inspire feelings of "honour, courage, and generosity," which in the twentieth, as in the eighteenth century, unfortunately it is still "the business of the modern romance to debase." He died in 1785.

"Mount Ephraim. Wednesday, 18 Oct., 1784.

"Many thanks, my dear Madam, for your very obliging and entertaining letter. I am rejoic'd at this said Prelude, or Skirmish, between you and our friend Mrs. Montagu; which seems to prognosticate a further increase of intimacy, to you both; and to me, the means of seeing you much oftener; for among the many qualities for which our excellent friend is so justly admirable, one is, that she is so willing to communicate every advantage which she possesses to her friends, and therefore I cannot persuade

myself, that, if she shou'd get you much oftener into the Great House, she will lock you up with her Diamond Sleeve knots and Stomacher in an inner Cabinet, but have no doubt that her friends (and I among the rest) shall be the better for it.

"And now for your poor delightful enthusiast [the poetic milkwoman]. I am charm'd and astonish'd beyond measure, if what you suppose is *really* the case; but the fact is so very extraordinary, that you must not be angry if (accustom'd as I am to suspend my judgement till I have given a point its utmost investigation) I shou'd request of you to dive a little deeper into the real history of her Birth and Education: How came she by that beautiful epithet, 'Hydra headed care'? and the allusion to the gallies in that admirable line 'And listless drops his galling chain to earth'? How came a Milk-Woman to hear that a future state of rewards and punishments had ever been the object of doubt, or who told her (while she was feeding the pigs) that our hopes of immortality had ever been consider'd by any set of people 'As notions strong by early precept caught'?

"I confess these ideas stagger me very much, for they are certainly not to be found in the cow house or the pig sty: but you will say, who told Shakespear, while he was holding a foolish Lord's horse at the Play house, how a King at the close of life wou'd speak of his own usurpation to his heir? How every being which did exist, wou'd speak in every suppos'd circumstance or situation? and how every being which did not exist but in imagination, must act and speak, if ever he was to be call'd into real existence? Who told him all this, but his own divine and incomprehensible genius? and therefore, why may not your Milk Woman derive all her images from the same source? I have nothing to answer to these questions, if you tell me that the fact has been sufficiently investigated and ascertain'd, but must be content to sit down and

wonder. My compassion however upon this occasion keeps pace with my wonder ; for whether she is born and bred, or only reduc'd to the state of a Milk Woman, a Milk Woman (it seems) she certainly is, with a mind (poor soul) but little adapted to her situation and circumstances, and therefore according to my notions in the highest degree an object of pity : Johnson indeed once told me that Hunger and Thirst were equally felt by those who had, and those who had no, genius, and that as Hunger and Thirst made the great distinction between the Rich and the Poor, he had no notion of a poor man's sufferings being much aggravated, by his feelings being more acute, and exquisite, from the recollection of better days or a superior education, provided his Hunger and Thirst did not exceed that of his low-bred neighbour ; but as I was not much convinc'd by those arguments at the time, so neither have I been since, nor perhaps ever shall be, tho' I shou'd hear them repeated and enforc'd by Ulysses' head stuck upon Polypheme's shoulders, and therefore I must request of you to be my Lady-Almoner, and to give her for me two guineas, in any way and at any times you shall judge best, for which I will hold myself indebted to you with many thanks. I am rejoic'd that this extraordinary poor creature has had the good fortune to come within your notice, as I think it very visible from the turn of those verses that her soul's welfare, not to mention that of her outward circumstances, may be much benefited by such an happy connection ; for I doubt not that she will have often good reason to say of you, as a poor woman in this neighbourhood once said to me of Lady Dartrey, when I told her that I understood Lady Dartrey had been very kind to her, 'Ah sir (said she) and if you was but to hear how kindly she *speaks* to me ! Her kind *words* do me as much good, as what she is pleas'd to give me ; they are *somehow* so full of *comfort* !' "

“Tunbridge Wells. 1784.

“I am rejoic’d to find that *your* imagination has been so finely regal’d with beautiful scenery, for I know that with you, the impression made by these delightful views penetrates much deeper than the eye: I too have been constantly feasted with this most enchanting country, and have daily felt, what I hold to be one of the highest pleasures in life, at least one of the most pure and unmix’d, that exhilarated tranquility, which a fine country in fine weather never fails to inspire: There is a consciousness which always attends that species of delight, and which adds much to its effect on the mind, viz. that it cannot be indulged to excess, this was certainly meant by Milton when he calls it the vernal delight *unblamed*; but I think it may be carried a little further, and not only be consider’d as *unblam’d*, but by a very easy transition converted into the most natural and sublimest act of devotion; for how is it possible when the eye has caught new pleasures, while the landscape round it measures Russet lawns and fallows grey &c. &c. not to exclaim, These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good.

“My good friend Lord Lyttelton who gave this just and natural turn to the mind by that inscription on a seat which commanded all the beauties of nature, [at Hagley] us’d to say, when I express’d to him my feelings upon that subject, that it was only because I had a religious turn of mind, that I pass’d so easily from admiration to devotion, but that the transition was not so *common* as I imagin’d. Whether this be so, or not, I will not determine, but if it is not, I think it must be owing to the prevalent influence of some bad passion, which counteracts the natural effect of such scenes upon the mind, and I can easily conceive that where a fellow is jogging on, intent only upon how he shall devour *Widows’ houses*, or perhaps the *Widow herself*, that the most beautiful hanging wood might not even attract

his attention, tho' perhaps a Rogue hanging in chains might ; but where the mind is not either habitually deprav'd, or under the immediate influence of bad or strong passions, I can hardly conceive that the thoughts shou'd not be directed upwards ; the very sensation of one's own happiness in those moments naturally inspires the heart with gratitude, and diffuses over it that delightful *unruffled* animation which always terminates in 'Glory to God, and goodwill towards men.'

"I am not acquainted with the Ode to Melancholy, but have heard it admirably set to music by Weber, for which I am told we are indebted to the taste of Sir Watkyn Williams : It is in truth a charming composition ; and I remember being surpriz'd at myself for not having seen it, before I heard it performed ; but that is only one of the many thousand jewels which lie hid under the rubbish of Beaumont and Fletcher, and which I fear will for ever lie hid from me, as I shall not have the heart, at this time of day, to wade through so much, as I must do, to get at them. If you *have* waded through ; I shou'd esteem it a very great favour if you wou'd refer me to any parts which have particularly struck you, as I cou'd rely with so much security upon your taste for the selection : I once ask'd Mrs. Thrale to undertake this office for me ; but she told me that she had omitted to mark them at the time, and that she cou'd not think of going over the same road again, as she well remember'd that the way was full of *mire* and the *stepping stones* at a great distance. Was not this well said ? Oh how I do lament the loss of her lively, pleasant, agreeable, society, and what an example it is, how little the finest understanding can resist the impetuosity of passion, when once we have suffer'd it to get an ascendancy.

"I have been told since I came here that it is reported I have written to her, a letter full of the bitterest reproach, and couch'd in terms the most cruel and severe ! I need not assure you (I hope) that there is not the least foundation

for it, as I trust that I am incapable of such a proceeding, if I were not, I had no more pretensions to do so, than you have: I lament over her conduct as a mother, and most cordially and sincerely compassionate the dreadful struggle which as a woman she so long and so painfully sustain'd. I am glad to find that you are to have Mrs. Montagu at Bath; if you are with her there, you will have more of her in a week, than you can have of her in a month in London, which seldom affords us more of those whose company we delight in, than just what is enough to tantalize one, and make one wish for better opportunities of seeing them. If I had *you* here for a fortnight, I'll be hanged if we did not grow better acquainted with each other in that time than we probably shall be in four years, or indeed in the whole of our lives. Pray bear in mind that I am a *Tutor*, as well as a *Father*, and that you cannot confer a greater obligation upon me than by directing my attention to any book which you think will be at the same time both entertaining, and useful to a boy of six years old: I am very *ambitious* of making him good, happy and amiable. Adieu. Mrs. Pepys desires me to remember her to you in the kindest manner.

"Much yours,

"W. W. PEPYS.

"We go to London 5th Nov."

NOTE.—Sir William Pepys taught his children to read with understanding. Hannah More said she never could forget the energy with which his eldest son William, at the age of seven, ran into the drawing-room and said, "After all, Ferdinand would never have sent Columbus to find out America if it had not been for Isabella. It was entirely *her* doing."

"Wimpole Street, Sunday, Jan. 9, 1785.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"I did not return you my thanks, as I ought to have done for your very obliging letter as somebody whispered me that I shou'd in a very few days have the

pleasure of meeting you and Mrs. Garrick, with the addition of Dr. Warton, at our friend's Mrs. Walsingham's. But alas, such good fortune is not reserv'd for me, as the Inoculation of my two children has converted me into a scarecrow, owing to Mrs. Montagu, whose apprehensions (Mrs. Walsingham charmingly observes) are co-extensive with her imagination, (but as I receive so much pleasure from it on other occasions, I must not repine if I suffer from it on this ;) however, I cannot help being exceedingly sorry, as I know the party tomorrow will comprise what, in my estimation, is '*Tout ce qu'il y a de mieux*': I don't know whether we have ever talk'd over Dr. Warton, but he is one of my first rate favourites, as, besides many other most excellent qualities, he unites the finest taste with an animation and enthusiasm for the sublime and beautiful, which is to me peculiarly agreeable.

"You cou'd not have oblig'd me more than by sending me that composition [poem written by the milk woman] as it discovers a new vein in that said mine, which I doubt not will every year disclose new wonders, and prove not only an inexhaustible source of entertainment to her readers, but of comfortable and delightful reflection to you, who have thus rescued her from indigence and obscurity, and been the hand employ'd by heaven for placing her in that situation where she will be most likely to do good by her writings, a great share of which ought in justice to be plac'd to your account. I don't know how far you, who have heard so much of that music which is 'sweetest to an honest ear,' and have enjoy'd so much of those 'dulcet murmurs,' may agree with me, but all the envy which I used to feel when I heard of any body who had acquir'd fame by their Writings, is now transferred to those whose Works are likely to do *Good* in the World, and I am not sure whether I had not rather, *à l'heure qu'il est*, be the Author of 'The Adventurer' or any such work which is likely to diffuse its influence far and wide in favour

of Virtue, than of many other much more celebrated Performances. I wish you would come and settle in Town, that we might talk over these matters at our Leisure, They are more interesting (at least in Horace's Opinion) and I believe in yours, than anything we shall find in the *Morning Post*. Adieu.

"Yours ever, with great regard,

"W. W. PEPYS."

NOTE.—One of Hannah More's admirers wrote to her, "To you who are secure of the approbation of angels, human applause is of small consequence."

"Wimpole Street, Saturday, May 21, 1785.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"As you seem'd to be very uncertain whether you shou'd go out of town this morning, I take the liberty of expressing our hopes that if any thing shou'd have detain'd you in town you will not think of passing your day tomorrow quite alone, when you have some friends in Wimpole Street whom you will make so happy by your company. We dine *punctually* at five, and you will find nobody at dinner but my brother and his family: Mrs. Boscawen and Mrs. Windham come to us in the evening. The case of being left *alone* in town may perhaps be a sufficient ground for your dispensing with your general rule about Sundays, but tho' this shou'd find you gone to Hampton, or you shou'd not be inclined to break through your rule tomorrow, yet I flatter myself that if you are in town next Wednesday evening you will have the goodness to drink your tea and sup with us, as we expect to have Mrs. Chapone on that evening to meet you.

"You see how I *way lay* you, and how much I wish to get what I can of you, while you are within my reach, for I am terribly afraid that the charms of Cowslip-Green will

operate sadly to the prejudice of your friends in town, who love your company, among whom you have none, who is a more decided amateur than

"Your obedient Servant,

"W. W. PEPYS."

NOTE.—Hannah More said that Sunday was a day, when those who fear their creditors go abroad [out], and those who fear God stay at home. One Sunday evening she was a little alarmed, preparations were being made for a little music (ostensibly sacred), but before she had time to feel uneasy, Garrick turned round and said, "Nine, you are a *Sunday woman*; retire to your room, I will recall you when the music is over." Nine was Garrick's nickname for Hannah More, as "her nineship" combined the gifts of all the muses.

"I regretted very much that we cou'd not join the very agreeable party in the Adelphi [Mrs. Garrick's] on Tuesday evening. I understand that there was *Tout ce qu'il y a de mieux!* Will you and Mrs. Garrick come to us either on Wednesday or Thursday evening next?

"Pray don't let anything prevent your seeing the famous Claude now on sale at *Christie's*, and to be seen only *tomorrow* (as I believe). It was bought by Mr. *Locke* out of the Barberini Palace, was sold last year for two thousand pounds *to sell again*, and is in my estimation the greatest instance of the *Magick* of the Pencil I ever saw. The subject is a Seaport, and the 11,000 Virgins.

"You ought to see Mrs. Siddons next Saturday in 'Rosalind.' I wish I liv'd near you, I wou'd make you see every thing worthy of your genius and taste, and this is no bad town for the purpose. Give our best compliments to Mrs. Garrick. I told Mrs. Bruce this morning that if I was to have a mask [a fancy ball], Mrs. Garrick shou'd represent *Propriety*.

"Yours ever,

"W. W. PEPYS."

" Wimpole Street. 6 July, 1785.

" MY DEAR MADAM,

"I am particularly glad of this opportunity of telling you how much every Body is pleas'd with your prefatory letter to Mrs. Montagu, and how much I envy you the part you have taken with regard to that poor Milk Woman, which *you* at least will remember with more pleasure than the finest verses or best written scene you ever compos'd. Her account of the State of her own mind, is the part of her Poems which pleases me best, and is extremely curious ; The consciousness of extraordinary powers unable to exert themselves from the insuperable barrier of ignorance, with which her mind is surrounded, and which it is perpetually struggling to surmount, is a new and very interesting representation. Something like this I have more than once observed in a child who has been conscious of more *mind* than might be expected from its years, and who has seem'd to feel that it was only withheld by the imbecillity of its age, from saying or doing something above the reach of a child's capacity : When this consciousness is observ'd at such a time of life as to admit of improvement, it is always a very promising symptom ; but when it appears, in the Decline of Life, and is accompanied with Remorse, it affords a most melancholy subject of contemplation : I remember a friend of mine of extraordinary natural powers, the cultivation of which had been totally neglected, listning to the Discourse of a Man of highly cultivated understanding, and saying with a sigh and a smile, 'You and I methinks united, wou'd make a perfect Man ; you understand every thing but an Horse, and I alas ! nothing else.'

"I have this moment (*à propos* to cultivated understandings) receiv'd the kindest letter imaginable from Mrs. Walsingham, who tells me that Mrs. Garrick and Mrs. Montagu din'd with her on Monday. She is kind

enough to say that she wish'd for me, but (*thinks I to myself*) I know somebody whom they must have wish'd for much more.

"When do you go to Cowslip Green? and what book shall I send you towards fitting up your Library? To send you a Skimming-dish or a Fish Kettle towards *setting up housekeeping* wou'd be making too little Distinction between you and the next good housewife in the parish, but if you wou'd be so good as to tell me any very pleasant companion who is not already of your party, I shou'd have a particular pleasure in sending him post haste after you, and shou'd be very much flatter'd with the idea that some long evening he might recall me to your memory. Mrs. Montagu has just sent me word that she is come to town, and desires I will meet her at Mrs. Vesey's; but great as this temptation was, I was resolv'd to resist it, as I cou'd not have complied with it, but at your expense; (since my Frank wou'd not do for tomorrow) as well as my own, by deferring the pleasure of assuring you with how much regard,

"I am,

"Yours,

"W. W. PEPYS."

"Brighthelmstone. 'Monday, 24 Oct. 1785.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"It wou'd have added much to the irritation of a slow fever, with which I was seis'd but a few days after the receipt of your charming letter, and which has never ceas'd, but for very short intervals, to persecute me ever since, had I suffer'd my mind to think for a moment that you was secretly reproaching me for not having acknowledg'd it: but I knew you too well, and your zeal in the cause of an absent friend to be disturb'd upon that score. I was much flatter'd some fifteen years ago by a passage in a letter from Mrs. Chapone, in which she told me that she

perceiv'd 'I knew *how* to be a friend' by giving her credit for acting right, *à travers* some unfavourable appearance. My fever left me, as I hope for *good and all*, a few days before my arrival at this place, and I am now picking up my strength and spirits in a wonderfully quick manner, so I will say no more about him, for fear of the old proverb 'Talk of the Devil &c.' Neither will I talk to you of the base ingratitude of the milkwoman, who by the way I flatter myself, for the sake of our common nature as you express it, is insane, except just to tell you that Lady Middleton and I have agreed, that whenever the milkwoman's ingratitude is mentioned, we will endeavour to counteract the bad effects of it, by the gratitude of the poor girl on the steps. *A propos* to Lady Middleton, do you know that it comes into my head that perhaps I am very much indebted to you for giving her Ladyship a favourable impression of me, for nothing cou'd exceed the kindness and civility which both this summer at Tunbridge by repeated and most obliging invitations to Teston, all which, after having nam'd the day several times, I was alas! obliged to forego, from that abominable fever which never wou'd let me out of its clutches for three days together, but like a cat teasing a mouse wou'd fasten again upon me whenever I thought myself most sure of having made my escape. Pray don't forget some time or other to signify to Lady Middleton how much I was flatter'd and oblig'd by her attention; I have a strange *mauvaise honte* about telling people this to their face, tho' I am never easy till I think they are assur'd of it. Now I have got a new pen, I can hold no longer, but must talk to you about that most extraordinary of all publications under the name of 'Letters on Literary Subjects by Robert Heron Esq.' [see Vol. II. p. 81]. I hope you have read it, if not, read it directly. The mixture of strong original thinking, good criticism and daring invective, with so much arrogance, self-sufficiency and contempt of receiv'd opinions, I never saw got together

within the same compass! He is right and wrong within the same line. As for instance I cannot help thinking him right in saying that the admir'd expression in Job of *cloathing the horse's neck with thunder*, are words of sound and no sense, at least none that meets my understanding; but in the same line almost, he says that he sees no sublimity in the 'Let there be light, and there was light' than which I know nothing more sublime, especially as expressed in the original by one word instead of three. There is something in his strictures on Virgil which, tho' strictly true, in the thought, is much too severe in the expression; and as to his exempting Tasso from the same charge of imitation (tho' not to the same degree) which he has thunder'd out against Virgil, it is such notorious partiality as must I think disgust every one who is acquainted with both. His enthusiasm for Homer and Shakespear delights me, but his contempt of Horace's *Odes* consider'd as elegant (not sublime) compositions is offensive. Upon the whole I was glad to see a man write who had not the fear of authority in criticism before his eyes, and who dares to say (tho' he might have done it with less arrogance) 'I see no beauty in such or such an admir'd passage, if any one does, let him shew me in what it consists.' Instead of calling you a Methodist for the last sentence in your letter, I am every day convinc'd (and by this publication as much as by anything) of the depth and solidity of the truth which it contains, viz. that nothing but the sanctifying influences of religion can subdue and keep in tolerable order that '*Pride* which is the common concomitant of great talents' and of this said sanctifying influence our author in question seems not to have partaken in any great degree: but it is a much more lamentable thing to see a mind strongly tinctured with religion, and yet deriving no benefit in that respect from its influence; if you have got Boswell's 'Tour with Johnson,' you will be beforehand with me in applying this observation: How often have

I lamented to think the good which he [Johnson] might have done, if to that fund of knowledge and that strength of thought which he possess'd, he had united an amiable and conciliating manner which wou'd have allur'd the ignorant to learn, the infidel to believe, and the vicious to reform! I lament it most peculiarly upon my own account, who tho' I forc'd myself for a long time to endure all the disgust which I felt at his manners for the sake of his conversation, gave it up at last, when I heard him declare that in company he talked not for the investigation of truth so much as for victory; and that victory to be obtained over people whom no one cou'd ever have plac'd in any degree of competition with him! I can only repeat with you, Poor Human Nature! The 'Journal' is a most faithful picture of him, so faithful, that I think any body who has got a clear idea of his person and manner, may know as much of him from that book, as by having been acquainted with him (in the usual way) for three years. You have also seen I presume his prayers and meditations, which in one or two passages affected me so much, as to bring tears into my eyes, but which appears to me upon the whole a most unjustifiable publication, as it discovers those weaknesses to which all of us are liable, but which ought never to be expos'd; and will I fear give occasion of triumph to the enemy, when he sees the religion of such a man as Johnson made up so much of *Opus operatum* and ritual observances. I cannot however help having a great deal of fellow feeling with him upon the returns of the New Year and his Birthday, which are two periods which always revive in my mind the warmest sensations of gratitude for my preservation, and the continuance of my domestick happiness. Poor man! he had not quite the same cause of thanksgiving! When I read this publication, it struck me that I very much wish I had seen it long before his death, because had I known what nights of pain and restlessness he had pass'd, I shou'd have been much more dispos'd to have forgiven all his

peevishness and asperity of humour, as wou'd the Servant (I doubt not) to whom he call'd with so much impatience for coffee, had he known that poor Johnson had been fasting all day. 'How scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so' ought for ever to be present to our minds, and therefore I make it a rule always to say at once that I am indispos'd, lest the uneasiness of body shou'd be construed into fretfulness of mind. There are some *indiscretions* in Boswell's 'Tour' which I fear will make sad mischief, such as the publication of Mrs. Thrale's not being able to read, Mrs. Montagu's Book &c. &c. You will be glad to hear that you contributed to allienate my uneasiness from the fever this summer by your sacred Dramas, but particularly by your poem on Sensibility, which I read over and over ; Do you know that I think it one of the most exquisite things we have? and that it made me resolve to suggest to your consideration whether moral epistles in that way wou'd not be the most successful mode of writing for you? It appears to me, that with a little more practise in that style you might arrive at very transcendent excellence, and it is a way of writing which has many considerations to recommend it, each composition is short, admits every observation on life and manners, together with all the *detections* of the heart, and what I think wou'd have its weight with you, wou'd serve as a vehicle for sentiments which, if any thing will do good in writing, might operate in the cause of virtue: I once felt great ambition, and before I knew myself so well, entertain'd some hopes of being able to distinguish myself by writing; but I now had rather write something (if I knew what wou'd have that effect) which shou'd diffuse the love and practise of virtue, than become the most celebrated author of the age for any thing that shou'd be devoid of that tendency. When I heard of poor Johnson's Despondency towards the conclusion of life, I wrote him an anonymous letter (for he wou'd not have regarded it had he known it came

from me) to place in as strong a light as I cou'd the good which he had reason to hope might be produc'd by his writings; and I hope and trust that it administer'd some consolation. Do you, my good friend, continue to lay up stores of comfort for yourself by employing your admirable talents in the same cause to which you have already made them so usefully subservient: It will be an easy task to give them all the spirit and animation you can wish, because you will have only to transfuse into them that ardour which you really feel, and which many writers are under the necessity of labouring to feign. You see that I am willing to acquire some merit by inciting you to write, tho' I do not feel in myself any powers adequate to the task, and shall feel doubly proud, if in some future edition of your works I shou'd see a letter address'd to me beginning with, Dear Sir, 'It is owing to a suggestion of yours that I originally conceiv'd the intention of writing on the following subjects.' I wish I was in the way of conversing oftener with you upon a footing of familiarity, I am sure that I shou'd improve greatly by such an intercourse, and am not without my hopes that I might occasionally serve as an useful whetstone, tho' I cannot cut of myself. The number of such minds as yours is so small, and the opportunities of any thing like an interchange of ideas are so few, that when I reflect what the pleasure of society might be, and what it is, I sometimes think that the acquaintance of such people as you are, is of no other use but to tantalize one.

"I hope you have heard that my friend Mrs. Walsingham has good hopes of her son. I was extremely uneasy upon her account, I believe that under Providence she has sav'd his life. Mrs. Montagu I hope and trust is well, but I never venture now to write to her, as she groans so much under the load of correspondence. We go to London the 5th November where I shall be happy if not to see you, at least to hear from you. Mrs. Pepys is much yours.

Farewell. Remember Moral Essays or Epistles in Verse!"

"Wimpole Street. 10 January, 1786.

"MY GOOD FRIEND,

"If you did but know in what a *cloud* of business your charming letter found me envelopp'd, you wou'd not be angry at my not having return'd an answer to it sooner. But as *your* business is at present the question, and not *mine*, we will proceed upon it without further preface.

"Try to make a few fine lines upon that finest of all fine passages in Scripture, I forget exactly the words, 'We fools accounted his life madness, How is he number'd, with the Righteous,' I am sure you must recollect it, but don't be too serious in the expression.

"I want you to introduce 2 or 4 beautiful lines comparing the effect of a sweet temper in a companion, upon a ruffled mind, to the beautiful experiment, now so generally known, of smoothing the surface of the sea even in a storm by pouring oil upon it; It is quite new, and will please much; I envy you the success you will have, and the pleasure you will feel in making those lines.

"Here ends my criticism and impertinence. But before you send it to Cadell, I want to devote a whole evening to it with you, and if you wou'd tell me *de loin* when you cou'd come quite alone and eat a boil'd chicken with us, we wou'd sit from dinner to eleven o'clock hard at it. I fear nothing but your being too precipitate in the publication. Have you not already got fame enough to live upon for a month longer?"

"East Cowes, Isle of Wight. Monday, August 15th, 1786.

"I believe I have observ'd to you that it appears something like a Profanation to sit down to write to *you* when my mind is wholly occupied with business and

Chancery causes ; this will account for my having defer'd it till I cou'd be settled in this delightful spot, which is calculated to inspire every sensation of pleasure, and what usually with me accompanies the sensation of pleasure, goodwill and friendship : for tho' it may be true that angels are happier than men, because they are better, yet I am sure that the converse of the proposition is true with respect to myself, and that I am better, as I am happier : I observe this frequently in myself as I am walking the streets, where if I am anxious, uneasy or discontented, I pass by objects of misery with something of the same answer in my mind which Johnson once made to a robber who told him that he wanted money, 'So do I too.' But if I am happy, contented, and chearful, I am continually lifting up my heart to God with gratitude, and feel it expand in goodwill and benevolence to every one about me ; In this disposition of mind have I found myself upon retiring to this beautiful island, and tho' I am at present confin'd to my room by a sprain'd ankle, yet I have so many comforts about me in the assiduity and alacrity of every one who comes near me, that my happiness is not at all abated, tho' my amusements are for the present a good deal curtailed : I trust however that I shall be out in a day or two. I am glad to find that you employ yourself so *rationaly* in the fine weather as to work in your garden before dinner, and ride on horseback in the evening : The portion of delectable days in this climate are comparatively so few, that I think it a shame to throw any of them away upon the muzzy occupations of writing and reading, which had much better be reserv'd for worse weather, tho' from habit I act contrary to this principle, and do not feel quite comfortable if 'The hour of dinner comes unearn'd.' I shou'd indeed have lik'd very much to have been with you at Mrs. Montagu's, and am really flatter'd and pleas'd to hear you say that you thought of me when you was enjoying poetry : If I have been so

fortunate as to associate myself to any of your ideas upon *that* subject, I may hope to occur often to your remembrance in a more agreeable company than as tack'd to the Apothecary ; for tho' I doubt not that he is a very conversible gentleman, yet as the occasions and consequences of his visits are not always the most delightful, I shall be afraid of having my image sometimes steep'd in syrup of Buckthorn like a monkey preserv'd in spirits, or stuck so fast to the inside of a blister, as not to be sever'd by the imagination from the pain which it occasions : Whereas if you will only be kind enough to connect me with poetry, I know that I shall accompany you in some of your most delicious rambles, and though (as you disdain a double horse) I shall never be worthy of riding either before or behind you when you put the side saddle upon Pegasus, I shall think myself sufficiently honour'd if ever I shou'd occur to you in your walks, at the foot of Parnassus. As I suppose you have receiv'd a thousand congratulations from your friends upon the discovery which Mrs. Robinson has lately made to the world in her letter, that she was indebted for her education to Miss Hannah More, I shall not trouble you with mine, but only admire your modesty in never having boasted to me of so illustrious an *élève* ! Your character of poor Mr. Burrows is perfectly just, and does him that credit which he deserves : I can give you no particulars of his last moments, but Mrs. Chapone wrote me word that nothing cou'd be more exemplary or more edifying than his whole behaviour during his last illness, and Mr. Smith told me in his letter that he had given to all his family and friends a noble example of that resignation and fortitude which he had so often recommended as the result of that Faith and those principles which he preach'd. I perfectly agree with you that a sincere Christian, whose Faith is lively and unshaken and whose life has been conformable to that Faith, is of all characters the greatest object of envy ; and it is for that reason you

have often heard me say that I had rather be Jonas Hanway, than Julius Cæsar; a sentiment which in the opinion of the wise and great of this world wou'd stamp me at once little better than a Natural Fool. My respect and admiration of Mr. Burrows' character is perfectly unbiass'd, as I never cou'd bring myself to be pleas'd with his manners which I have lamented upon more occasions than one: but my dislike of his manners, never prevented me from seeing the great worth which shone forth in every essential part of his character, and I have accordingly recommended more than one pupil to his care. God grant that you and I may be supported in our last stage as he has been! You will be rejoic'd (as I was) to hear that he did not feel the *least doubt* but that he was going to be receiv'd into everlasting happiness: How gladly wou'd one purchase that conviction at the expence of every gratification which the world can propose to us as inconsistent with it! but our Hopes and Fears, in that great matter, as in all others, must depend upon the more or less sanguine disposition of our minds, as much perhaps, as upon our Faith or our Virtue.

"I call'd upon Dr. Warton in my way hither to desire that he wou'd explain the passage which you allude to, but he was not at Winchester. I mention'd it to young Cambridge (who to put a finishing stroke to an incredible series of attentions to us came from hence to Southampton to convey us hither) and his explanation I thought ingenious viz. That as the *declar'd* object of Dramatick Writing was to hold a mirror up to nature, and correct the vices and follies of mankind by a just representation of them, Dr. Warton had plac'd Congreve at the head of that class of writers on account of its *profess'd* object; tho' perhaps in the attainment of that object, it may be thought that he has gone a *little out of his way*. If this answer is not satisfactory, I can only say that it is a better than *I* cou'd have given you. Mrs. Garrick perhaps has told you that she

gave me one delightful day at Hampton, and that it was not her fault that I had not two: I look'd out of the same window in the same bedchamber, where I had slept before, and cou'd not help wishing to see you and Miss Hamilton walk under it. Such days as those ought to be mark'd with something more durable than *chalk*, and in truth so they are in my memory. *A propos* I have really a very great quarrel with you; I have ask'd you *an hundred* times the plain and simple question (being desirous of treating you, if I cou'd, like a woman of sense) whether you understand enough of Latin to enjoy it? and you have always given me just such foolish and evasive answers as if I had ask'd you whether you had ever sincerely and deeply felt the passion of Love? All which I consider as excessively absurd and very unworthy of you: and now I find, upon mentioning to a male friend of yours that I shou'd never know what book to send you, that you understand Latin very well, and that you are as capable of enjoying Horace or Virgil, as Milton or Pope: I do therefore *insist* upon it, that you let me know in your next letter what Book you shall like to have, as I find now that the range of choice is much more extensive than I thought; and I take it excessively ill that you have hitherto reduc'd me to the necessity of suppressing a thousand times some agreeable allusion which has occur'd to me in the Classics, because I wou'd not be so ill-bred as to allude to any thing in a language which you understood but imperfectly, and have thereby depriv'd myself of one of my greatest pleasures, which is that of conversing with a *Free and accepted Mason* in all the Roman, as well as the Italian, French, and English *Lodges*. Be assur'd that I expect some *ample* compensation, some *Amende très honorable*, for this unkind and unwarrantable suppression of wealth.

"I say nothing to you about the delightful spot in which I am plac'd because descriptions of places never give any ideas; and if I was to tell you that I am now

writing in a window from whence I can chuck a stone into the sea, that I sit facing the Southampton River, with the English Channel stretching away beyond Portsmouth on my right hand, and towards Plymouth on my left, that the opposite shore is fring'd beautifully with wood *to the very edge of the water* and that a perpetual variety of vessels is constantly passing and repassing before my window, you will only say that it is a very agreeable Hodge Podge of beautiful objects, but that it gives you no determinate idea, and therefore I shall not dwell upon it. Mr. Langton, and Dr. Lort, and Mr. Cambridge are here, but as they are but just arriv'd, and I am separated from them by a river, as broad as the Thames at least, and over which there is only a ferry, I fear that I shall not enjoy so much of their society as I cou'd wish.

“Don't be offended at the length of this letter, or at its being written upon *Foolschap* : in excuse for the one I can only say that I love to converse with you in any way I can ; and for the other, I have not only to plead its size, but a certain love for congruity and propriety which makes me always approve of Valentine and Orson, the champions of Christendom, and other such delectable Stories being usually printed upon paper so exactly adapted to them. Pray never think it necessary to work yourself up to the task of writing to me when you do not feel so inclin'd ; but if you shou'd happen to *sprain your ankle* or my friend the Apothecary shou'd bring me to your remembrance in the way above mention'd, which I am not so selfish as to wish, be assur'd that a letter from you will always afford great pleasure to your sincere Friend,

“W. W. P.”

NOTE.—Sir William had prophesied that Hannah More would get so tired of her country cottage, that she would feel joy even to see the apothecary ride up to the door.

"No. 14, Gay Street, Bath. October 19, 1786.

"Tho' I know that it is in vain to wish for a sight of you, as I dare not come to you from the injunction I am under not to miss a day in drinking these waters, and from the little chance there is of any business bringing you here, yet I cannot help telling you how much I am tantaliz'd, to find myself within 12 miles of you without any probability of seeing you. The account Mrs. Ord has given me of a most delightful day which she pass'd with you at Cowslip Green, has made me envy her very sincerely. My stay here, alas! cannot be longer than the 5th of next month, by which time I trust that I shall have recover'd my health, which has within these few weeks past suffer'd much from a weakness of my stomach, which at intervals has plagued me all my life. I pass my time here very delightfully. Rise early, walk an hour before breakfast, then shut myself up with my little boy till twelve, then ride over this delightful country till two, and pass most of my evenings with a most agreeable friend, who has been rais'd, as it were, from the dead; you may perhaps have heard of the tedious illness and marvellous recovery of Miss Hartley. Pray tell me that you are quite well, and believe me always very truly yours,

"W. W. P."

"Bath. Thursday, Oct. 1786.

"Did you ever meet with such an ungrateful wretch? So tender and delicious a hare! Such variety of excellent sweatmeats, and above all so much kindness in the thought of sending them! and not a syllable by way of thanks. Wou'd you believe it? To all which I answer, that the Bath Water *alone* is to blame. There is hardly one day in six, that my head will bear to trace a pen upon paper after drinking these waters, without giving me a *severe* headache; and tho' Mrs. Pepys felt quite as much oblig'd

to you as I did, yet she said it wou'd look like ingratitude in me if I did not thank you *myself* in both our names.

"I have been looking over the Libraries here for y^e books to send you ; but whenever I have seen a set that I thought would do, it has occur'd to me that you must certainly have them already. You have got for instance Blair's 'Lectures,' Brumoy's 'Théâtre des Grecs,' Langhorn's 'Plutarch,' and I dare say every other that I can find. Therefore be so good as not to be absurd, but let me have my own way, in knowing what set of Books you feel the want of, and let me have the pleasure of adding them to your library I wou'd do the same by you. I hardly think our friend's house at Thames Ditton [Mrs. Walsingham's] can be forward enough, for us to meet in it again next Xmas, but she told me that it shou'd be ready for me against my Saturday and Sunday next July.

"I am sure that you will be glad to hear that I have already receiv'd great benefit from these waters, and that I am resolv'd to stay till the 7th of next month to give them *as fair a trial as I can* ; If any thing shou'd bring you to Bath before that time and you breakfast, dine or sup any where but in my house, I will never speak to you again. Adieu.

"Yours ever,
"W. W. P."

"Wimpole Street. 31 Dec. 1786.

"MY GOOD FRIEND,

"I am really obliged to you for your kind enquiries after my health which (thank God) has been perfectly re-established by the Bath waters. I was carried there from Oxford at the age of 21, a martyr to (what I was then young enough to consider a very meritorious) application to study, and by those admirable waters was wound up again for 20 years, at the expiration of which, I was obliged to return to them again ; but then alas ! the

winding up (though equally effectual at the time) would last only 6 years, how long the third winding up will last God only knows; but I am deeply impressed with gratitude for His goodness in restoring me.

"Are you much impress'd by days, times, and seasons? I cannot say that I am, in general, but the return of *this* season never fails to make a very serious impression upon my mind, and to awaken in me the liveliest gratitude for blessings continued to me throughout the year. 'Thou hast kept me, so that not a Bone of me has been broken; never fails to occur to me in its literal and figurative sense, and calls us to shew forth His praises, "not only with our lips, but in our lives." *Sursum Corda!* I make no apology for writing to you in this grave strain, as I know you feel with me.

"Have you seen a very extraordinary Production of some Eton boys? It is a Periodical Paper call'd the *Microcosm*, in one number of which (for they are very unequal) the Practise of common swearing is treated with a vein of ridicule, not unworthy, in some places, of Addison in his happiest mood. This is what I shou'd least have expected from a boy: If he had jumbled together all the learning that he cou'd have collected from all the translations and compilations he cou'd get, I shou'd not have been much surpriz'd, but elegant ridicule, and well supported ironical pleasantry, is not often found at that age; I have seen only six numbers, of which only two are at all extraordinary.

"I am afraid you are too comfortable to be expected soon in town, but do come as soon as you can, and in the mean time, believe me,

"Yours,

"W. W. PEPYS."

NOTE.—Miss Burney read to the Queen [Charlotte] a paper of the *Microcosm*, which she thought had great merit for such youthful composers. George Canning contributed to the periodical.

“ 1786.

“Your resentment, and your justice, do you equal honor in my eyes, and I am happy to find that we think alike upon this book, [‘Mrs. Piozzi’s Anecdotes’] as I have long since flatter’d myself that we do upon most others. Tho’ I had not the honor (for such I shou’d have esteem’d it) of being much known to Mr. Garrick, yet I felt exceedingly indignant in reading both those passages of such unmerited contempt, and I cannot but think, that if Mrs. Piozzi had submitted her book to the perusal of any judicious friend, he wou’d have conceal’d the person of whom those two injurious things are said, especially as there was no temptation to discover it; for whatever wit there is in them, is equally good, if said of one, as another.

“I was not a little alarm’d, when upon opening the book I saw my name, for well knowing how ill Johnson was inclin’d to me, especially after I had defended the character of *my friend*, [Lord Lyttelton] (upon whose account you will judge by yourself how sore I must have been) I expected nothing better than Fool, Booby, and Blockhead: You will guess therefore how lucky I think myself to have been treated so much better than I deserve, and you may be sure that *I* am dispos’d to think that no passage in the book, does *Johnson* more honor.

“Your account of the country makes me feel the comfort of being able to take shelter in town; but I shou’d feel that comfort *much* encreas’d, if I cou’d see more of you, not in crowds, but in quiet; and I shou’d not like you the worse, for having a *Prior* in your hand.

“I have this moment received a Note from Mrs. Walsingham, to desire that we would come to her, and pass a *country evening* with her tonight. I have return’d her for answer that we wou’d; and have added (what is *strictly* true), that I lik’d the invitation better than if it had been to the most brilliant assembly, or the finest



STRATFORD PLACE.

The residence of Mrs. Walsingham.

dinner, that ever had been seen even at *her* house: Why don't you and I get some such quiet evenings together? *Il tempo passa, Faciamo, presto.*

"Remember that there is such a thing as a Penny Post, which, if you please, we will vote *not* to be a vulgar, but a very useful, mode of communication, to such as have not many servants."

2nd April. 1787.

"You and Mrs. Siddons between you contriv'd to break my heart almost last night at your *Percy*. It is many years since I read it, and was delighted to find how the puny criticks of the News Papers were put to shame by the composition, the noble sentiments, and the affecting Circumstances of the Peice. She is equal in it to the very best of her Performances. The House was crowded, and from the effect which it had I shou'd think that it wou'd become a great Favourite of the Town, at least I am sure it will with all such as are capable either of feeling or judging; the former one is compelled to, however incapable one may be of the latter. I thought it a kind of profanation to wipe my eyes, and go from thence to an Assembly at Lady Harcourt's, where however I got an invitation to meet you next *Tuesday evening*, as Mrs. Wilmot told me that you not only din'd there, but wou'd stay the evening. If this shou'd happen *not* to be the case, pray let me know, for it is not *every* body that I wou'd go as far as Bloomsbury Square to meet, tho' I do not insist upon your telling her [Lady Harcourt] so. Mrs. Pepys desires me to ask whether you, and Mrs. Garrick, can do her the favor of coming to her on *Wednesday evening*, and says that she will ask Mrs. Montagu to meet you. Pray let us know."

NOTE.—Lady Harcourt entertained the King and Queen at Nuneham in what Fanny Burney described as a straggling, half new, half old, half comfortable, and half forlorn mansion, begun in one generation and finished

in another; where the offended authoress, who was in attendance, found herself "uninvited and uncondacted." She met many "yellow-laced saunterers; but such superfine men in laced liveries she attempted not to question."

Lady Harcourt behaved with as much courtesy as her duties to her Royal Guests would permit, and said, "If there is anything you want, Miss Burney, pray speak for it," and curtsying, she added, "my sisters [the Miss Vernons] will attend you presently; you will excuse me—I have not a moment from their Majesties." However, all the efforts of the Princess Royal, and the Duchess of Ancaster in showing her the "eating-parlour," and a civil welcome to his house from Lord Harcourt, did not pacify her, and the climax was reached when supper was announced, "The Equerries want the ladies." This was enough! And met with the indignant and hasty reply, "We don't choose any supper," and accordingly supperless to bed, went the angry authoress, who at least could revenge herself by handing on to future generations a graphic description of her wrongs. But her impartial readers, will rather sympathize with her hostess, who, later in the evening, tapped gently at her door, and made her a little visit.

"Broadstairs, Isle of Thanet. August 26, 1788.

"MY DEAR WORTHY FRIEND,

"I will not let another Summer pass without putting in my claim for at least one token of your kind remembrance, and the pleasure of hearing in what manner you are passing your time. This is my season of contemplation and Retrospection, and among other sins of Omission, with which I have charg'd myself is, (what I rather shou'd call a folly, than a sin) that of not having written to you last summer, and by that means having suffer'd you to discontinue the laudable custom of letting me hear from you when at a distance. What has particularly made you occur often to my thoughts, at this place, is the Contrast which I have drawn between you and myself when we are both in a state of retirement. I warrant ye now (says I) that she is dividing her time between active Kindness to others, and some employment, that while it does good to others, will distinguish herself; whereas here am I letting Day after day pass in riding and reading and doing no good to anybody, but my own dear boy, whom I love as well as myself. If I could

but write something to correct the *Manners* of the *Highest* or to excite compassion for the lowest of my fellow Creatures, I shou'd look back upon the Summer with some Satisfaction, not to mention the very secondary and inferior Consideration of Enjoying in the Winter that most flattering of all Distinctions the Celebrity arising from fine talents most usefully employed. I know what wicked proverb occurs to you, that '*Ex nihils, nil fit*' and that if I cou'd but find these said talents, I shou'd find employment for them, fast enough, as the Vulgar say; I am seriously in hopes that this will plead my excuse, and that what I am apt to attribute to indolence and want of Resolution, is nothing more than want of Ability, tho' I believe the reverse is much oftener the Case. I was riding and meditating in this manner the other day, when I heard the bell toll in the neighbouring village, and upon enquiring for whom it toll'd, was informed that it was for poor Sheridan, who finished his career at Margate within a few miles of this place, and who must (I hope) have had the satisfaction of looking back on a life not only of private virtue, but of unremitted tho' successful endeavours to be of service to the Public, in that most important article of Education; for I think the Day will come, when many of his Objections to the present Mode of Education will be consider'd and when a Father will not be compell'd to tread in the same beaten Path because all his Sons contemporaries are going the same way, & think it is too hazardous for any individual to strike out into an unfrequented Road, for tho', as a fine writer very justly and forcibly observes, 'We must each of us die for ourselves, yet certain it is that we must in a great degree *Live for Others* and with others, tho' we may not in all Instances, choose to live *like* others.'

"We are situated here in a very pleasant house, not more than 50 yrds from the Sea, Mrs. Pepys and I have each a Bow window, before which every ship passes which

enters the Thames, except from the North. The country about is very pleasant, and I have not yet been hindered from Riding a single day on account of the heat, tho' we do not abound in Shade, for there never fails to be a very refreshing breeze, & the country is very open since the corn is remov'd. The harvest here is luxurious beyond description, and my little William and I address the Farmers in Thomson's beautiful Apostrophe in favour of the gleaners and say to them, (*When they do not hear us.*) 'How good the God of Harvest is to you in this delicious weather.' We rise exactly at six and my dear Boy upon a most beautiful Poney, accompanies me on horseback from seven till Breakfast. The time from thence to between one and two is employed by him upon his lessons, and by me (of late) in reading 'Juvenal.' We then get again upon our horses and ride till half past three, when we dine, and after tea walk till it is dark. If it happens to rain, I read with him a Canto of Spenser, with which he is exceedingly delighted, but no more than I am, to find him so intelligent as to catch both the beauty of the Description, and the force of the Allegory so readily as he does. I have chosen Spenser because as he has hitherto been reading nothing but history, I thought it time to set his little imagination at work, and so far from thinking him too young for it, I think that if I had staid some years longer, he might have thought that Four furlongs was too great a length for a Dragon's tail. I somehow missed Spenser when I was young, and now feel that were it not for the Pleasure of reading it with him, I should be too old for it. He is never from me, and I am willing to console myself with thinking, that I am at least of use to Him, and who knows but that thro' him, I may be so to others? With this excuse, and that which arises from frequent Returns of Indisposition, which tho' it does not confine me, renders me unfit for anything, I pacify my conscience. Pray let me hear as circumstantially how you pass your time, as

you can, without disclosing the nature of the work upon which you are employed, as I value those letters most, from a friend, which tell me most about themselves. On a certain frosty day at Thames Ditton I offer'd you my Assistance for your poor Lousia, you did not want it then, but I have since heard that the subscription has fall'n off, I therefore beg of you to remember, that if in that or any other of your beneficent acts, you will take me with you in Tow towards Heaven, you will oblige me very much" [see Vol. I. p. 417].

NOTE.—Sir William Pepys in this letter refers to the funeral of Thomas Sheridan, father of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. He gained much celebrity as a tragedian, but was ruined through the failure of the Dublin Theatrical Company, of which he was manager. He became a lecturer on elocution, and for some time manager of Drury Lane Theatre. He educated his son at Harrow, and entered him as a student of the Middle Temple, though he was not called to the bar, or compell'd by his father to tread in the beaten track, but was allowed to make his own brilliant career in literature and politics.

"Teddington. 17 Sept., 1789.

"Many thanks to you, my dear Madam, for your very obliging letter and the account it contains of the many pleasant occurrences which you have met with this Summer. It releiv'd me from no small anxiety on your Account, as I had understood from Mrs. Kennicott that an acquaintance of yours had met with an accident near your Door, and I feared that much of your Summer might have been passed as ours has been in nursing; our little boy Harry had the misfortune to break his arm, by a fall out of a childs chaise, and his poor mother, who was all the time nursing her infant, and very ill herself, never lost sight of him for an hour during the course of a long five weeks, which has nearly been too much for her. This accident came on the Back as we say of a robbery by which, we lost all our household linen, Children's cloaths, my desk, and you may guess our distress when I tell you that one day just after it happened, I met my good friend Mr. Montagu, in the House of Commons and longed to ask

him to this place, that I might shew him the beauty of its Situation, but for very *want of sheets* was oblig'd to be silent. However August has passed off much better than July, and my dear little William, and I, enjoy our delicious rides on the banks of the Thames twice a day with great success. He is beginning to repay me for all the pains I have taken with him, by his animated relish of the passages of 'Ovid' and 'Virgil,' and begins already to feel the difference of their numbers and style. Mr. Walpole [Horace] was so good as to shew him his 'Eagle' the other day, and he came home so full of it, that he desir'd he might make his next Exercise upon it. The verses themselves are not extraordinary for eleven years old, but I was delighted with the taste which they discover for that wonderful Production of Art. You will be sorry to hear that Mr. Walpole has had a fall, and is very much bruised. My situation indeed in this beautiful country and this neighbourhood, is all I can wish; Two such men to converse with, when ever I please as Mr. Walpole and Mr. Cambridge are not to be found in every Parish notwithstanding all which, you made my *Mouth water* with telling me of the Party which you compose at Sandlesford. I am highly gratified by the kind Remembrances which you send me from Them, and pray *faites moi la Justice* (as Madam de Sévigné would *not* say) to return them for me in the kindest manner. I passed one day at Shooters Hill this summer, which left upon my mind such a pleasing impression of its inhabitants as will not easily be erased, and serv'd only to increase my Inclination to cultivate them more than ever. I quitted them with regret, but with one very pleasant reflection that as there cannot be a more beautiful spot, so it was impossible that it cou'd be bestowed upon two people more deserving of it. I am rejoiced that you have sail'd down my favourite river, for many summers of my life, I never fail'd to go by water from Ross to Monmouth, and tho' I shou'd not dare to say



MRS. MONTAGU'S DRAWING ROOM AT MONTAGU HOUSE, PORTMAN SQUARE,
NOW THE RESIDENCE OF VISCOUNT PORTMAN.

so, for fear of old Father Thomas, who might over hear Me, yet I may venture to write That in Their way, nothing I have ever seen can exceed the Beauties of the Wye in some Parts. However as some Epicure said that he could dine very comfortably upon a haunch of Venison and Apricot Tart, so am I very well contented with the view from this window, which commands both the Thames and the Petersham Woods, and should not be prevail'd upon to leave it for a Day, cou'd I resist the repeated and obliging invitations which I have receiv'd to pass two or three days with my boy at Montreal [Lord Amherst's place, named after his victory]. Mr. Walpole has succeeded in getting an excellent house of the Miss Berrys within a few yards of this, but alas! they will not come to it till my Furlow is within a few weeks of having expir'd, I wish you would take some opportunity of speaking of them to Mrs. Montagu, she is barely acquainted with them and I believe you think with Mr. Walpole and Mr. Cambridge, who agree in declaring that in their long lives they have never seen their equals. Mrs. Pepys who is very much flatter'd by the kind mention which you make of her in your letter, and who (*tho' I say it*) deserves the favourable opinion you entertain of her, joins with Me in best compliments to you and all our Friends at Sandleford. Adieu! I am going to Mr. Walpole's [Strawberry Hill].

"Teddington. 1789.

"Many thanks to you, my good Friend, for your very obliging and valuable present of a most elegant poem, which Mr. Walpole (my neighbour) has been so good as to convey to me: I like it exceedingly, and what is much more to your credit, *he* likes it exceedingly and read it to me himself *con amore*. Tully says in praise of eloquence, what a *glorious* thing it is 'tenere semper Arma, quibus et alios lacescere, et Tute ipse tutus esse, possis' but I say what a *charming* thing it is, to possess a talent, by which you

can, not only delight, but conciliate the affections of every one, and from the most trifling occurrence, work up a pleasing thought in such a manner, as to give the highest pleasure to your friends, and the greatest credit to yourself. I am very much flatter'd and oblig'd by your thinking of me, when you were disposing of the copies, and trust that you will always do me the justice of ranking me among your warmest admirers. Will you think me impertinent, if I shou'd suggest to you that a copy sent to Lady Amherst wou'd be an obligation never to be forgotten. If this shou'd not have occur'd to you, perhaps you will not be angry with me for suggesting it.

"I have been highly fortunate in the situation which I have got for my summer residence, it is in itself the most beautiful I almost ever saw, at least as much so, as Petersham woods and the Thames can make it: and I am surrounded by Mr. Walpole, Mr. Cambridge, and Mrs. Garrick."

"East Bourn, 28 Sept. 1791.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Tho' I know not where to direct to you, and am not conscious of being able, from this place, to furnish you with any amusement by a letter, yet I so frequently reflect upon your kindness and goodwill towards me, that I cannot help giving you the only token that is in my power, by letting you see that you are not absent from my thoughts. We parted I think at the most splendid morning *fête* I ever saw, and was glad to find that it gave universal satisfaction. I presume you soon took your flight, but I was oblig'd to linger in town till the 11th of August, when we came here, and are much pleas'd with it as a summer residence, and I hope to continue here till the 5th of November, Riding, Bathing, and doing every thing that is good for ourselves and our young people, such as rising at six, and going to rest at ten &c. We are perfectly in the

country here, and have a most beautiful Sea Prospect from our house. It is not the fashion for the company to visit, even tho' they are previously acquainted, so that we live entirely to ourselves, and tho' I remember the time when I shou'd have wish'd for more society, I have of late years grown so much wean'd from that necessity, that I now care not about it, and prefer hearing my children read Goldsmith's 'History of England' to me in an evening, to any conversation that I shou'd be likely to get at this place; for *really good* company (in the true sense of the word) I retain all my former relish. I know that I may venture to congratulate you upon the happy settlement (for the present at least) of the French Constitution, by which 25 millions of our fellow creatures are restor'd to the rights of human nature, and which I consider as one of the most wonderful and most important events in the History of Mankind. You once observed to me, at Lady Amherst's, that more extraordinary events had happen'd since we had been in the world, than in any equal space of time since the creation of it. I remember some of the most remarkable which you enumerated, but as others may have escap'd me, pray send me your list, that I may see whether I can make any addition to it. If you should meet with the three addresses of the national assembly to the people and the intended report concerning the establish'd religion, pray read them; they are printed at the end of *Christies* late publication on the Revolution of France, but are badly translated: the Principles of Toleration are nobly maintained; and tho' I cannot hope that either of us shall live to see the time, when learned men, and pious men, shall not hate each other, because one preaches the gospel in a black dress, and the other in a white one, yet the time *must* come (unless another Deluge shou'd sweep away all Literature) when those eternal truths which Locke establish'd by such irrefragable arguments in the beginning of this century both in Politicks and Religion, shall be so

universally receiv'd, that men shall wonder as much how He cou'd think it necessary to bestow so much argument to establish them, as we now wonder at his thinking it necessary to use so many words to prove that we have not innate ideas, or that men do not always think : but you know Dr. Hales said that he was more than sixteen years in persuading people to prefer fresh air to foul, so we must not wonder.

“I fear that I have lost all the good opinion of our most excellent friend Mrs. Boscawen by being so much off my guard on the capture of the King of France, as to express my joy that a civil war was thereby prevented, by which if he had escap'd I am persuaded the Kingdom of France wou'd have been delug'd in blood. She thinks me much worse than Bradshaw, [who presided at the trial of Charles I.] and very little (if anything) better than the man in the vizer—so take care of yourself on that head. You thought (I am sure) with me that the new Bishop of Durham was as proper a person in all respects as cou'd have been appointed to that station ; I have no doubt he will do himself credit in all essentials, and perhaps what is objected to him of coldness and distance of manner may be less imputed to him as a fault in that very elevated station to which he is now rais'd. (Have you seen anything of Mrs. Montagu this summer? Whenever you do, be sure *not* to tell her that I speak well of the French Revolution ; I hear her discharge all her eloquence against it in perfect silence, and content myself with not assenting, which is usually my way, when I am not off my guard upon that subject ; for why shou'd one make people hate one only for forming a different judgment of probabilities from themselves?) I have this moment got a letter from our friend Cambridge (Père) who says that as to Public news, it is all *to come*, and adds *nous verrons* : what more can be said ?

“Cambridge says that he hears Cowper's ‘Homer’ is

very extraordinary. Have you examined it? I cannot help lamenting that such an original Genius shou'd have employ'd himself so much in translation. I daresay that I shall never read it. He expresses himself so perfectly satisfied with Malone's 'Shakespear' as to have made an acquaintance with him in consequence of it. I think this a most honourable testimony to Malone, but fear that I shall never be induced to read any comment upon Shakespear, further than what may be necessary to explain an obscure passage. Pray tell me all that you can about yourself; tho' you are the worst person in the world to apply to for that intelligence, because as you are always employ'd in doing some good, and the last person to speak of it, one had better inquire of any body else than of yourself. Be assur'd however that you can tell me nothing of yourself which will not be interesting to me. Mrs. Pepys desires to be kindly remembered to you, and I am, my dear Friend, with most cordial esteem and respect, as well as gratitude,

"Yours sincerely,

"W. W. PEPYS."

"London, Dec. 5, 1792.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Both Mrs. Montagu and I most *earnestly* request you to exact your admirable Talents at this Juncture for the Good of your Country(Which is in great Peril)on the subject of the many Absurdities which would follow from the *Cry of Equality* being reduced to Practise. We think you wou'd do it most successfully in the way of a Dialogue between two persons of the lowest order Viz. *Tom Trowel* a journeyman Bricklayer, and *Dick* (something) who shall each have half an acre of Ground in the general Division, but shall not be able to get any body to mend their spades which are broke, their shoes which are worn out, and their Cloaths which have been torn off their backs in the Contest,

because as every Body else has half an acre, nobody either can, or will, do anything but try to raise Potatoes upon his own half acre. We think that a Dialogue in the *humourous* way, might be so executed by you, as to make these Serious Politicians in the Ale Houses, who are now employed in being told that they are very unhappy, laugh heartily, and get again into good humour with the present state of things, by which they got already, in many Places, as much by the work of three days, as will enable them to be Drunk all the rest of the Week; and as the turbulent Disposition seems most prevalent in great manufacturing Towns, where poverty is least felt, we think that a dialogue of that sort would be easily Circulated, and have an admirable effect. I am very happy to find that a Remedy of another sort has been applied in the Country, namely that of raising the wages of the Poor Day Labourer, who has been hitherto not paid in proportion to the Rise of all the necessaries of Life. Do, pray set yourself to work *directly* upon this Dialogue, and remember, that if you shou'd be, in the Hands of Providence, an Instrument to prevent the horrible Scenes of Confusion and Bloodshed which have laid all France Desolate, you will have for your reward, such heartfelt satisfaction, as the applause of all the Literati in Europe cou'd not afford you; tho' they will be the foremost to admire such an Application of your Talents.

“ I expect no answer but the Dialogue.

“ P.S.—The Want, which upon such a supposition of Equality would be felt by those who had no longer a Parson to resort to for their assistance in sickness &c. &c. might be touched upon with great force, without giving the Dialogue too serious a turn. It would really be a great act of Charity to these poor honest People, (who are now deluded to their own Destruction,) to represent to them, in a manner that they could comprehend, how much

they would increase their own misery, even if they cou'd effect such a wild scheme, not to mention the certain Destruction they must bring upon a great portion of Them by the very attempt.

"What think you of a humourous ballad? You wou'd do that admirably."

NOTE.—Hannah More wrote in 1792 a tract called "Village Politics by Will Chip," and in 1795 her ballad, "The Riot, or Half a Loaf better than None," was considered excellent.

"Wimpole Street. May 25, 1798.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"To promise lightly, and perform tardily or not at all, is by no means my usual Practise, but when I tell you, that in addition to my daily occupations, my eldest son has been with me ever since I saw you, and is still with me, utterly unable to amuse himself from a weakness in his eyes, brought on I fear from too intense application, you will not be surprised that I neither have done, nor see any prospect of being able to do, what you desir'd; Indeed every moment that I can spare from business I am desirous of devoting to him, as the conversation of his Family is the only means of making his time pass with any tolerable comfort. The subject for which you desired some hints is no Doubt of great Importance, but perhaps what Robinson has said upon it, added to what may be found in Mrs. Chapone on Conversation, may be thought nearly to have exhausted It. What I wish you to insist upon principally is, the very extensive Influence which your Sex might have on Our's by an active and judicious use of every fair opportunity to discountenance Vice, and encourage the Profession of Virtuous Principles; I judge of the Good they might do, by the mischief which I see is produced in the Minds of Young Men, as well as young Women, by Inattention (to say no worse) in those whose opinions are consider'd as of Weight, either from the Rank which they

hold in the Fashionable World, or in point of Understanding. I think that if many a young and beautiful Woman could be made to see in a strong Light the extent of her Influence, either to do good, or ill, it might awaken the Consciences of some, to exert themselves in the Cause of Virtue, and deter others from affording that Countenance to Vice, which is given, by discovering too plainly that it is not wholly disagreeable to those who profess themselves the Patronesses of Virtue. These observations would apply perhaps still more strongly to Religion, than Morality; and perhaps, if it could be fully known to your Sex, how little amiable an '*Esprit Fort*' appears even to the Profligate of Our's, it might operate as a check to certain habitual pasiflage (as the French call it) which pervades the Conversation of some Ladies in other respects highly amiable.

"If this sort of Language and conduct were us'd only by Women whose character are decidedly vicious, (tho' still admitted into Society,) it wou'd be of far less importance; but I fear it will be found that too many give into it, even those who would be sorry to find themselves upon the List of the Enemies, either of Religion or Morality. No one who does not enter into the Feelings of a young Man, can conceive, how much less formidable the Ridicule of all the *men* in the World would be, than that of the Women with whom He happens to be acquainted; and I dare say, if a man had work'd himself up, from a Sense of Religion, to that high pitch of Heroism which wou'd be necessary to decline the risk of Murder in fighting a Duel, He would be still in the utmost danger of relapsing into the usual Pusillanimity on such occasions, were it to be represented to Him that no *Woman* would hereafter receive him, but with Contempt. It wou'd therefore be a considerable addition to the great and extensive good which you have already done by your Writings, and which, I doubt not, affords you, even now, the most

satisfactory Comfort, (but of which you will never know the full value till you come to take the *last* review of your *Past Life*,) if you cou'd impress upon the Minds of our Fair Countrywomen, that their Sphere of doing good is far more extensive than they imagine. God bless you in this and every other exertion of your admirable Talents to serve and please Him.

“Yours most affectionately,

“W. W. PEPYS.”

NOTE.—Six days later, on May 31, 1798, Hannah More wrote to her sister, “Were you not all well-nigh out of your wits at Pitt’s duel? We were all in the utmost consternation, especially poor Mr. Wilberforce. It was no small consolation to us all, that he had borne his testimony against duelling so strongly in his book, previous to this shocking event. To complete the horror, too, they chose a Sunday.”

“Wimpole Street. 12 May, 1808.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“To have written to me at all, so kindly and so spontaneously, as you did, excited my warmest gratitude ; but to follow it up by another most friendly and delightful letter convinces me that you will not be sorry, during the short space before we go hence and are no more seen, to hear, now and then, from your old and sincere friend. I am aware however that such kindness demands some discretion on my part ; and that I must not alarm you by too quick a succession of letters, but encourage you to resume the habit of writing to me, now and then, not as a task, but as one of those many occupations in which your whole life has been past, the object of which has always been to afford comfort or satisfaction to somebody.

“You are very kind to take so friendly an interest in the prosperity of my family. I was told that when I resign’d my office, I shou’d be found hanging upon a Peg from ennui. But so it is, that the day is not long enough for what I find to do, now that I am suppos’d to do nothing ; and if I can but so employ the short remainder

of my time, as to be able to render a good account of it hereafter, I have no apprehension of not passing it to my own satisfaction, while it shall please God to continue my health. 'Thou upholdest me in my health' are the words in which I daily acknowledge my dependence on God's goodness for the continuance of it; and I humbly hope, as I do not trust in my own strength, but look up to Him with the deepest sense of gratitude for all His mercies, that they will be continued to me: But I rejoice with trembling, when I hear of such disasters as the loss of Lord Royston [eldest son of Lord Hardwicke]; and ask myself how wou'd it be possible for me to bear such a stroke! Indeed, my good friend, I am thoroughly sensible that if religion is so necessary to keep us temperate in the use of prosperity, it is our only support in adversity; I can safely say that the most delightful moments of my life have been those in which I have rais'd my heart towards Heaven, in thankfulness for the innumerable blessings which I have enjoy'd; if devotion be therefore my greatest delight in the time of my wealth, what other comfort can I look to in the time of my tribulation, and in the hour of my death! How strangely unacquainted with the delights of religion, are those, who consider it only as a system of hard duties to be perform'd, which afford here, nothing but labour and sorrow, tho' hereafter they may be attended with their reward! I am persuaded, on the contrary, that as Bishop Horne says beautifully on our Saviour's caution against too great anxiety for the morrow, that he has consulted, in his precepts, our happiness here, as well as hereafter: By the way, did you ever see those beautiful applications of passages from the Classics to purposes of religion, which were published, of Bishop Horne, by Mr. Jones? One of them was peculiarly pleasing to me from Terence's *Phormio*, Act 1, Scene 3. 'Adeone Rem rediisse, ut Qui Mihi consultum esse optume velit, PATREM extimescam, ubi in mentem ejus ADVENTI

venit ; Quod ni fuisset incogitans, ita EUM expectarem, ut par fuit.' The exclamation of Lysimachus who in extreme thirst offer'd his kingdom to the Getoe, for a draught of water to quench it. 'Oh what extreme folly and baseness have I been guilty of, who have barter'd my kingdom for so short a gratification' may be applied to him who for a momentary pleasure parts with the Kingdom of Heaven. There are many others, I will add only one—the corruption of our nature (says He) assumes as many shapes as Proteus, and transforms men into as many kinds of beasts,

“ ‘Fiet enim subito SUS horridus, atraque TIGRIS,
Squamosusque Draco, at fulva cervice Leæna ;
Sed quanto Ille Magis formas se vertet in omnes,
Tanto, NATE, magis contende, tenacia *Vincla*.’

“I have not given you the exclamation of Lysimachus in Greek, because I wait for you to tell me whether you have acquir'd that language: But if you have, I desire you will have no prudery in acknowledging it, because I shall keep your secret very faithfully, and shall only feel that we have another bond of union between us. I read over your 'Florio,' the other day, with fresh delight, tho' the lines which I was at that moment thinking of, on the *Free Masonry* of Literature, are in your 'Bas Bleu.' Poor Mrs. Ord! She is (I think) the last of those whom we us'd so often to meet; for as to Mrs. Garrick I know of her existence only from her kindness in sometimes lending my young people her box. How few old friends are left!

“ ‘Apparent *rari* nantes in Gurgite vasto.’

You see how profuse I am of my Latin, but I have great pleasure in communicating any Classical allusion, where I know it will be relished: As to the common intercourse of life, it seems to me that I might as well have walk'd up and down St. James Street all my life, with 'Florio,' for

any use that Literature is of in *conversation*; but it is my great delight when alone, and that is much more important.

"As my time is now more at my command, it has occur'd to me, that I cou'd not make a better use of it, than to take an active part in solliciting the assistance of the Public to prevent the Middlesex Hospital from being shut up, for as people bestow their charity upon new institutions, they are apt to let the old ones shift for themselves till, by degrees, our finances have become so inadequate to the relief of the many poor wretches who apply, that we have been oblig'd to appeal to the Public for immediate assistance: I mention this, because I think it not impossible that you may know some persons who have much to give, and wou'd not be sorry to know where their money might be best applied. Now an old institution has this advantage, that every guinea goes directly to the relief of some unhappy sufferer, whereas in the new ones, large sums must be expended in the building, in the beds, &c. &c. all which are in the former already provided.

"I trust this weather will quite re-establish you. How often must you have repeated those beautiful lines in Akinside on the first sensation of delight from the open air, after a long confinement! they are a good pendant to yours from Cowper. When two friends are at a distance, it is (I think) a good deed to direct each other's attention to what may be either not known, or forgotten. I shall therefore hope, that if any thing strikes you as peculiarly beautiful or useful, you will refer me to it, without taking the trouble to transcribe it. Have you read Shée's 'Rhymes on Art'? some parts are excellent, particularly those on the French Revolution, where he speaks of the new experiments in Government made with the same apathy, as if they were in chemistry.

" 'What shapes of social order rise refin'd
From speculation's crucible combin'd,



MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL, 1750-60.

The Pepys Ward, founded by Sir William Weller Pepys, still exists. From the time of the French Revolution till 1814 it was used exclusively for French refugees.

While cool State Chymists watch the boiling brim,
 And Life's low dregs upon the surface swim ;
 What, tho' midst Passion's fiery tumults tost,
 A Generation's in the process lost,
 The calm Philosopher pursues his plan,
 Regardless of his raw Material, Man.'

"Did I tell you how much my son and I were struck with a work of Mme. de Staël, '*sur la Literature?*' We both thought it excellent, tho' possibly in some places too refin'd. As to 'Marmion,' I do not know such powers of representation in very modern poetry, but there are no lines which one wishes to get by heart, like those in the 'Last Lay;' and so many of them bear such marks of haste and idleness, that he who can do so much better ought to be whipp'd for them. The 'Battle' is the best I remember since old Homer. You see the Banners stoop and rise again. It has been upon every table this Winter; so that People need not pour forth their Jeremiades on the want of patrons. Let any one write what is truly excellent, and the public will be his patron.

"—The generous Public made me what I am,
 My heart declares the grateful truth—and what I am is theirs.'

"And now, my good Friend, have you had enough of my Poetico Prosaic Epistle? or shall I tell you that at the age of sixty eight I am sitting for my picture, at the earnest request of my dear Children? [See Frontispiece, Vol. I.] Cou'd I but shew you the letter in which Henry convey'd his own and his sister's request, you wou'd say, that you never saw a picture of filial attachment, which gave you more pleasure; what then must it have afforded to me! People us'd to threaten me, when first I undertook to educate my sons, that they wou'd hate me as their schoolmaster. But (thank God) I am daily receiving marks of the sincerest attachment from them. I don't think I ever thank'd you as I ought for your kind and hospitable invitation, but as

you do not say that you are quite prepar'd to receive a visit from sixteen people, perhaps the best and only chance I shall ever have of seeing you again, wou'd be for you to find me a very desirable residence, for the summer in your neighbourhood, tho' possibly it might be thought too far from town which is our head quarters. At any rate, do not fail to cherish the remembrance of me, as of one who has never ceas'd to entertain the most cordial attachment to you, mix'd up with a great degree of veneration for your piety, virtues and talents; and if you ever do permit yourself to offer up a prayer for your friends, let me hope that you will join with me in supplication that we may meet in Heaven!

“W. W. P.”

NOTE.—Hannah More wrote of some of her friends, “I wish these shining wits would manage matters so that one might hope to meet them in heaven, for one is very sorry to be deprived of such agreeable company to all eternity.”

“Wimpole Street. March 14th, 1809.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“Your most kind letter in December and ‘Cœlebs’ which I found on my table at my return to town after the Birth Day, are intitled to my warmest thanks, but as I have of late been made quite sick with apologies, in letters printed for the amusement of the public, I will not make any for not acknowledging so much kindness sooner.

“When I tell you that I was delighted and edified with ‘Cœlebs,’ I say no more than the truth: The discrimination of character, and the good tendency of the work, wou'd of themselves make it worthy of any writer, but the beauty of the language and the brilliancy of such frequent, and always consistent, metaphors, stamps it for your own: I have not scrupled to declare, every where, that I have not met with such writing, as I can produce in ‘Cœlebs’

since the days of Burke, unless it be from your own works.

"As I decline all discussions in company upon original sins, and 'the pre-existent lapse of Antediluvian souls,' I have not enter'd the lists upon any such difficult subjects, but have avow'd myself boldly your champion, for the general tendency of the work, and that superiority of style which pervades every part of it.

"I am glad to find that you agree with me in admiring Paley's writings, but am quite surpriz'd to hear you say, that the Author of the 'Evidences of Christianity' was very scanty in Faith. If he had not much himself, he has certainly been the 'Cause of it in other men' what I most approve in his writings is the Fairness with which he handles every argument, and his moderation in not attempting to carry any thing further than he is strictly warranted by Scripture. This I am persuaded is the cause why he is much more generally read, and the good which his writings do, is much more diffusively spread, than if he had put himself at the head of any particular set of doctrines and carried them to an extreme. My paper (tho' the largest I cou'd find and therefore chosen tho' greasy and not gilt) will not admit of my entering with you on the Doctrine of Utilitas, *Justi prope Mater et Æqui*, but I think that I cou'd satisfy you, that both Paley, and his Doctrine on that subject, have been misunderstood. Had he attempted to set up utility or any other object, either in opposition to, or even as a substitute for the Commands of God, I wou'd not offer a word in his favor; but I am persuaded that he meant no more, than that the object of all God's injunctions is the happiness of His creatures, and that whatever tends most to that object, is for that reason right to do, as coinciding with the ultimate object of all God's commands.

"As to 'Matilde,' I was disgusted with the everlasting opposition in which sacred Objects are made to combat

with human passions. They are brought too near to each other. Sensuality and Christian Purity may be discussed abstractedly in the same page without any offence ; but I cannot endure the Crucifix and the Lover to be brought into the same room ; This has always disgusted me in that exquisite Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard, and I remember to have heard our excellent Friend Mrs. Chapone express the same disgust : By the way, how much *her* name has risen since the publication of the two small volumes of her letters to Mrs. Carter &c. there is more substance, more tangible materials, in one of her Letters, than in twenty of what are now publish'd as familiar letters, which consist chiefly in Inquiries after head aches and pains in the stomach, or apologies for not having written sooner, that the Public wou'd perhaps have been equally well satisfied, had they never been written at all : I take a very warm interest in whatever affects the health of my living friends, but I can no more sympathise with the Cholic of a person who has been dead for Thirty years, than I cou'd feel indispos'd with the garlick which disagreed with Horace's stomach 1800 years ago.

“I am glad that poor Lady Waldegrave is near to such a Friend as you ; hers indeed are such afflictions as require the tenderest sympathy of a friend, but can receive little consolation from any one, but the great Comforter of mankind : It is in circumstances such as hers that the inestimable value of religion is duly felt : We assent perhaps in Prosperity to all the advantages which are said to be attendant upon a Religious Life, but it is only in affliction that the heart feels the insufficiency of all earthly consolation, and speaks a language which is hardly understood while it is at ease, ‘O God, thou art my God, early will I seek Thee, my soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh also longeth after Thee, in a barren and dry land where no water is,’ comfort Thou the soul of thy servant, for unto Thee do I lift up my soul ! I pass'd the summer within

a few fields of Lady Waldegrave, the year before last, but understood from my Brother [in law] Dr. Dowdeswell, that her spirits were in too weak a state to make any new acquaintance. You inquire after the Montagus; I pass'd two days with them at Sandleford very agreeably this last autumn, and always think them highly amiable. The first vol. of our friends letters are coming out, but I quake for their reception, as they were written as early as 17 years of age: Montagu declares that he has laugh'd at them repeatedly by himself; I trust we shall do so too, as she once told me that she did not think she had improv'd much in letter writing as she advanc'd in age: You have heard the current *Bon Mot*, when somebody ask'd, whether Matthew Montagu, and Montagu Matthew (in the House of Commons) were the same person; No, replied a man, There is as much difference as between a Chesnut Horse and a Horse-Chesnut; Matthew Montagu is of an enormous size: We have but 3 subjects of conversation here, The D. of York, Lord Paget's elopement, and the Dismission of Lady Georgina Bulkley, so that there is little room for Warburton's Letters, which afforded me but little entertainment. My admiration of talents does not decrease from old age, and I often think of an answer which an Old Uncle of mine once made when I congratulated him on retaining his relish for the Georgic, 'I desire to live no longer than I can retain my relish for Poetry, and Apple Pye.' I walk much alone when I am in town, and take great delight in repeating *to myself* the finest passages of the Psalms and of Homer, which I have formerly committed to memory. The practise of learning by heart all the finest passages of the Poets I very much recommend to my Children, who still continue to be every thing I cou'd wish. The success of my second son at the Chancery Bar has been most rapid and highly gratifying to me, who have in truth so much to be thankful for, that I cannot but rejoice with trembling, when I look around me, and see what is

perpetually happening in other families: I have only to hope that the deep sense of gratitude, which I never cease to feel for the goodness of God towards me, will, by His blessing, be the means of its continuance.

“To have three intellectual neighbours in the country is more than your share: We have many more than three in this town; but the difficulty is to meet them; In the hope of removing this difficulty, some few of us have instituted a new Club, which I am sorry to say is called by the unmeaning name of the *Alfred*; we have fitted up a house in Albemarle Street, and as it consists of 400, there are scarce any literary characters who do not belong to it; tho’ you must suppose that some do, who have not much tincture of Literature. Our fundamental law is, that no cards, dice or other game whatsoever shall, upon any account, be admitted: but the spirit of conversation seems to have fled, and I doubt much whether all our endeavours and apparatus will be able to recall it: One reason no doubt is, that the events which are passing before our eyes are of such an interesting and gigantic a nature, that it wou’d be affectation to be talking of antient Wars, when every thing dear to us is at stake and involv’d in the present. I remember, as I found Lord Lyttelton writing one morning, I said, ‘So, my Lord, you are closely employ’d upon Henry the Second.’ Henry the Second (replied he) Who can think about Henry the Second, when our Colonies are all in a flame! How much more reason wou’d he have had for such a sentiment, had he liv’d to this day! ‘Remember (said he once to me) that if the French shou’d ever become Masters of Flushing, this country must take heed to itself,’ what wou’d he have said had he liv’d to see every port in Europe under the direct or indirect dominion of Buonaparte! Pray read a very interesting Article in the *Edinburgh Review*. It contains much curious speculation and many interesting facts in the present circumstances of the world. I confess that my heart sunk

within me, when I read that Article in the same volume, 'sur le Code de Conscription ;' Can Spain withstand such a force? You once said to me that the events of our time surpass'd in magnitude, those of any other : Perhaps (with the exception of Columbus) this may be true ; but we have not yet seen the last Act of the Tragedy. You remember that magnificent Image in the 44 Chapter of Isaiah where the Downfall of Babylon is predicted 'Hell from beneath is moved to meet Thee at Thy coming, &c.' some parts of which one cannot help thinking, *mutatis mutandis*, may one day be applicable to Buonaparte : How I shou'd like to sit with you, and compare that passage with the famous one in Homer, where Pluto is represented as starting from his Throne! for *you* wou'd not decline any Literary conversation, tho' you do not belong to the Alfred. I shou'd however be inexcusable if I were not contented with the singular happiness of having for my constant companion a 'Son who is ever with me' and who can relish, in the highest degree, whatever is most excellent in Literature ; ay, and not only relish, but supply my mind from his abundant stores, with a thousand ideas of serious kinds, which have either never occur'd to, or escap'd from it : there is no day passes over my head that I do not feel the deepest sense of gratitude for such a blessing.

"You see by the *Edinburgh Review* that the Latin is clearly deriv'd from the Sanscrit, and there can be little doubt but that the Greek is also ; what a fund of curious speculation does such a discovery suggest.

"Here have I written almost two sheets full, and never said a word yet about the D. of York, the Dismission of Lady Georgina Bulkley, nor Lord Paget's elopement ! You will say I might as well have written from a Desert, but it is too late to begin upon such inexhaustible subjects so low in my paper, which admonishes me to defer (with more propriety than the Clergyman did who was preaching

to the Convicts who were to be hang'd the next morning) the remainder of my discourse to some future opportunity. Adieu, my dear Friend,

“Yours affectionately,
“W. W. PEPYS.”

“So, as if eight sides of paper were not enough to contain all that I have to say to you, here am I scribbling upon the cover ; but it may serve to shew you how we wou'd talk, if ever we were to meet again in this world : Your writings always send me away discontented with myself ; which is more salutary, than pleasant, but your letters always cheer me by their kindness, and restore me to more good humour with myself. I know how you are pester'd with letters, and therefore told you as long ago as when we parted, I entreated you to write only when you happen to feel the inclination ; but whenever that does come upon you, I am persuaded that there is not one of all your numerous friends who will set an higher value upon a letter from you, than

“Your old friend and admirer,
“W. W. PEPYS.

“1809.”

“Brighton. 1809.

“We have pass'd this summer, as the last, partly at Taplow, and partly at this place ; but return to London on Friday, which I shall do with some regret, as here I catch every gleam of sun from its rising to its setting, and, as a friend of mine once said, I don't see what a man has to do in London, who has no share in the plunder of it. You are probably acquainted with every circumstance relating to your good Bishop's [of London] death ; Mr. Streatfield told me that the last Sunday before he died, he was supported to say grace at table ; and Mrs. Porteus wish'd him to spare himself that exertion, and content himself with a bow of

gratitude and reverence : But weak as he was, he said, ‘ I know some *do* content themselves with a bow, or when they say Grace, do it as if they were asham’d of what they are doing, but I will say Grace as long as I am able to utter it.’ Your long friendship with such a man must have been a very great blessing to you both.

“ We have lately been reading in an evening the last Vol. of Marshall’s ‘ Life of Washington ; ’ and whether from its own merit, or from the very excellent manner in which my son Henry reads, it interested me exceedingly. I once shock’d a man of the world, who had just finish’d a long eulogium upon Frederick King of Prussia, by telling him that I had much rather have been *Wm. Penn.*

“ Your account of our imports and exports is very consolatory. The customs for the Quarter ending the 10th October were (I know) £1,268,000 more than the corresponding Quarter of last year ; and you will be glad to hear, that the trade of Ireland has doubled itself in the last 2 years ; That it is now equal to what that of France and America ever was, at its most flourishing period, and equal to what the trade even of this country was 50 years ago. There is an excellent pamphlet by Sir F. D’Ivernois on the effects produc’d by Buonaparte’s Blockade, the Motto of which, taken from a copy of verses on the Siege of Gibraltar, pleas’d me much,

“ ‘ Votre Blocus ne bloque point,
Et, grâce à votre heureuse adresse,
Ceux que vous affamez sans cesse,
Ne mouriront, que d’Embonpoint.’

I am in the way of hearing how our Finances go on, for my dear William, who is my constant companion, and is ‘ ever with me ’ has, for many years past, made the Finances his favourite study ; and, now that Mr. P. H. is gone, I much question if there be a man in the country who understands them better : as I have often expatiated to you before upon the delight which such a Friend, companion

and son, never ceases to afford me, I will not weary you with my expressions of gratitude for such a blessing, of which I trust that I am fully sensible.

“A poor man of the name of Gillingham ask’d alms of me some time ago; I gave him half a crown; but upon his saying that he was known to you, I made it up half a guinea, I am afraid more for your sake, than from any better motive: By the way, tho’ I know you are connected with long purses, and therefore in no need of assistance, yet if at any time your calls for charity shou’d exceed your supply, remember that you have an old friend in a corner, who will at all times be happy to contribute his mite, where it is so sure of never being applied but to deserving objects. You have read Miss Edgeworth’s *Tales*, no doubt, and been pleas’d with many parts of them; but did you ever see such disproportionate praise as is bestow’d upon them in the *Edinburgh Review*? The ‘*Irish Post Chaise*’ is however beyond all praise, and the ‘*Scotch Steward*’ is admirable; Q. Whether that character did not operate upon the *Edinburgh Reviewers* as a bribe for their applause? I advise you the next book you write, to insert the most *perfectly* good character of a Scotsman that *ever* was imagined, and see whether it will not counteract all your attacks upon the Church; if you have a mind to make quite sure of your object, scatter a few strong sentiments in favor of Democracy, and the receipt cannot fail. I have just been walking with your *Sister Gyp* who desires to be kindly remember’d to you: In truth I am very sorry to exchange this sunshine for the fogs of London; but I am such a patriarch and carry such a train about with me, that when once I have put them in motion, it is no easy thing to issue a countermand, without great inconvenience.

“Writing, you say, is no longer so easy to you as formerly; but pray let the inconvenience operate no farther than to make you write less, but not to discontinue

writing at all : Your efforts in favor of Religion and Virtue have been so very successful, that to say I envy you, much more than Buonaparte, wou'd be saying nothing, but when I consider what comfortable reflections you must have upon the use to which you have put your Ten Talents, I can hardly think of any one whom, if I were able, I shou'd be so desirous to emulate. We are both, my dear Friend, not far remov'd from the time when we must give in our account ; you have acted, by your writings, in a very extensive sphere, Mine has been more confin'd, as it has not extended beyond my own family and the duties of my public office ; but the great and good Judge who is to decide upon our fate, will not so much consider how great or how small a part we have fill'd in the Drama of life, as how well or how ill we have perform'd it : May His approbation ultimately crown all our endeavours in His service and that of our fellow creatures and if we are not destin'd to meet again on earth, let us hope that we may meet in Heaven ! God bless you !

“ I am,

“ Yours affectionately,

“ W. W. PEPYS.”

“ Wimpole Street. 27th March, 1811.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ The state of my eyes, which is always rather weak, does not afford me a very near Prospect of finishing this letter, which however I am resolv'd to begin, if I can do no more than merely thank you for your very kind Remembrance of me, in sending me your last excellent work : I have read it with much delight, and much emotion ; perhaps I ought to add with much envy, for your indefatigable exertions in favour of virtue and religion, the brilliancy of thought and expression which occurs in every page, the beauty and consistency of the metaphors,

and that intimate and accurate knowledge which you display of the human heart. Whether it be, because the impression is more recent, I cannot say, but it strikes me, as being the best of all your performances, and admirably calculated to terrify the wicked, to rouse the negligent, and to keep the most watchful upon their guard: There is however an impression which I find it makes upon some of the best and most religious characters, which is, that of despair of ever reaching such unattainable perfection, and a thorough disbeleif that the generality of their friends and acquaintance, who have been virtuously and religiously educated, and seem to be in the constant habit of 'doing justice, loving mercy, and walking humbly with their God' can possibly be in such a state of reprobation, as to incur the final displeasure of the Almighty, and be destin'd to everlasting punishment: These perhaps you will say are self satisfied Christians, and in greater danger than the most abandon'd reprobates, because their eyes are not yet open to their own corruptions: It is observ'd also that you seem to have forgot that our Saviour, when He says that He was not sent to call the Righteous, but Sinners to Repentance, seems to admit that there were (at least at that time) some righteous; and that when it is said that 'there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance' it seems to be implied, that even a considerable number might so live, as to be acceptable to God: Upon the whole they seem to think you have selected all the texts of an opposite tendency, without attending sufficiently to some of the above description, and that a more gloomy picture of human nature, with reference to a state of future rewards and punishments, is there exhibited, than, upon a fair view of life, and all parts of the Gospel taken together, shou'd be impress'd upon the mind, especially that of young persons, who have been virtuously and religiously educated.

"I remember a Lady telling me, that when she was a girl, and very fond of reading the Psalms, she found herself at a great loss for want of some *Enemies*, which prevented her from sympathizing, so much as she ought to do, with David ; and I suppose many a young lady, when she hears that she is 'dead in trespasses and sins' will not beleive it, merely because she cannot recollect what they are. You made me laugh heartily at the consolation that you say many people receive from the consciousness that they are neither Galatians, Philippians, nor Thessalonians, but it was the only part where I was at all inclin'd even to smile ; for I am sure the tenor of the whole is such as to make the best of us look grave ; may it have its due effect upon all who read it ! and may you receive that ample reward which a righteous Master will not fail to bestow upon one who has labour'd so unremittingly and with so much ability, in His service ; your *ten* talents have not been left unemployed.

"I was particularly glad to receive your kind present, as it accounted for my disappointment in not receiving my anniversary letter in December, and it seem'd as the common people express it, *No how*, to have Christmas pass, without having heard, from you. As to myself, you will be glad to hear that it has pleas'd God to continue to me that uninterrupted state of health and prosperity, with which He has been graciously pleas'd to bless me for so many years ; for which my heart, I may say, daily overflows with gratitude to Him ; but in the midst of which, I must, if I think at all, 'rejoice with trembling.'

"My poor brother has had his domestic happiness completely destroy'd by the sudden and unexpected loss of Lady Rothes, with whom he had liv'd for 35 years, in such a state of cordial union, as perhaps is rarely to be found, and of which I can give you no better idea than in the words of an Epitaph which I once saw in Croydon Parish Church Yard.

“ ‘ They were so one ; it never cou’d be said,
 Which of them rul’d, or which of them obey’d ;
 He rul’d, because she *wou’d* obey ; and she,
 By thus obeying, rul’d as well as he ;
 Nor e’er was known betwixt them a dispute,
 Save, which the other’s will shou’d execute.’ ”

“ Had I wanted any memento of the uncertainty of all human happiness, and the very precarious tenure by which we hold our dearest enjoyments, the sudden death of one who seem’d so little likely to go the first, wou’d be sufficient to awaken me from any torpor of security, especially as I can say, with great truth, that during all those many years in which I had the happiness of being connected with her, I never receiv’d one unkind word from her, but on the contrary was always receiv’d by her with as much cordiality, as I cou’d have expected from my own sister ; and that not merely out of regard to my brother (which to her wou’d have been a motive sufficient) but evidently from a kind and partial disposition towards me.

“ The loss of such a near connection, and the completion of my 71st year, admonish me that I have no time to lose in preparing for an event, which, tho’ I never consider’d as distant must now be inevitably very near ; I know not however (as Sherlock says at the end of his Discourse) of any other preparation for Death, than that of living a good life ; and imploring pardon for what you have done amiss : as for retaining the recollection of each *particular* offence committed in the course of a long life, it seems to me absolutely impossible ; and I was therefore a little surprised at your unqualified position that ‘ a general repentance was no repentance at all,’ for surely if I feel really sorry that I have offended God, and resolve never again to be guilty of any such conduct as shall be disapprov’d by Him ; such a repentance, tho’, I cannot call to mind a hundredth part of the instances in which I have offended, will, through the Mediation of our Redeemer, be accepted by Him : at least



SIR LUCAS PEPYS, BART., M.D., F.R.S., F.S.A.

*Engraved by J. Godby from an Original Drawing by H. Edridge.
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I am sure that I should accept of such Repentance from a Child of my own, if I believed it to be sincere, and do not recollect in the Scripture anything to the Contrary. Your recommendations however of frequent self examination, wou'd no doubt, if regularly practis'd be much preferable to any general Repentance, on account of its efficiency in obtaining Pardon, as of Its use in preventing a repetition of Offence. I fear however there is no Duty so little practis'd, and indeed without having before One *Heads* of self examination, it seems very difficult for any one to call themselves regularly to such an Account as wou'd answer the purpose. Where have I been? What have I done? What duty have I omitted? are the three heads proposed by Pythagoras, and it were well, if we Christians wou'd adopt, what even that heathen philosopher prescribed.

"Since I have withdrawn myself from the bustle of business, what I have read has been principally books upon religious subjects, as all others appear to me now of comparatively little importance, so that your book was not an interruption, but a most valuable addition to what I have been reading, but though I am but a sorry Theologian perhaps you will pardon me if I venture to suggest a doubt as to your idea of the culpability of Dives, which you seem to think consisted in his being cloathed with fine linnen and faring sumptuously *every* day: now it appears to me, that the *sole* object of our Saviour in that Parable was to inculcate *that* most important of all truths, that how unequally soever the good things of this world may be distributed, there remains another, where all these seeming inequalities will be adjusted; where according to their behaviour here, rich and poor shall be exalted or abased, made happy or miserable; this being the point to which the Parable is confin'd, the *vices* of Dives, and the *virtues* of Lazarus, are not touch'd upon, but suppos'd and taken for granted; not as certain *consequences* of their respective situation, 'but as necessarily *understood* in the

Parable, in order to illustrate the *main doctrine*, which is that of God's ultimate distributive justice : ' this I take to be sound criticism, as applicable either to Homer's Similes or the Parables of the New Testament, and if attended to, wou'd answer that everlasting question what had Dives done to be punish'd or Lazarus to be rewarded ?

"As my eyes are often very weak, I find it very comfortable to commit portions of the Psalms to memory that I may recall them without using my eyes ; but I find that they are not extracted from the Penitentiary Psalms, so much, as from those expressive of that gratitude which I feel so deeply for the long continuance of so many Blessings ; when I reflect that I have been preserv'd in health and prosperity for 71 years, that I have been permitted to see all my six children grown up to men and women, and answering in every respect my most sanguine expectations, how *can* I refrain from crying out, 'Praise the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all his benefits.' These are the meditations which occupy my mind whenever it looks up to Heaven and which I may truly say have produc'd some of the happiest moments of my life. It is the goodness and beneficence of my Maker that I adore with so much delight, perhaps you will say I ought rather to tremble before Him as my Judge ; but my mind, when I am happy, is too apt to escape from those thoughts, and to dwell upon the many many causes which I have to be thankful. I trust however that this cannot be a sacrifice unacceptable to Him, whom from my childhood I have look'd up to, as the Author and Finisher of my course : May we both meet, my dear Friend, in his Presence, and the same Mediation be all prevalent, to forgive my failings, and reward your exertions ! God bless you and may his arms support us in the hour of death and in the day of Judgment.

"Yours most affectionately,

"W. W. PEPYS."

“Wimpole Street. March 31st, 1812.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“As the terms on which you and I correspond make it unnecessary to trouble you with the various reasons why I have not before thank'd you for your last delightful letter, I shall dedicate no part of my paper (which always appears too scanty when I am writing to you) to excuses and apologies. You will be glad to hear, that it has pleas'd God to continue to me my health and good spirits, tho' I attain'd, on the 11th of January, the completion of my 72nd year, and that all my six children, tho' they have long since been out in the world as men and women, continue to afford me, as they have ever done from their birth, nothing but comfort and pleasure. When I look about me, and see what so frequently occurs in other families, I cannot help feeling the deepest sense of gratitude for such inestimable blessings; and trust that He who sees what impression they have made on my heart, will accept that gratitude as the best incense I can offer! I remember when I was young, tho' very much awake to the Fear of God, I had very confus'd notions of what cou'd be meant by the Love of Him, and tho' I cou'd repeat very cordially my thanksgiving for preservation, cou'd not bring myself to join heartily in thanks for my creation: Whether this might arise from not having at that age duly weigh'd and appreciated the blessings which I enjoy'd, or from any depression of spirits arising from my health not being so good as it has since been, I cannot say, but certain it is, that my gratitude has increas'd in proportion to the blessings which I have experienced; and were I call'd upon to say, what have been some of the most delightful moments of my life, I cou'd with great truth answer, those in which I felt that gratitude most sensibly: When therefore I am told that Heaven will consist in praising and adoring the Author of all good, I can now

perfectly understand that Language; and tho' much of the delight arising from the sensation of gratitude must *here* be much alloy'd by a sense of one's own unworthiness, yet when that is remov'd by the delightful sound of 'Well done, thou good and faithful Servant' I can conceive no greater happiness than that of adoring such transcendent goodness and mercy!

"You see how naturally the moment I sit down to write to you, my thoughts turn upon religious subjects, which arises from my having so long consider'd you, not only as a Saint, but an Apostle, and is the pure effect of association, not of any desire of paying my court to you by appearing to you peculiarly affected by a sense of religion: It is in truth very comfortable to have a friend to whom one can communicate such sensations, without the imputation of enthusiasm or Hypocrisy.

"I am quite glad to find that you like Lady Lucy Barry, she appears to me to approach as near to that state, which Milton so well describes:

"When oft converse with heavenly Habitants
Begins to cast a beam on th' outward shape
The unpolluted temple of the mind,'

as any person I ever knew; and I am sure she must have been highly gratified by a visit to you: I was much struck, some years ago, when I was talking with her on some serious subject, to recollect how long it was since I convers'd with her excellent *Grandfather* [George, 1st Lord Lyttelton] upon topicks of that kind. Judge then of my sensations, when I was introduc'd, the other day, to a Great Grandson of my early and invaluable friend as a new member of my Club: You may be assur'd that all, and more than I have here said of gratitude for my preservation was reviv'd in my heart. Does it not often occur to you that persons with whom you have formerly talk'd intimately on the interests of a world to come, are now initiated into the secrets of

that country from whence no traveller returns, and may now be pitying our misconceptions, or rejoicing at the rectitude of our ideas and feelings concerning it? I suppose it was the prevalence of this speculation which gave such celebrity when I was young to Mrs. Rowe's* Letters. For my part, feeling myself to stand, as I do, on the confines of the world of spirits, I take no interest in any reading so much as that which tends to confirm my Faith, strengthen my Hope, and establish my Confidence in the mercy of God: I have therefore this last summer been principally employ'd in reducing extracts from that delightful Book of Psalms, under the 3 Heads of Supplication—Trust in God—Praise and Thanksgiving: This, I know, has been often done, but I thought it most useful to do it for myself: I have been also much employ'd upon Mac-night's 'Commentary on the Epistles,' which I am told is the best, perhaps chiefly for being the last: but I have very little satisfaction from any thing that requires much explanation, or is made the subject of much controversy; because I am persuaded, that as the Gospel was intended for the Poor and Ignorant, as well as for the Rich and Learned, nothing can be essential to Salvation, which requires long and laborious habits of theological study to comprehend. A very amiable man (Mr. Jerningham) in the notes to a poem which he has just sent to me, says that he was indebted for his conversion from Infidelity to Christianity, to Bishop Taylor. As I am acquainted only with his book on 'Holy Living and Dying' I shou'd be glad to know what particular part of his works, or that of any other Divine, you have found most convincing on that subject, as it sometimes happens that when a question is ask'd of me not being very conversant in Theological Writers beyond Butler, Sherlock, Paley, Beattie, and other Moderns, I am not able to give perhaps the best directions. A little book has lately come to my hands, which I think

* Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe, born 1674, wrote "Friendship in Death."

admirable ; It is an abridgment of 'Leslie's short Method with the Deists' and contains the 4 Rules which Middleton says, he was for 20 years endeavouring to apply to some false Fact, but without success.

"You have, no doubt, read Mrs. Tighe's 'Psyche,' I cannot bear Allegory long continued ; but there are passages in that Poem exquisitely beautiful ; what think you of that on Indifference ? I shou'd also be glad to know what parts you admire most in Miss Baillie's last volume. It seems to me (as I only heard them read to me) that the short one on Hope was the most pleasing ; tho' the conclusion of Orra is truly terrific ! Those Plays in general did not leave upon my mind any strong desire of reading them again, as Walter Scot does, tho' perhaps for a reason not much to his credit, which is, that I can seldom understand him thoroughly the first time. He seems to have the true spirit of poetry ; but whether he can sing any where but in the Highlands I cannot say, for I have not read his last poem. We have been well amus'd lately with the 'Life of Lord Charlemont,' tho' written evidently under the influence of Party Prejudices ; but I am so fond of all Biography, that were I to begin the 'Life of Jack Ketch,' I shou'd never quit him till I saw him hang'd on his own gallows, and read his last dying speech. I hope the great exertions which are now made to diffuse Education among the Poor have met with your approbation, and that you feel no apprehension lest all the Ploughmen shou'd desert their ploughs, as soon as they are able to read : if they follow'd them merely for amusement, I shou'd indeed be alarm'd lest they might prefer the superior entertainment of reading the 'Arabian Nights ;' but as hunger is equally formidable to the best Poet, as to the lowest Thrasher, I am in no fear of the land remaining uncultivated ; and believe that the Proportion of those who are hang'd, and cannot read, to the Literati who undergo that punishment, is enormously

great : If you had lost your way in a wood, and saw two men at a distance (says an Author) the one with a gun, and the other with a book in his hand to which of them wou'd you address yourself? But the Reformation of manners among the lower orders in Scotland, since the establishment of Parish Schools, supersedes all argument upon the subject : I may perhaps have told you that upon my accosting a poor Boy who was tending Pigs on a desolate heath in Scotland, and asking him whether he had ever heard of Fingal, he answer'd that he was a great Captain : I am so persuaded that whatever tends to improve the understanding, and give Mind an ascendancy over Matter is beneficial to Morality, that a few glaring instances of great talents being perverted to bad purposes, do not shake my Faith on that subject ; and I can safely say (without the suspicion of flattering *you*) that those especially among your sex, who have been most eminent for Intellectual Attainments, have been most distinguish'd for religion and virtue."

" Wimpole Street. 31 March, 1813.

" MY DEAR FRIEND,

" You are too well acquainted with the ceremonial between the Judge and the Elephant who came both at the same time into a Circuit town, which the Judge settled by waiting first on the Elephant, not to follow, as you have done, so good an example : I have long been in hopes of a letter from you ; but as I consider'd your kind present on ' Christian Morality in the light of an Apostolic Epistle,' I was not sure that you might not intend it to supply the place of a letter : I have read it with great pleasure ; and I hope with some advantage ; tho' I confess the sensation of self dissatisfaction which all your writings leave upon my mind, however salutary, is rather humiliating and painful : I approve the style in which it is written, as less redundant in metaphor, than your former

work ; and therefore better adapted perhaps to the solemnity of the subject ; tho' at the same time I am sorry to lose the delight which I never fail to receive from your use of the metaphor ; which never changes in your hands, as it does in those of some conjurors I know, from a ring to a purse, from a knife to a guinea, &c. You and Burke are the only two people I know who can safely be trusted with a metaphor ; and it may be said of you, as I once heard a man say of him, while he was pouring forth a torrent of eloquence in the House of Commons, 'How closely that Fellow reasons in Metaphor!' It is very pleasant to see by your letter that we have been for some time past reading exactly the same books ; and I don't see why two friends may not enjoy the consciousness of both being employ'd at a distance on the same book, as well as two lovers that of both looking at the same time, on the moon : your observations on them correspond so exactly with mine, that I have only to desire (as the Quaker did when somebody was swearing) that I may be made a party to them : Many thanks for your kind congratulations on my dear Sophia's marriage ; It was an event to put a Father's principles to the trial, for as there was nothing of worldly interest to induce me to give my consent, I was glad to find myself capable of preferring the prospect of her happiness to any views of aggrandisement for my family : She is really a charming creature ; with one of the best hearts, and most cultivated minds I have ever known and wou'd have done credit to any situation, however exalted, but when we talk'd over the matter together, her views, which are extended far beyond this mortal life, appear'd to me so rational, and so elevated, that I wou'd not have sacrific'd the probability of her happiness, for all the wealth in the world.

"What you say of Lady Olivia Sparrow has rais'd in me a strong desire to be acquainted with her ; and as I already visit her mother and a very charming cousin of

hers, Miss Montgomery, it might perhaps be effected, if you were to speak a good word for me in any of your letters to Lady Olivia; but I have not yet arriv'd at that happy state of confidence, which wou'd enable me to say as a Frenchman once did to me 'Monsieur j'ai cru que vous seriez charmé de ma compagnie' a sentence which I much question whether the vainest Englishman *cou'd* pronounce. Your complaint of the dampness of churches is not only well founded, but of so important and serious a nature, that I think you cannot do a better service to religion, or at least to religious people, than to take an opportunity in some of your next publications (which are sure of being universally read) of descanting on that subject, and of recommending, as somebody well said, that the old alliance between the *Aris* and the *Focis* shou'd be restor'd: In recommending to you this subject, I do full as well methinks as a gentleman I knew, who, when I ask'd him how he lik'd the subject of a sermon which was very abstruse, answer'd that he had rather hear him preach against the Crime of putting allum into bread. *A propos* to abstruse subjects for sermons, I shall certainly, at your recommendation, read some more of Horsley's; but must own that I have been deter'd from it, upon finding that one of them was upon the place in which our Saviour pass'd the interval between His crucifixion and resurrection. Such subjects as those are better left untouch'd, because every one sees, that the most learned Theologian, and the Convert of yesterday must be equally well inform'd upon them: I did read, and did (I confess) experience great disappointment in reading his attempts to shew what part of our Saviour's Discourses applied to the Destruction of Jerusalem, and what to his coming at the end of the world: His disposing of the principal difficulty by applying it to Judas Iscariot, appears to me very forc'd and improbable. Horsley was however the right sort of man to grapple with those, and such like difficult passages; and I am truly sorry that I

cou'd not obtain from him more satisfaction; for you cannot rank him among—

“‘Those commentators, who dark meanings shun,
But hold their Farthing-Candle to the Sun.’

As to his explanation of the 45th Psalm, as I have no better to offer, I must be content with it, tho' the meaning that he annexes to it, does seem very strange! I have often lamented that instead of giving the whole book of Psalms to be read in churches, which habituates the people, as well as the Priest, to repeat daily what they no more understand than if it were Arabic, our Ancestors did not make a copious selection of those Divine Passages, so feelingly adapted to every state of mind, and so expressive of the purest and most exalted Devotion.”

NOTE.—Sophia, daughter of Sir William Pepys, whose vigilance had frustrated the attempted highway robbery, when the family coach was beset by five men in Cockspur Street, in 1794, married Rev. Thomas Whately, brother of the Archbishop of Dublin.

“ 1813.

“I hear from every body, how delightfully you are situated, and how hospitably you receive your Friends; so that were I ever to be within reach of you, I shou'd make no more scruple of presenting myself at your gate, than a Pilgrim of old wou'd have had, in throwing himself upon the hospitality of my Lady Abbess. Pray convey my congratulations to Dr. Whalley, when you see him, upon his marriage; tho' they will have but little effect, he is so *us'd* to them; as a lady once said to me, when I was going to *give her away* to her *third* Husband, and told her that she ought not to appear in such high spirits, but look timid and apprehensive, ‘Matrimony is like a cold Bath, very formidable the first time, but when you have tried it often, you become *us'd* to it.’

“Your observation on the increase of piety is (I doubt not) well founded; and most sincerely do I envy you, that

delightful and heartfelt satisfaction which you must feel, from the consciousness of having so largely contributed to it by your writings; I had rather have it, than all your wit, and all your talents, which however very greatly enhance your merit, for having made them subservient to such an excellent purpose. May you receive the brightest Crown of Glory for such repeated and successful exertions, in so good a cause. I have always said that the difference between you, and the rest of my friends, was this, that I know very many who will do good, whenever it happens to come in their way; but that I know only you, who consider, every morning, how much good you can *find out* to do before night.

"I have been oblig'd to discontinue this letter for many days, as I have been interrupted as often as I have attempted to finish it: The facility with which most people lend their time, encourages every body to borrow as much of it as they please, and it is more difficult to refuse the loan of it, than of your money, tho' it be far more precious: I often think of Rousseau's observation 'Les Hommes disent que la vie est courte; ils mentent; ils en donneroient volontiers une moitié, pour se débarrasser de l'autre,' but I never see the morning that does not slip away too quick for what I have to do in it: Indeed, what you us'd to condemn as the greatest loss of time, the perusal of the newspaper, is now become so much more interesting than any other Reading, that I have no notion of pursuing the Alexander whose conquests so astonish'd the East, when every day brings fresh tidings of the rapidity with which our modern Alexander, not conquers, but delivers from Conquest, the West: Oh! that the Downfall of that insatiable Buonaparte may be at hand! *His Reign of Terror* has, methinks, been long enough, and I trust that we may still live, to sing the Triumphant song in the 14th Ch. of Isaiah, which I take to be one of the finest peices of Poetry ever written.

Cadell promises 2 more vol. of Mrs. Montagu's Letters ; but from what I can learn, they will not come out immediately if I had been asked to advise on the former Publication ; I wou'd have suggested, that as some of the letters cou'd have been written by very few except Mrs. Montagu, none ought to have been admitted which *any* body cou'd have written as well as Mrs. Montagu : But the Editor is under great difficulties ; for it often happens that some brilliant passages are so intermix'd with head aches and stomach aches which occupy the rest of the letter, that it is hardly possible to detach the embroidery from the cloth, and nothing is so uninteresting, as the temporary ailments of Those who have been long since buried. You therefore whose letters will hereafter (tho' I trust not for a long time to come) be sought after with great avidity, shou'd so write, that the subjects, tho' familiar, shou'd be always interesting, and tho' it might spoil your letters, were you to write them with a *view* to publication, yet I wou'd not have you *totally* lose sight of the *possibility* of such a thing taking place. As I trust you never fail to repeat, every year, my favourite lines in the beginning of Dryden's Flower and the Leaf, I will say nothing about this delicious Spring weather ; but will only add, what I am sure you feel with me, that nothing excites in me so strong an emotion of gratitude, as that sense of the gracious and beneficent protection of Providence, which has permitted me once more, in health and prosperity, to see the Reviviscence of these his glorious works. Remember Beattie's beautiful apostrophe in his Minstrel, and believe me always most faithfully yours,

“W. W. PEPYS.”

NOTE.—The letter which follows relates to the Treaty of Paris, the Restoration of Louis XVIII., and the visit to England of the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia and his two sons.

“Wimpole Street. June 22, 1814.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“You once said to me that the last 20 years had produc'd more extraordinary events than had ever been crowded into an equal space of time since the beginning of history : This observation was made many years ago ; you may now apply it to the last 8 months ; and if mankind do not, with one voice, cry out ‘ It is the Lord’s doing ; and it is marvellous in our eyes,’ I think their own eyes must indeed be clos’d ! But I am glad to observe that even those who never before look’d up to a Providence, now begin to acknowledge some over-ruling Power ; and I heard a man of that description say the other day, ‘ That he cou’d not help thinking there must be something in that notion, tho’ he confess’d he was not very apt to refer events to such a cause.’ Burke once said to me that he was glad to have been alive at a time when so extraordinary an event had taken place as that of a man ascending in a balloon ; but I think the ascent of Buonaparte, the effects of his elevation, and his rapid descent, tho’ broken (I am sorry to say) by a Parachute, are more extraordinary than any wonders exhibited by a balloon. To state that a woman is now living who has 5 sons, the best provision for any of whom was a Lieutenancy in a Corsican Regiment ; that the said woman lived to see that Lieutenant in less than 15 years become an Emperor ; three other of her sons, Kings, and the fifth decline being a King ; and that she shou’d see them all (but the said fifth) precipitated from the height to which they had attain’d, is a fact perhaps not to be parallel’d in history. You have seen perhaps that the initial letters of their 4 names, with the assistance of that of the King of Naples, constitutes the word *N.I.H.I.L.* but the Discovery was rather premature, as the last (it seems) is to retain his Kingdom. You must

not wonder that I can talk of nothing but Emperors and Kings, for at this time we *hear* of nothing else, but I have not yet been so fortunate as to see any of them ; and you will think it rather late in life for me to begin repining at my humble lot, which does not intitle me to an invitation to meet them at Carlton House, or any where else, where I might have an opportunity of staring at them, without the risk of being crush'd to death by the crowd : I wou'd try the same experiment which a man is said to have tried with Voltaire, if I were sure of as good a reception ; He went from Paris to get a sight of him ; but finding no one at Geneva to introduce him, he rang at Voltaire's gate and fairly sent in word what was the object of his journey and his visit ; Voltaire admitted him ; and after having walk'd a few times up and down the room, like a man who is shewn for a sight, said 'Eh bien, donnez moi vos douze sous.' 'Tenez (says the other) voila une Peice de vingt quatre ; mais souvenez vous, que j'ai le droit de revenir demain,' with which Voltaire was so pleas'd, that he ask'd him to dinner. The name of Voltaire puts me in mind of a little book which I have lately read, and which seems to be very well worth your perusal, 'Tableau de la Literature Française, pendant le 18^{me}. Siecle.' I don't know who is the author ; but I think we may pronounce, that 'Diu latere non potest.' In speaking of the modern French *Philosophers*, as contrasted with those men who obtain'd that Title among the *Antients*, he says 'Enfin le nom de Philosophe ne fut jamais accordé à meilleur Marché.' He examines the character and writings of Voltaire, Rousseau, Montesquieu, and Buffon, with many others.

"The Ladies have been very active contributing to our amusement this winter in an evening, and some things in 'Patronage' pleas'd me much ; but the work of Mme. de Staël I beleive you think of a very superior order, and I am glad to find that she has now rang'd herself on the side of religion : a lady desir'd me in reading it, to mark all

such passages as I shou'd deem above her comprehension ; this was a commission which, of course, I declin'd ; but undertook to mark all such as I shou'd find most worthy of her attention, which in truth amounted to a very great number. You read the 'Wanderer,' I doubt not, with as much surprise and disappointment as I did ; though the scene in the Summer House, at the end of the first vol., is work'd up with a degree of animation that agitated me exceedingly ; but as we have both so much regard for the author, we must be faithful, and not quote each other's opinion on that book. There is a very singular female writer, M. Hawkins, who wrote the 'Countess and Gertrude,' and has just publish'd 'Rosanne ;' in the former, I saw many marks of a strong power of thinking, and the best conflict between sense of duty and temptation, that I have met with anywhere : the latter we have but just began, but I see that it is written with the same zeal for reveal'd religion, as the former : As I pass so many evenings at home, I am glad to find some book that will *amuse* my young people without hurting their minds ; pray suggest any such if you can.

"I hope your health has not suffer'd by the severity of this winter : The mortality occasion'd by it here, has been such, that whereas the average of burials in St. George's Parish, for the two first weeks in January, has been hitherto about *Forty*, the number, this winter within the same time was one hundred and twenty. I thank God that I and all my family have been preserv'd in good health ; and when I see such numbers, fall on every side, and recollect that I was 74 the 11th of January, I cannot help feeling the deepest sense of gratitude for the continuance of so many blessings as I daily enjoy : This sentiment of gratitude has always been the vital spark of my religion ; and I trust that He who reads my heart will accept that incense which I never cease to offer up for all his innumerable mercies ! To give glory to God, and manifest our goodwill

towards men, is, at any time of life, the best occupation in which we can be engag'd ; but when life draws so near to its close, and we feel how short the interval *must* be before we shall be call'd upon to give an account of our works, it seems like playing upon a precipice not to have our minds deeply affected with the sense of our responsibility, which wou'd indeed be tremendous, were it not for the gracious promises of Him who makes intercession for us !

“ I am just return'd from Cookham, where I have been to see my new Grandson, and feel very thankful that it has pleas'd God to let me see, at the same time, ‘ my children's children, and peace upon Israel.’ How few of us, my good friend, are left, of those who us'd to meet ! and yet how little do most of us consider that our turn may be the next. It has pleas'd God to preserve to me so much of my activity, both of mind and body, with rather an improv'd than impair'd state of health, that I can hardly persuade myself that I am arriv'd at that period of life when ‘ our strength is only labour and sorrow ’ but while I preserve that deep sense of gratitude, which is always uppermost in my heart, I hope it will not be deem'd necessary to inflict upon me any of the miseries of old age, in order to remind me of my situation : Your good heart will rejoice to hear, that I still continue to be as happy as ever in the duty and affection of my children ; and that I am perpetually reminded of the blessing which an excellent mother bestow'd upon me, when she pray'd that my children might prove as great a blessing to me, as I had been to her ; may it please God to transmit the same blessing from me to them ! You see that I am not without strong marks of old age, when I thus dwell upon myself and my children, but it is to *you*, who can enter into all my feelings. I am not a little mortified at having miss'd an opportunity of being known to Lady Olivia Sparrow, but I never heard of her having been in town till

she was gone ; and Lady Gosford told me early in the winter that she shou'd stay in town only a few days, tho' I find that she has protracted her stay at an hotel, for aught I know, to this time. If you shou'd happen to meet with a little Book call'd 'Ricordanza,' pray read it, as it interested me very much ; not by any superiority of writing, but as a Brother's affectionate Delineation of the Character of an amiable sister ; it is written by Mr. Forbes, who wrote upon India, and who told me a most interesting story of a Brahmin in his neighbourhood, a man of great opulence, to whom he exhibited one day the wonders of a very fine solar microscope, into which, among other things, he introduc'd a small particle of mango ; and upon the Brahmin observing a myriad of animalcula creeping upon it, 'There,' says Mr. Forbes, 'how inconsistent you Brahmins are, who wou'd not for the world eat a morsel of beef or mutton, but will destroy thousands, of living creatures every day in eating mango !' The next day, the Brahmin entreated Mr. Forbes to sell him the microscope ; but Mr. Forbes excus'd himself, as it was a present made to him ; However in compliance with repeated entreaties, Mr. Forbes tho' he wou'd not sell it, made the Brahmin a present of it : The moment he got it into his possession, he dash'd it to peices, that it might never be the occasion of such misery to any of his countrymen, as it had been to him ; for, says he, it has destroy'd my peace of mind for ever ; Till the fatal moment that I look'd through that glass, I had liv'd (as I thought) in obedience to the commands of our great Creator, but now, I see that I have daily been transgressing the most sacred of his commands.' Is not this a most affecting instance of the misery occasion'd by a misguided conscience ? For my own part, when I daily pray against sin, I never fail to add 'or a groundless apprehension of sin.' Adieu, my dear Friend, may we be preserv'd from both, as far as is consistent with the infirmity of our fallen state, and may

we meet to rejoice in his mercy, who has created, redeem'd, and sanctified us!

“Yours affectionately,
“W. W. PEPYS.”

“Harewood Lodge, Sunning Hill. January, 26, 1815.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“I heard yesterday that you have had a very narrow escape from being burnt to death, and that you are suppos'd to be much hurt: I cannot therefore sit quiet, and take my very uncertain chance of hearing, perhaps a month hence, the truth of the Report; but must request only one single line from you; tho' I doubt not you will have a thousand letters to write, if there shou'd be any foundation for the report. That you shou'd suffer the death of a martyr, if we liv'd in the days of persecution for righteousness' sake, wou'd be no matter for surprise, and ought to be still less of regret; but that you shou'd undergo so much pain, without any such call, is indeed very distressing: I will however hope, that the story, like most others, has gather'd many additions between Bristol and this place, and that I shall hear of your being more frighten'd than hurt.

“I have pass'd a very agreeable summer here since the 12 July, and intend to return to my winter quarters on Tuesday or Wednesday next: It is a house of Lady Harrington's, close to Windsor Great Park, where I have enjoy'd such delightful rides, as have made me deeply regret, that the proprietor of it, our good old King, shou'd be debarr'd, by his melancholy situation, from enjoying it: The first, and perhaps one of the very best, men in the kingdom afflicted by two most dreadful dispensations of providence, the loss of reason, and the loss of sight! But our consolation is, that the same Providence knows how to make Him abundant amends.

“I am rejoic'd to hear that you are again to instruct us

in the paths of peace and true holiness : when I read my New Testament (as I do every day) and think how near I am, by the course of Nature, to the time when I must be summon'd to render up my account, how much reason do I feel to look with a sort of envy upon you, who have made such distinguish'd and meretorious use of *your* talents !

“ Adieu, my dear Friend, let me hear the true state of the accident and beleive me that I speak with sincerity, when I entreat your remembrance of me in your prayers.

“ Yours affectionately,

“ W. W. PEPYS.”

The following letter was written on hearing of Napoleon's escape from Elba.

“ Wimpole Street, April 3rd, 1815.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ The late deplorable events have so occupied and depress'd my Mind that I have found myself unable to apply it to Any Thing Else ; I have indeed deeply felt the Truth of what Burke some where says ‘ I have often, when external occurrences have been unfavourable, sought Refuge from them in my own thoughts ; ’ but now, to *think* is become the most painful of all occupations and what is the greatest aggravation of the misery, is, that it is so evidently the consequence of a degree of folly, and want of foresight. That is hardly credible ! what then shall we say, if we find (as I believe) that those, in whose power it was to prevent it, had repeated intimations, that what we now lament, wou'd take place ? I have myself heard a letter read, from the neighbourhood of Elba, expressing the greatest *astonishment* at the blindness, ignorance, or supineness, of the Potentates at Vienna, and describing Buonaparte as actively intriguing to produce an event which ten soldiers and a corporal might have prevented ;

but which all the armies of Europe, and all the treasures of the known world, may not be able to repair! But I will dwell no longer upon such an heart-breaking subject of which, in truth, I can make no other use, than to apologize for not having thank'd you sooner for your excellent Book on St. Paul, which, like all your other writings, do as much credit to your head, as to your heart and which, a Bishop observ'd to me the other day, did not afford the smallest pretence for the greatest Caviller to object to any one passage, as methodistical: if I deriv'd as much profit from it, as pleasure, I am sure you are intitled to my warmest thanks. Your motives for writing are so much elevated above all earthly considerations, I trust that the fame which you acquire here, will not go in part payment of what you may receive hereafter.

"The Account which you give of the narrow escape which you have had from being burnt to death makes me shudder, and cannot fail to excite in you the liveliest emotions of Gratitude; indeed when I reflect upon all the disasters which I see, and hear of, every day, I cannot help feeling most deeply, what I repeat every morning in prayer with my family 'the sense of His goodness, who has brought us in health and safety to the beginning of a new day.'

"Since I wrote the above, a publication has been put into my hands, the most curious, and the most heart-breaking I ever saw, viz. Mr. Playfair's Statement, in which you will see, that, as long ago as November he discover'd, and communicated to our Ministers, and to the Congress at Vienna, all that has since taken place, yet not an order was issued to a Frigate, Sloop, or Gun-Boat to prevent Buonaparte's escape. What infatuation! Quos Deus vult perdere, dementat prius!

"You see that I cannot think of any thing else, but the excess of our folly! but to turn our thoughts from it, let me exhort you to read 'Guy Mannering,' which, I

think, you will say is a work of a superior order, and written (I understand) by a Brother or Brother-in-law of Walter Scott. Indeed I feel oblig'd at present to any one who will turn my thoughts awhile from the Gloom of Realities, to the entertainment of well-conceiv'd Fiction. There is however, (thank God) a still better Direction for the distress'd mind to take, by looking to a time when the Ungodly will cease to triumph: Indeed I thought, last year, that I had liv'd to see the end of these men, and was very thankful that I had been permitted to see, not only my Children's Children, but Peace upon Israel: However God is still our Hope and Strength, and will (I doubt not) at last bring about good out of evil; and as it is said that the *Fierceness*, so I trust that the *Folly*, of man, will turn to his praise: do you remember Bramstone's Lines in his 'Art of Politics?'

“ ‘ Thus Russell spake, from his uncommon sense,
When the exclusion Bill was in suspense;
I hear a Lion in the Lobby roar;
Say, Mr. Speaker, shall we shut the door,
And keep him out? or shall we let him in,
And try if we can turn him out again? ’ ”

“ Adieu my dear Friend, may we live to congratulate each other on our *second* escape from the Lion !

“ Yours affectionately,

“ W. W. PEPYS.”

“ 1816.

“ I was pleas'd to hear Mrs. Siddons say, upon my asking her, whether she had read some modern work, that her reading now, was chiefly confined to one subject, which now seem'd to her to be the only one of real importance. The three first acts of *Bertram* are greatly admir'd, I have not yet read them; but the action (it seems) is terminated at the end of the 4th act, and the rest consist of talking it over. Upon the same objection being made to Moncrieff

on his trajedy of Appius and Virginia, who was kill'd by her father in the 4th Act. He replied, 'Weel, and if such a thing had happen'd at Charing Cross, don't you think that all the coffee-houses in London wou'd have been full of it?' which certainly could not be denied. Miss Porter seem'd highly gratified by your present. Adieu, my dear Friend, how happy should I be, cou'd I but be sure of meeting you in the happiness of Heaven! Let me have your prayers and believe me very affectionately yours,

"W. W. PEPYS."

"Wimpole Street. 13 March, 1816.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Your letter, tho' without a date (as all Ladies Letters are apt to be) shou'd not have remained so long unanswered, but that in the first place, I am not a Governor of the Lock [Hospital]; and secondly my son, was so circumstanc'd, that he found a considerable difficulty in deciding for whom he shou'd vote; he has however now decided in favor of your Friend; My reason for subscribing to Hospitals in the names of my children, instead of my own, is, not only that they are likely to live much longer, but also that, by becoming Life Governor, they may connect themselves with those charitable institutions, and be of use to them when I am no more: My eldest son is now one of the most regular and useful attendants on the Weekly Boards at St. George's Hospital; and I had some time ago, the very great satisfaction of hearing one of the most distinguish'd and exemplary characters of that Board say that the warmest wish of his heart was, 'that he might, one day, see *his* eldest son take the same interest as mine, in the welfare of that hospital.' What a delightful sound to the ear of an aged Father and how thankful ought he to be for such a blessing to his declining years, as *Six* Children, long since launch'd into the world, and *all* answering, in the highest degree, to

every wish that the fondest parent cou'd form for their conduct ! I beleive I may in some former letter, have told you that I attribute, under Providence, this inestimable blessing to the regular use of Family Prayer, which they have been accustom'd to, from their infancy. No parent ever dealt less in lectures to his children than I, but their never remembering the time when they did not see both their parents acknowledge daily their dependence upon their Creator for every blessing which they enjoy, has (I am persuaded) a more salutary effect upon the minds of young people, than all the lectures and exhortations which cou'd be us'd : All my advice therefore to young married people, respecting their children, is confin'd principally to the practise of Family Prayer,

“Your account of Mr. Thornton's Charities exceeds any thing I ever heard ; and must afford great consolation to you, and all his Friends, when they reflect how great a treasure he had laid up for himself in Heaven : were I to yeild to the suggestion of Pride and Self love, I wou'd not venture, under so mortifying a comparison, to offer you any recruit to your charity purse, but as you say that it is nearly exhausted, I will compell myself to desire that you wou'd not disdain the pittance which I inclose ; and hope it will prove the least which you receive from any of your numerous friends. The care and caution which, I doubt not, that you exercise in dispensing your releif, is a more useful and important species of charity, than a mere gift, however great, of money without it. We have lately had some most useful institutions in this great metropolis of persons who have associated together for the express purpose of never affording releif without a previous visit to the poor object at his own habitation. These associations are become absolutely necessary, from the multitude of impositions which are daily practis'd, of which you may see some curious specimens in the report of the Committee last year for inquiring into the state of mendicity, which,

though it has certainly harden'd my heart against common beggars, will not, I hope, diminish what I allot for the Poor."

NOTE.—Probably the charity alluded to was the Mendicity Society, started by the Duke of Wellington.

"London. March 13th, 1816.

"Your observation that even those who are thankful for the positive blessings which they enjoy, are apt to be forgetful of negative mercies, and the evils which they escape, is perfectly well founded; For my own part, I seldom put my head out of my house, but I see reason to be thankful that it has hitherto pleas'd God to avert from me and mine 'those numerous ills, that flesh is heir to' and I feel every day the force of that exhortation to 'rejoice with trembling.' There is a line in 'Horace' which is never long absent from my mind, but which never fails to alarm me, when I think for how long time it has pleas'd God to continue me in a state of prosperity;

"'Uni *nimirum* Tibi recte semper erunt, Res;
Oh magnus posthac Inimicis Risus!'

but if there be any security against this dreaded reverse, it will (I trust) be found in an habitual acknowledgment of our dependence upon God, and deep sense of gratitude for all His mercies.

"I am sorry to find that your Bookseller has suffer'd from the decision against Literary Property; I was, with great difficulty, reconcil'd to that decision; and still think that the Statute ought to have extended its protection for a much longer period, and that I beleive wou'd have been the true line to draw; for I was forcibly struck with the observation of old Judge Perrott, who was an excellent Lawyer, and when first he heard of an interminable claim having been set up to Literary Property, cried out 'Oho if that is the case, I will lose no time in taking out

administration to Homer.' I have this very morning sent your 'Florio' and 'Bas Bleu' to a new acquaintance Miss Porter, whose least merit seems to be that of having written some entertaining novels. She spoke in unison with the rest of the world about you, and added great admiration of the colloquial powers of a Sister of yours whose name is Patty: Though I am sorry to hear of any pirated edition of those two delightful poems, yet I cannot but be glad that it has caus'd them to be republish'd; Your fame as a writer on serious subjects wou'd otherwise make many people forget that you have shewn as much wit in poetry as in prose; and have the rare merit of employing that charming talent in the cause of religion and virtue, which so many abuse by making it subservient to Vice and Immorality. My only quarrel with you is that you always make me sink so low in my own estimation, for tho' I do not say, with Swift,

" ' If with such talents Heaven has bless'd her,
Have not I reason to detest her ? ' "

yet I do feel that the unwearied application which you have made of those said talents to such exalted purposes throws the rest of the world to a very mortifying distance behind you: I cannot however help joining in the universal wish of all who know you, either personally or by your writings, that your valuable life may be long preserv'd, for the good of all those, who have the happiness of coming within the sphere of your influence: I need not add how faithfully and sincerely I am your affectionate Friend,

" W. W. PEPYS. "

" 1817. "

" ' Dash the proud Tyrant from his gilded car,
Bare the mean heart which lurks beneath a star. ' "

but while Historians continue to write of Kings and Warriors in the same way as the vulgar talk of them,

there is no hope that mankind will ever be cur'd of that feeling which a poor French man once express'd to me, when I was expressing my concern for the hurt which he had receiv'd, in being run over by a carriage 'Cétoit pourtant la voiture de quelque tres grand Seigneur.'

"I wonder whether your grave and serious pursuits have intirely destroy'd in you that relish for pleasantry, tho' a little foolish, which you once possessed; If not, I wou'd tell you that, on a question arising at the Regent's table, 'Which was consider'd in Europe as the higher Title, the Dauphin, or the Prince of Wales?' a gentleman answer'd that the question had been already decided by that famous line—

" 'Quanto *Delphinis Balæna Britannica* major?'

('How much greater is the British Whale than the Dolphin?')

'for you know now, sir,' added he, 'that your royal Highness is the Prince of *W(h)ales*.' The addition you may reject as a pun; but surely the application of the line and of Juvenal was as quick and as clever as anything I ever heard.

"Adieu, my dear Friend, and beleive me ever both in Latin and English.

"Yours affectionately,

"W. W. PEPYS."

"You know perhaps that Mrs. Garrick has fail'd in her claim to a part of the Residue of her husband's property. Indeed the whole tenor of the Will gave her very little, if any, chance; but it afforded to my son Charles an opportunity of distinguishing himself very much by the speech which he made on her side. What you say of the long list of Friends and acquaintance who have gone before us, operates strongly upon me to pray daily that I may be prepar'd for my latter end, and that I may die the death of the righteous: I had the melancholy curiosity, a year or

two ago, to make out a list from Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' of those mentioned in that work, with whom I had been acquainted, and who are now no more; It was a long list indeed!

"You said, many years ago, to me that the events of our time were not to be parallell'd by any period of equal duration in history: We have liv'd to see even those events become comparatively of little moment, and who can tell what this recent emigration of the Braganza Family to the Brazils may produce. It is an event which, if properly made use of, seems pregnant with the greatest consequences!

"Thank you for telling me that the 46th was Luther's favourite Psalm: The older I grow the more is my admiration of those divine compositions increased; and I feel deeply the wish of good Bishop Horne, that whenever Death come, it may find my mind adapted to the perusal and relish of them! As my long continued prosperity has made gratitude the prevailing sentiment of my heart, the 103rd and the 145th are most frequently in my mouth, especially since I read somewhere, that the Antient Hebrews had a tradition that a man cou'd not fail to secure a place in Heaven if he wou'd repeat to himself the latter of those psalms every day. You will I dare say, agree with me that nothing in Antient literature is at all comparable to those Psalms even as Human Compositions; what is Pindar to the 139th and many others?

"If you did but know what a sensation of unexpected delight I felt at seeing your *well known* hand and finding that you still retain'd in the corner of your heart some remains of goodwill for one who has had no opportunities of cultivating your good opinion, you wou'd think that, among the many good deeds, by which you stamp a value upon every passing day, the writing of that kind letter of yours, was among the most benevolent. Adieu, my dear Friend, may every consolation and blessing which the Wisdom and Goodness of our Heavenly Father shall deem

consistent with our state of probation, be granted to you and if ever you think yourself permitted in your addresses to Him, to include the eternal welfare of any Friend, let me hope that you will sometimes remember

“Your grateful and affectionate

“WILLIAM WELLER PEPYS.”

“Gloucester Place. February 17, 1818.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“Your very kind and interesting letter came just at the time when I was going to send you my Anniversary inquiry after your health and proceedings. My regard for you enables me to partake of your comfort in finding that your efforts to do good have not been confin’d to one country or people, but are already in operation through the frozen regions of the north : How glad I am to find, that the tremendous power of the Press, whose terrible effects have, in our time, been felt so as to ‘shake the nations,’ may, in your hands, be employ’d, to smooth the rugged inhabitants of Iceland and Russia, and to diffuse the mild spirit of Christianity through the Polar circle. Though the good which your writings in general and particularly your Hints to a young Princess [Charlotte] had wrought upon the mind of Her to whom we short-sighted mortals look’d as our future Queen, has been cut short by her lamented death, yet it may be a great source of comfortable reflexion for you, that they probably were the means of preparing her spirit for the society to which we trust she is now united ; and her reading them so near to the great Change she was to undergo, seems to assure us, that they were instrumental in fortifying her mind against the delusions of earthly pomp and grandeur. Who knows but that she may be the first to meet you in another world, and ascribe to you (under providence) the reception she has (as we hope) met with there !

“As I have now accomplish’d my 78th year, you will

not be surpriz'd when I tell you that my thoughts are daily employ'd upon the great Change which must inevitably take place : nor do I find that the contemplation of it has had any bad effect on my spirits ; not from any confidence arising from a retrospect of my life, but from the hope, that He who has bestowed so many great blessings upon me in this life, will not withdraw His support and protection when I am entering upon another, but will comfort me while I pass through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, for the merits of Him who is the propitiation for our sins. What chiefly disturbs me, is, not so much the evil that I have done, as the neglect in seising opportunities to do good : This it is, which makes you such an object of envy to me ; I have (like many others) done good, when it has come in my way ; but you seem to have imitated our great Master in 'going about to do good.' I derive however some comfort from the Mediocrity of my talents ; and persuade myself, that if I had felt your powers of mind, I shou'd have made more attempts to exert them in the cause of virtue and religion : I trust however that I have done justice, lov'd mercy, and walk'd humbly with my God ; to whom my heart never ceases to overflow with gratitude for all the blessings which He still continues to me, and that gratitude I sometimes flatter myself will be accepted by Him and constitute much of my happiness thro' all eternity !

"Allow me, before I dismiss this serious subject, to entreat your assistance in disposing of the inclos'd £50 to the best advantage : and I rely upon your kindness, to make this as available as you can, for the good of others. You found, I perceive, the 'Sexagenaire' as dull as I did, but as Lord Orford [Horace Walpole] us'd always to tell us that there was no book which did not contain something to remember, so was I perfectly well rewarded for wading thro' that, by Porson's incomparable Dialogue between Miss Seward and Haly : You recollect Lord Orford's instance of

the lover who told his mistress that if he had as many lives as Plutarch, he wou'd risk them all for her. You and I, Mrs. Garrick and Mrs. Piozzi, are all I can now recollect of those who have surviv'd the wreck of our former society.

" Apparent rari nantes in Gurgite vasto !

" Upon receiving back your 'Bas Bleu,' which I had lent to Lady Davy, she sent me the inclos'd note, which I cannot help transmitting to you, as it bestows such an appropriate title on you as that of a '*Virtuous Wit*.' May God reward you for making such *rare* use, of such *rare* talents ! Adieu, my dear Friend,

" Yours affectionately,

" W. W. PEPYS."

Hannah More to Sir William Pepys.

" Berley Wood. Feb. 20, 1818.

" MY DEAR FRIEND,

" I was exceedingly sorry that I could not write by return of post, as your letter arrived too late, and today we have no post, so that I fear you may feel some apprehension for the safety of your valuable communication. I write however, tho' I cannot send it, for I must give vent to the feelings of my gratitude, for your large and liberal bounty to my poor neighbours, as well as to express the heartfelt delight your very affecting letter gave me. My dear friend, my satisfaction was heightened from the conviction that your charitable gifts are not the mere flow of constitutional kindness (tho' that is amiable) but that you are benevolent on Christian principles, because our Divine Master has said, 'he that doeth it to one of the least of these, doeth it unto Me.' The receiver indeed is equally benefited, whatever be the motive of the giver, but oh ! to the giver himself how much does the motive determine the quality of the action !

"I rejoyce in the cheerful, happy, yet thoughtful state of your mind. Love and gratitude to God are feelings peculiarly Christian. No such feelings ever cheered or elevated the heart of the most virtuous Pagan. How could it, when their gods were so much worse than themselves. I look upon those to be the purest, the most elevating, the most ennobling of all our affections. The deeper our convictions are of our natural corruption, and helplessness, the more deeply shall we be sensible of that most exalted instance of God's love to his fallen creatures in the gift of his Son and the aids and consolations of his Spirit.

"It is true wisdom in you to give some time daily to the contemplation of that state on which we must all soon enter. I should wonder indeed if it '*had* a bad effect on your spirits.' It is to those who fly from the reflection, that it is so terrible when it does force itself upon them.

"As to myself I wish I had a little more time for reading and thinking. Mine is any thing but retirement, tho' in a lone house ten miles from a town, yet few days (in summer few hours) pass without company, frequently strangers. I do what I can to fight off, we return no visits, and give no invitations except to a few friends, but it is a pretty place, and that I believe brings some, and *my* friends send *their* friends, and when they come so far as from Clifton, or Bath, I cannot employ the inhospitable lie—*not at home*, thus my acquaintance, which ought now to be contracted to a point, is extended indefinitely.

"Do you see any thing of Mrs. Garrick? I now and then get a lively note from her. I hear she lately went to see a friend, who was not at home. She told the servant she wanted some fruit. On his making a difficulty, she asked for a ladder, mounted it and gathered for herself. No mean exploit at 95! Adieu my dear friend, your communications at once gratify and humble me; gratify me as proofs of your kind partiality, humble me from

knowing how little I deserve them. May God bless, preserve and strengthen you cordially prays,

“H. MORE.”

NOTE.—David Garrick wrote the following very high praise of his wife, “I keep my ill-humours at home, for my wife alone. She is bound to them, and so reconciled to them by long use that she can go to sleep in the midst of a good scolding, as a good sailor can while the guns are firing.”

“Brighton, 23 Nov. 1818.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“When I see a mere Sketch and Outline of what you have done, I am confirm’d in my opinion, that the two persons whom I envy most are you, and Mr. Wilberforce ; I know that the Duke of Wellington has strong claims to make up the trio ; and perhaps, upon further investigation, I might be inclined to admit him, but at present, I look up chiefly to you Two. How can I help then envying you beyond measure and praying most fervently that I may be enabled at however great a Distance, to follow such an Example. We both serve the same Master.

“I am sure that your experience and judgment in *giving* will direct to the best advantage whatever I can entrust to your disposal, and therefore I shou’d be glad to know, whether there is any banker, or other person, in London, to whom I can direct Messrs. Child to pay £100 on your account, as I am afraid of conveying it by the post, having very nearly lost £500 by the miscarriage of a letter.

“I hope to remain here till near Xmas, and the address to Brighton is quite sufficient. Pray don’t fail to tell me whether you make any progress in your recovery ; and if I might hope that you wou’d some times remember me in your daily applications to the Throne of Grace, it wou’d be a real comfort and satisfaction to,

“My dear friend,

“Yours very affectionately,

“W. W. PEPYS.”

Sir William Pepys to Hannah More.

"Potterells near Hatfield, Herts. 3 August, 1820.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Your very kind letter has been *kept* in London, to be sent hither, by my son Charles, with many others of much less merit and importance; which will account for its not being acknowledg'd much sooner. Pray never apologize for writing about yourself, what other subject can be half so interesting to me? I heard of your tedious illness, and was therefore doubly rejoic'd at seeing your letter: Is it possible that a book so lately publish'd as your 'Moral Sketches' shou'd have pass'd through seven editions already! Methinks this does as much credit to your readers, as to yourself: How I do envy you the consolation in this world, and I trust the delight in the next, of seeing the good effects which your writings cannot fail to produce, preparing the minds and hearts of your readers, to join with you hereafter in gratitude to God, who has bestow'd such talents upon you, and of which you have made such an admirable use! I have, very lately, read your 'Cœlebs' all over again; and if you cou'd see how many passages I have mark'd, in hopes of remembering them, you wou'd have the satisfaction of knowing that one of your readers at least is anxious to profit by it.

"You are very kind to desire that I wou'd write about myself and my own family: But as you us'd so justly to observe, that the happiest periods of history furnish the fewest materials to the Historian, so the unvaried prosperity, with which it has pleas'd God to bless me and mine, affords little else to say upon them than that, if our thanks and praises to the Giver of all good are not more constant and fervent than those of others, less favor'd, we are of all people the most ungrateful! Here am I,

pass'd *fourscore*, in perfect health, with the same relish for books, conversation, and music, that I ever had ; surrounded by children, who have turn'd out every thing that the fondest parent cou'd desire, with the very singular comfort of having my most intimate friend, in the person of my eldest son, who is my constant and most delightful companion ! The success of my second son at the Chancery Bar has been so rapid and uncommon, that it has exceeded my most sanguine expectations ; and my youngest son (who is in Orders) has been so kindly receiv'd and patroniz'd by such a respectable Family as that of Lord Hardwicke, that his views in the Church, already much gratified, are by no means limited to his present Preferment ; you will not wonder if, at *fourscore*, I repeat very often the first Lines I ever learn'd at *four* years old,

“ Are these thy Favors, day by day,
 To me above the rest ?
 Then let me love Thee more than They,
 To try and serve Thee best ! ”

Your quotation from the speech of Hastings wou'd apply much more forcibly to me, than to yourself, cou'd I persuade myself, that there was any better preparation for Death, than the daily endeavor to conform in Life to the Precepts of the Gospel ; How imperfectly this must be done, by the best of us, is known only to the Searcher of Hearts ; but if our repentance for what we have done amiss, is sincere, and our determination to obey the reveal'd Will of God, is steady and exemplified in our *daily Habits*, I cannot suppose that any more formal preparation is necessary ; nor indeed do I know in what it can consist ; for as to prayer, I include that in our daily habits ; as without prayer, they cou'd not be such as are suppos'd. For my own part, I have arriv'd at such a period of life, that it wou'd be foolish, not to consider myself as under sentence of death : But I am really at a loss to know, what more I can do, than, every day, earnestly to supplicate the mercy of God, for the

merits of my Redeemer, and to pray, that He will strengthen and confirm such a Faith, as He shall be pleas'd to accept in lieu of unsinning obedience: I have, for years past, employ'd my mornings principally upon such books, as I thought best calculated to confirm my Faith, and strengthen my hopes; but after all, when the hour really approaches, we must all rely upon the mercies of God, and not upon the arguments of men.

"Before I leave this serious subject, let me ask you, whether you have ever met with a judicious selection, from the Old Testament? There is so much of it, historical, and so much, among the Prophecies, which I *cannot* understand, or if I do, find that it relates to the Jews, and no longer interesting to us, that I want a *judicious* selection of the very many admirable chapters which come home to our own bosoms: if you know of no such, you cannot employ your time better, than in making one: As to the New Testament, I make a rule of reading a portion of it every morning, since it appears to me the greatest folly, not to keep daily before our eyes, those precepts, by which we all profess to beleive that we shall be judg'd. Your opinion of Milman's 'Jerusalem' is much more favorable than mine, but may probably be more just; for I am very apt to decide upon the first general impression that poetry makes upon my mind, and if that is not such as tempts me to look at it again, I never give myself the trouble of examining it critically for the purpose of compelling myself to like it, in conformity with the general opinion: Now as to the 'Jerusalem,' I laid it down, without the smallest wish to take it up again, and therefore am very ill-qualified to discuss the merit of particular passages, as I was not interested upon the whole: Whether the subject was too horrible, or too magnificent in itself, and therefore wou'd not admit of any accession of interest from poetic diction, or whether (as you once told me) I cou'd form no other idea of Jews, than as Old Cloaths men, I cannot say, but

certain it is, that I did not rise from the Fall of Jerusalem, with any thing *like* the same sensations, as from the Fall of Troy, which *decies repetita placebit*."

"Potterills, near Hatfield, Jan^{ry}. 4, 1821.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Your Royal Society of Literature is quite news to me : I shall be curious to know the nature of the Institution, I belong already to two Literary Societies, where everything *but* Literature is the subject of conversation. But if the Members of this new Institution are to write, instead of speaking, they must of necessity produce something on Literature, good, bad, or indifferent. I much approve of the first subject, for though the subject of Homer may seem to be exhausted, I think that even I (small man as I am) have discover'd a very decid'd proof that the age in which Homer wrote was much anterior to any refinement, not of manners (for that wou'd be no news) but of sentiments, and feelings, I shall not disclose the secret of my discovery to you, till you acknowledge that you are the person commissioned for that treatise, and then perhaps I may submit what has occurred to me upon that subject to your consideration. Still I rejoice to hear of anything likely to promote Literature ; you very justly place it next to religion, and were I ask'd, to what I am indebt'd for the pleasantest hours of my life, I shou'd have no doubt in saying, that next to the delight arising from the effusions of gratitude to God (which is the greatest I have ever experienced here, and no doubt will constitute the essence of our happiness hereafter) I have deriv'd more pure and refin'd enjoyment from Literature, than from any other source : you know, of old, how much pleasure I derive from good conversation ; but there are so many things necessary to the enjoyment of it, and those things so rarely concur ; that, as Tacitus says of a good Political Constitution '*sperari potius, quam existere potest*.' Now reading has the

same advantage over conversation, that the amusement of shooting, has over that of hunting ; for the latter must not only have good hounds, good horses, but a good country &c. &c. to make it perfect ; whereas the other, tho' solitary, is independent ; and the shooter with his gun (if it be a good one) and the scholar with his book, may set the rest of the world at defiance, blessed therefore be the memory of her who first taught me to read.

“As you say that you have mark'd most of the passages in the Old Testament that admit of any personal application, there is no book I shou'd so much like to see, as your Bible ; for when it happens that the weather will not admit of our going to church, and I undertake to read some portion of the Old Testament to my family, I am perpetually at a loss to find some chapter that may be personally applicable to them, and of real use : I read the exhortations of Moses in Deuteronomy, the story of Naaman and Gehazi with some very few others, over and over again ; but should really be oblig'd to you, if you wou'd point out to me, what I fear has escap'd my observation ; the Proverbs (however excellent) are too detach'd to make much impression ; and though nothing has ever come in my way equal to the story of Joseph, yet as that runs out into many chapters, and everyone knows it by heart, it will not answer my purpose ; when I speak of this difficulty in the Old Testament, I except the Psalms, which never fail to constitute a very material part of the service, when I officiate ; but even from them I shou'd prefer a judicious selection, for I am not able to identify myself or my congregation with David, throughout those inestimable compositions, some of which, I make a rule of repeating by heart to myself every day ; and if I had deriv'd no other advantage from what I have read in Greek and Latin, than to feel the great superiority of those Psalms,—

“ ‘ O'er every Greek and every Roman name,'

I shou'd not have thought my Education thrown away :

you cannot employ an hour, some Sunday, to a better purpose, than in sending me a list of some of those chapters which you think will best answer the purpose for which I want them, as well as for my own use.

"I feel however that all reading which has not in some degree a tendency at least to prepare me for the great change which must so soon take place, is too trifling at my age, who have long since done with the world, and ought to have my thoughts directed to another state: I find very useful for this purpose as a little compilation of extracts from the 'Night Thoughts,' which, though they abound with so many specimens of bad taste, contain many beautiful and interesting passages. What think you of the following?

" 'We ransack tombs for pastime; from the dust
Call forth the sleeping hero; bid him tread
The scene for our amusement. How like gods
We sit, and wrapt in immortality
Shed generous tears on wretches born to die,
Their fate deploring—to forget our own!'

"Addison said, you know, that he prefix'd a motto to each of his 'Spectators,' that his readers might be sure of at least *one* good sentence in every paper; which may apologize for my quotation. I am always applying the following lines to myself:

" 'And now, Lorenzo, dost thou wrap thy soul
In soft security, because unknown
Which moment is commission'd to destroy?
In death's uncertainty thy danger lies!
Is death uncertain? therefore be thou fix'd,
Fix'd as a sentinel, all eyes, all ears,
All expectation of the coming foe.
Rouse, stand in arms, nor lean against thy spear,
Lest slumber steal one moment o'er thy soul,
And Fate surprise thee nodding; watch! beware!

Don't you think that 7 pages without one word of the Queen [Caroline], affords a good proof, that if you and I were

within reach of each other, we shou'd find ample food for conversation ; without having recourse to the Newspapers ? By the way, did it ever strike you how very rare a thing it is to meet with any one who can originate topics of conversation ? There are many who can follow them up, tolerably well ; but to originate them agreeably, seems a very rare talent. You may as well not destroy this letter, as if I should fall before I send you the £100, it will be a memorial of its destination, which my eldest son will not fail to honor. I generally keep what I have to give in charity till the approach of winter, as it is then most wanted. I met your friend Dr. Gisborn just before I left town, but the room was so intensely hot, that I cou'd not stay in it to profit by his conversation. Indeed the heat of the rooms, and the absurd lateness of the hours, almost shut me out of Society in London. I told a friend of mine, the other day that I had *heard* of a card of Invitation to dinner at a quarter before ten ; I can easily believe it, says he, for I have myself receiv'd *two* for eleven, which put me in mind of a man, whom a lady once shew'd to me as a gentleman distinguish'd for *dining later* than any body. What various ways there are of obtaining celebrity. I cannot finish this letter without telling you how much I honor your friend Mr. Wilberforce for that most patriotic attempt which he made to put a stop to an investigation which may be attended with consequences that the wisest man cannot foresee ; his *scale* of doing good can be more easily admir'd than imitated : may you both, when you come to die, feel the comfort arising from the recollection of all the good works which you have done and attempted ; and have that Faith confirm'd, from whence they have all proceed'd, is the sincere prayer of your affectionate Friend,

“W. W. PEPYS.”

"London. January 9th, 1821.

"It gives me great pleasure to find, that your most excellent and useful publications, are not only well known on the European Continent but will extend their beneficial influence beyond the Atlantic, which Tully look'd upon as such a barrier to his fame, as it cou'd never surmount ; 'Quis in *absentis* Solis Partibus meum Nomen audiet ?' for most of what he says in that beautiful 'Somnium Scipionis,' upon the subject of fame, was, no doubt, with a view to himself. I cannot imagine to myself more delightful satisfaction than I shou'd receive, were I in your situation, from considering, not merely that my name wou'd be perpetuated with honor over every part of the globe, where Literature may extend, but that I shou'd be instrumental, in all future times, towards the dissemination of sound religion, good morality, and animated piety ; what a store of consolation and comfort at the close of life ! May you, my dear friend, enjoy it in its fullest extent ! for, with you, fame has not been a motive, but a mere consequence ; *your* object was to recommend yourself to Him who reads the secrets of the heart,

"'As *He* determines lastly on each Deed,
Of so much fame in Heaven expect *thy* meed.'

"I intend to get the Bishop of Raphoe's 'Book on the Atonement' as soon as I return to town which, I trust, will be on Tuesday the 16th inst. I have been much pleas'd, since I came here, with a Tract, so celebrated that I am asham'd never to have read it before, I mean *Rotheram on Faith*, which you see so frequently quoted : Indeed I feel, that I have so little to do now with this world, and so much with that which is to come, that most of my reading which I can save from the newspapers (those daily plunderers of one's time) I wish to bestow upon whatever may best prepare me for the great change which I must so soon

undergo : I partake much more of the Publican's Feelings, than those of the Pharisee ; and as our Saviour tells us, that the former went down to his house more justified than the latter, I trust, that when I come to lay down my head, for the last time, the deep humility which I feel from a sense of my own unworthiness will recommend me more to His mercy, than any confidence which I might feel from a more comfortable recollection of my past life. I will not make any apology for writing so much about myself and my own feelings, because I think you must perceive, that, in so doing, I have not been unconscious to what a mind and heart I have address'd myself. Adieu, my dear Friend, let us pray that we may meet in Heaven !

"Yours most affectionately,

"W. W. PEPYS."

"Gloucester Place, 4 April, 1821.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I am at a loss how to thank you as I ought, for your most kind most friendly, and most acceptable Present * which as long as I remain in this World, I shall esteem as my great treasure, and by the help of which I shall hope to thank you for it in a better.

"I am also delighted with what you promise me, of seeing some of the most striking incidents and passages of the Scriptures render'd by you into familiar verse. I have often thought that I had rather have been the Author of Watts' hymns, than some of the most distinguished Poems, for few I believe have done half so much Good. I never even at this age, close my eyes to sleep, without repeating one of them.

"You ask if I have read Southey's 'Judgement?' I am told It is in Hexameters, and that the subject is little (if at all) short of blasphemy ; Now, how a Man who could

* A present of a Bible with chapters and passages marked.

write 'Roderic,' can think of putting our language into Hexameters, or treat such a tremendous subject, as the Day of Judgment, with any degree of levity surpasses my comprehension. He had only to repeat.

" 'What shall I do? shall I die? Shall Amyntus murder Amyntus?
And throw such miseries on such a wretch as I am.'

to be satisfied that the Metre is no means appropriate to our Language. Your solution of the *Strait Waistcoat*, corresponds exactly with what George Ellis said to me when I complained that I could not read the 'Curse of Kehama.' 'O that is a Feverish dream put into Verse.'

"I hope you have read 'Sumner's Sermons,' I should think them exactly what you would approve. The objection made to them is, that they require more of Us, than is requir'd by the Gospel, but I deny the Fact, and however imperfect my acquaintance with the *Old Testament* may be (a fault, which I trust by your assistance, shall soon be corrected) I will yeild to very few in my Intimacy with the *New*, but my great complaint is that People do not, and will not read it, tho' if you ask them, they will admit, that they expect to be judged by It. Johnson used to say, that Hume had never read it, but He was less inconsistent. I generally go through it, with the exception of the Revelation, three times every year.

"Your kind wish in the Dedication of your Bible, went to my heart and I pray God to ratify It. I am willing to flatter myself, that we think so much alike upon Religious Subjects, that I could write to you much more upon them, were I not unfortunately admonished by a sad weakness of my eyes to conclude, with repeating my hearty Thanks and again entreating you to remember in your Prayers' your old and

" Affectionate Friend,
" W. W. PEPYS."

" Gloucester Place, 21 April, 1821.

" MY DEAR FRIEND,

" I have been much pleased with an Article in the last *Quarterly Review*, on the subject of Novels, particularly those of the late Miss Austin, who seems to be a great Loss to the Literary World, of which Novels now constitute a very great Part. Indeed I believe the observation of a Friend of mine to be very well founded, that Nobody now reads a *bound book* ; I hope however that this observation will not be applicable to Me, in the case of *The Book* which you have had so handsomely bound, for the express Purpose of appearing to me with every possible Advantage, I wish I could find out all the Reasons for *all your* marks, for a great number of them I am at no loss.

" I do not know what your Hopes or Fears are about the Catholic Question, but it has gone off here very quietly, and by a larger Majority, than was expected, in the House of Lords.

" I have just seen an extract from Lord Byron's new Tragedy, which was published only this morning, and if it be a fair *sample*, I think it will make as the French say No small *Sensation* :—I abominate the character of the Man, but I should think that his dark and gloomy soul would be peculiarly fitted to produce something excellent in the Tragick Style. Should you expect these lines from him, on Virtue ?

" " It is consistency which forms and proves It ;
Vice cannot *fix*, and virtue cannot change ;
The once fallen woman must for ever fall,
For vice must have variety ; while virtue
Stands like the Sun, and all which rolls around
Drinks Life, and Light, and Glory from her aspect."

" But my poor eyes admonish me to desist, so farewell,
my dear friend, and believe me ever

" Yours most affectionately,

" W. W. PEPYS."

“Potterills near Hatfield, October 8, 1821.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“I think it right to apprise you, that I have directed Messrs. Child to pay Messrs. Pole & Co. £100, to be plac'd to your account, towards your charitable dispensations for the next winter ; and very grateful indeed do I feel to the Great Arbiter of Life and Death, that He has permitted me, once more to offer up, through you, this annual testimony, how much I feel that I hold all my happiness from His goodness and bounty. In truth I have no words adequately to express my sensations on this subject : here am I, very near eighty two, without any malady or complaint incident to old age, in the possession of all my faculties, and with as keen a relish for books, conversation and music as ever, surrounded by a Family, who think they can never do too much, to make my latter days as comfortable as possible, and whose excellent conduct is a never failing source of delight to my heart ! It was but yesterday, that I had the happiness to receive the sacrament, with two sons, and two daughters, while my third son was administering it himself at his own Living : this gives me the most comfortable hope that through the mercy of God, we may all meet hereafter never to be separated.

“My domestic happiness has of late been still farther increas'd, by the marriage of my second son [Charles, afterwards Lord Chancellor], to a most amiable young lady, who promises to be a great acquisition to our fireside, and for whom I have already conceiv'd a great degree of affection, which her animated and pleasing manners will (I doubt not) continually increase. By your activity in doing good, which does not wait like most other of the best people I know, till opportunities are thrown in their way, but seems every morning to search out for how much good

may be done before night, you bring to my mind those lines of Dr. Young.

“ ‘The man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous effort, to some useful aim,
Has drawn, at once, the sting of life and death,
He walks with nature, and her paths are peace.’

“I am very fond of Young ; for though I do admit that there is a greater mixture of bad taste, than in almost any other poet, yet his fine passages are so very fine, that he seems to resemble Shakespear in the extreme inequality of his composition : I repeat him always to myself on Sundays, when I cannot read ; he is of great use in presenting so frequently to my mind

“ ‘The thought of Death, sole victor of its dread.’

especially when he exhorts us to

“ ‘Walk thoughtful, on the silent solemn shore
Of that vast ocean, we must sail so soon.’

“I can assure you that your most kind and friendly present has not been thrown away upon me ; I no sooner got safe into this country retreat but I began at the first chapter of Genesis and have read every one that you have mark’d, till I am now arriv’d at my favourite Book of Job, which (the Book of Psalms always excepted) affords more passages to elevate the mind, and to rectify the heart, than any other composition I know : the meaning in our translation is often very obscure, which we cannot much wonder at, when we find that one learned Commentator on the famous description of the horse, says that the word in Hebrew signifies Thunder, and another that it signifies a Mane, I have no other Assistant than Bishop Patrick ; is there any better ? How are you affected to the cause of the Greeks ? I never expected that I should live to see *Odysseus* again leading his Greeks to Battle : I confess that they have my best wishes, for those Turks seem to

be all *Body* and no *mind*, and have hung a dead weight upon the Eastern Parts of Europe, without giving them any chance of improvement. There is now certainly a great change at work in the human mind ; whether it will be for the better or worse, is known only to the supreme Disposer of events, but I think no one can look upon the state of Europe, without seeing that great changes are likely to take place, if not in the conditions, at least in the opinions of mankind. If I may judge of other countries, by my own, I flatter myself that they are in a course of improvement for so far from talking like an old man that everything is growing worse and worse, I see such alterations for the better, since I was young, that I flatter myself we are still in a favourable state of progression. Our two great evils, are the National Debt, and the indefatigable diffusion of sedition and blasphemy. The great political problem to be solv'd is, whether the diffusion of learning among the lower classes will ultimately prove beneficial or otherwise : I have long been a warm friend to it, though (at times) I am not a little stagger'd. It ought to produce good, and I trust in the good Providence of God that it will. You will always have the great comfort of reflecting, that you have employed your distinguish'd talents in giving a right direction to the minds of the poor, as well as the rich, for which you deserve the blessings of both. I just now mention'd the improvements of modern times, I don't know whether you will reckon as one, what Dr. Baillie told me lately, that it appears from all the Insurance Offices, that Human Life is protracted, beyond what it was some years ago, in the proportion of 33 to 24, which he attributes to the great diminution in the use of wine, to the much greater admission of pure air, and (he might have added) to the improv'd habits of cleanliness, but whatever the cause, the fact is very curious, and that, as long as you preserve tolerable health, you may partake of this, (which our friend, Mrs. Carter very properly

calls) *tremendous blessing*, is the sincere wish of your affectionate Friend,

“W. W. PEPYS.”

NOTE.—The book of Job was Sir William Pepys' favourite book in the Old Testament; in this he agreed with Carlyle, who, when staying in a friend's house, was asked by his hostess to read the first chapter of Job at family prayers, and became so absorbed, that he read on chapter after chapter, to the dismay of his audience.

Sir William Pepys to Hannah More.

“Poterells, near Hatfield, Herts. October 12, 1822.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“I have directed Messrs. Child to pay £100 to Messrs. Pole & Co. to your account and am very thankful that I have been spar'd long enough to give that Direction.

“I go on in the same uniform course of Life, and when I hear any One complain of the little Variety which retir'd Life affords, I feel very thankful, that the uniformity of mine has not been varied by any species of Calamity. The first chapter of Job, and a certain line in Horace ‘*Uni nimirum Tibi recté semper erunt Res*’ come frequently across my Mind, and make me rejoice with trembling, that my Trust is in Him, from whom I have received so many, and great Blessings, that what ever trials his kind Providence has in store for me will all work together for my Good! The mention of Providence reminds me of a most beautiful Passage in Seed's sermon which I will transcribe for you.

“‘Were the soul divested of the Body, she might find Herself as much mistaken about several Turns of Affairs as the Trojan Hero was, when enrag'd at the Greeks whom he thought the sole Cause of his Country's Ruin. But when the Mist was removed which dimm'd his mortal sight, He saw the destruction of the City, in which he thought Human Agents only were concern'd, was caused by beings of a much superior Nature! “apparent diræ

Facies inimicaque Trojæ Numina magna Deûm.” The language might have been less incumbered, but I think the application is beautiful. Bishop Horne was remarkably happy in the application of Classical Quotations to Religious Purposes.

“Perhaps you will think me rather unmerciful in giving you so much Latin, but I know you are capable of relishing it, and I am very fond of these applications, as they seem to sanctify my Heathen Classics, better than what Mrs. Montagu said was done to the Essay on Man, viz. :—That It was an heathen child christened by Bishop Warburton, which I hold to be one of Her best *bon mots*, of which you and I have heard so many.

“You see that, at near 83, I retain all my relish for Classical learning, for which I hold myself so much indebted to Those who had the Direction of my Education ; for I am persuaded that if they had piled up Gold for me to the height of the House, They could not have furnished me with the means of purchasing such elegant Entertainment. Pray tell me if you ever heard some well known Lines of Virgil applied, in a most serious and admirable manner to the Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper ; if not, I am sure you will be pleased with them. (*Æneid* 8, 187 & Seq.)

“It would give me the greatest pleasure to have once more a comfortable *Tête à Tête* with you ; though from the Description which you give of the young Lady who is with you, I should be very desirous of admitting her to be, what the French always speak of with so much dislike, *Madame la troisieme*. Pray send me a good account of your self, and believe me to be, with as much attachment and admiration (I had almost said envy) as one poor Human Creature can bear to another,

“My Dear Friend,

“Yours most affectionately,

“W. W. PEPYS.”

Hannah More to Sir William Pepys.

“ Barley Wood. Oct. 21, 1822.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“Your very liberal, classical, and most kind letter afforded me great delight, and filled my heart with gratitude to God who has continued to me for near forty years, so interesting, enlightened, and inestimable a friend. You refer *me* to the first Chapter of Job, I refer *you* to the 31st, where among a variety of other beautiful passages there are many which apply to you, beginning more particularly at the 16th and many of the subsequent verses. Among the numerous other applications of your very bountiful donation, I am contributing towards building a little cottage for the most industrious poor man and woman in the parish with eight children under ten years old. Lord Darlington (tho’ no great giver) has given them a bit of waste ground, and among the pleasant objects from my window the daily rising wall is not the least interesting. May our merciful Father reward you an hundred fold in a better world, nay he does in no small measure reward you in this, by showering down on you so many blessings, nor is the least a grateful heart, which takes those gifts with joy.

“After having been forbidden and indeed unable to write to, or to see, any friend but those more immediately about me for seven months, it is a great gratification to me during my convalescence, to do both, to a certain degree; and only in the space of three or four days in my sick chamber, which I am not permitted to quit, I had among others, visits from Sir Robert and Lady Inglis, Mr. Grant, Professor Macbride of Oxford, Mr. Addington, Lord Sidmouth, Bishop of Gloucester &c. Oh that I could have looked for Sir Wm. Pepys among the number! I receive however infinite pleasure from your letters. Your

hand writing astonishes me, it is almost better than ever. My young friend will feel repaid for her care of me, when I shew her the kind things you say of her. She is a most intellectual creature. I have lent her to her family for a month or two.

"Since writing the above, a most affecting circumstance has occurred—a letter from Mr. Beltz of the Herald's College informs me that my dear old friend Mrs. Garrick is no more! He says 'her death happened unexpectedly and without apparent suffering.' Tho' she has lived to the extraordinary age of 99 I could not hear without great emotion of the departure of one with whom I have been so long and so intimately connected. It brings back former scenes and past events most powerfully to my mind and heart.

"Do you sometimes see our old friend Lady Amhurst? I was struck the other day at the strange revolution of habits and manners since I lived *in the world*. Among a mass of letters I found one from two ladies as high in rank and station as those who now give the law to fashion, Lady Amhurst and Lady Bathurst. In these letters were invitations to dinner. In each it was said 'don't be later than four.' In Lady Bathurst's 'My Lord desires you will come *before*'!!

"But I have a much more important deterioration to lament. The late hours, I am told, has indeed destroy'd conversation, but the awful increase at Sabbath breaking will go near to destroy piety. Poor Lord Orford [Horace Walpole] you know was unhappily no friend to religion, yet I am going to quote him in proof of its increase since his time. In a letter to Mr. Conway, Vol. 5, Page 82, he says 'Bussi' (the French Ambassador) has put off his journey to Monday. He says this is a strange country, he can get no waggoner to carry his goods on a *Sunday*. I am glad that a Spanish war waits for a conveyance and that a waggoner's *veto* is as good as a Tribune's at Rome and can stop Mr. Pitt

on his career to Mexico.' Alas, Bussi would now get not only every waggon, but every stage coach in the kingdom to carry his baggage. This awful desecration of the Sunday, which in the commandments is the only one marked by the Divine Lawgiver with the preface '*Remember*' is daily increasing. Our infatuated intercourse with that polluted French Metropolis has in my opinion produced a visible declension in our national character. I conceive too that no small portion of our agricultural distress is owing to the myriads of English who abandon their household gods. The Farmers can sell nothing, because the *eaters* have absconded. If they did no more good than merely staying at home and consuming the fruits of the earth I could forgive them. I say this in spite of one of your favourite poets who satyriized what I should just now admire—The men born to consume the fruits of the earth.

"Adieu my very dear friend, I earnestly pray that if we are not permitted to meet in this turbulent and uncertain world, we may meet in that blessed world where there is neither sin sorrow nor separation, not for any works of righteousness which we have done ; but thro' the all-atoning death and merits of Him who loved us and gave Himself for us.

"Ever most faithfully and gratefully yours,

"H. MORE.

NOTE.—As Hannah More said, "War, gambling, and luxury are none of them inflictions from Heaven. She could remember the time (1780) when there were no great parties till after Christmas, and till then it was not the fashion to wear jewels or dress at all. This cut off a couple of months from the seasons of extravagance, but one may lose a good deal of money in a very bad gown." "I hope the age," she added, "is not so bad as we took it to be ; and yet it cannot be very good neither, when the strawberries at Lady Stormont's breakfast last Saturday cost £150."

"P.S.—I have just received from America two very elegant engravings of my little domain, sent me as a present by an

associated Society in New York for religious purposes in the way of mission. The object of these pictures they write me word, is from the profits of the sale to erect a school for the education of families at Ceylon, the school to be called Barley Wood. I am continually receiving some marks of regard from the United States, books and presents without end, and a compleat edition of my own poor works. I am more unworthy of their favours because I am not able even to acknowledge them. They are rising in literature and morals. I wish they may not become powerful rivals to us, yet I *must* rejoyce in their progress."

"Barley Wood. Feb. 9, 1823.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I am not quite sure how the account of debtor and credit stands on our books, but this I know is the season, if it be not indeed *past*, when I used to remind you of a friend who has had the gratification of being called so by you, forty three years, as I am reminded by some of your earlier letters with the perusal of which I am now indulging myself. When I think on the extinction (as to this world) of multitudes who composed our then pleasant society, my heart tho' deeply touched with successive losses, is full of gratitude that I have been granted so large a space for repentance and amendment. This sentiment of thankfulness is redoubled when I reflect that eleven and twelve years ago I was given over for near two years, in a hopeless fever, but thro' the mercy of God was tho' near sixty, at that age, raised up to sufficient health and strength to produce ten volumes—such as they are!

"I have lately suffered more than I can say from the infamous treatment, my excellent friend the Bishop of Gloucester has received from a malignant party who have been longing and aiming to ruin his fame and fortune. They can allege nothing against him but that he preaches oftener and works harder than any man *on* the bench, and

I had almost said *off* it. We have not a more earnest Prelate, he has never ordained a Man who has not been regularly bred at the University; he is however guilty of the crime of vigilantly enquiring into their principles and morals. Independently of his being the most laborious, active man, and quite sound in doctrine, he is the most gentle, high-bred, unoffending character. To know him and to love him is the same thing. Involved with his ruin is projected also that of the Missionary Societies for carrying Christianity among the barbarians and heathen nations. It was when presiding at one of these Societies in this Diocese where he is Dean, that the personal assault was made upon him in a public meeting where were present, several Noblemen, Gentlemen and women of fashion, whom the Arch enemy the Archdeacon of Bath threatened with peace Officers!!! If you have seen the *Protest* of this man which has been circulated with incredible industry, pray read at Hatchard's 'The Defence of the Society,' by Rev. D. Wilson.

"I have got some new Correspondents, at Petersburg one is the Princess Metschertsey (can you read it?) She tells me she is translating my Cheap Repository Tracts into the Russian language, many are published. She is a woman of great distinction as well for piety and talents as for rank. She writes very good English. Did I ever tell you that I have had a present of a French 'Cælebs' from Paris, and a German Translation from Austria? How I seem to get into a strain of egotism! I must indulge it by telling you that we have among our numerous stranger-visitors lately, had a Dr. Henderson a famous Geologist and a Promoter of the Bible Society throughout Northern Europe. He has lately returned from Sweden and Iceland in both which places he found 'Cælebs' and 'Practical Piety' in an *American* Edition; I suppose because they are not above half the price of our dear English books. He assured me they were much read in both countries

where the English language is making its way. I confess it gave me more pleasure to be read in Ireland, than if it were in the Palace of the Tuilleries. I suppose I tell you these things from mixed motives, partly because so old and kind a friend will not be displeased to hear them and partly perhaps from a little alloy of vanity. I am willing to think however that this latter principle is less prevalent in my heart than the hope that a little good may be done by an instrument so weak and unworthy.

"It is impossible to write a whole letter without adverting to the death of our lamented Princess [Charlotte]. Perhaps I felt it the more from the interest I had so early taken in her welfare, and having spent nearly two years in composing something that I humbly hoped might be useful to her. Her Preceptor the Bishop of Salisbury who came to Barley Wood, a little time before her death, told me it was the last work she had read with him at the close of her Pupillage, and I have since had the melancholy pleasure to learn it was one of the last she read before her fatal catastrophe.

"At Christmas we had a kind visit from the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Miss Vansittart. I find the state of the Country is improving, and I hope they will have a little Money to spare to build Churches, before half of our population either become Dissenters or Disciples of Hone and Cobbett. I *did* feel very indignant at the trial of the former to see so much blasphemy repeated and the Judge insulted in his Office. The populace is I fear much deteriorated.

"I have so many books sent me gratuitously, and have but little time for reading, that I have nearly left off buying, but seeing two works advertised by two old acquaintance, Beloc's 'Sexagenarian' and Bishop Watson's life I bought them. The former I found dull, tho' I was bribed by a very handsome compliment. The latter provoked me. I expected from the Title much literary anecdote, of the persons in whose Society I have met this

arrogant but entertaining man. Instead of which I found nothing but furious politics, bitter resentment that his own supreme merits had been overlooked, and philippics against all who had been more successful. Two Guineas and a half was too much for this. So I have sent it off to my bookseller offering to lose 15 shillings if he can dispose of it, but I fear I am too late.

"I shall rejoyce to find that you and all who are dear to you have entered on this new year with continued health, and that all the comforts for which you always express such lively gratitude to the bountiful Giver of every good gift, are continued and augmented to you.

"I beg my kindest respects to Lady Pepys your young folks I fear would not know who they come from, if I desired my best wishes to them. Both they and you have my cordial prayers for every blessing both for time, and Eternity.

"Adieu my dear friend, believe me most truly and affectionately yours

"H. MORE."

Sir William Pepys to Hannah More.

"Potterells, Hatfield. 16th July, 1823.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Your most kind and interesting letter demands my warmest thanks, as it gave me the sincerest pleasure to see you write in such good spirits, and explain so well the story of poor old Prometheus, which before appear'd to have no meaning; tho' I doubt not that if we were *au fait* of all the Heathen Mythology, we shou'd find very salutary lessons convey'd under the cover of their fables: I hope you recollect the admirable comparison, in the Rolliad, of the Speaker of the House of Commons, in a long Debate,

"'Like sad Prometheus fasten'd to his Rock
He sits, with wistful eyes upon the clock;
————— for tho' he hears, tis true,
Pitt, Fox, and Burke, he heard Sir Joseph too!'

I sent your explanation of Prometheus to Sir Lucas, as it was so much in his Profession, and he is much pleas'd with it. You will be glad to hear that we are all going on (thank God) as usual ; myself enjoying, by His great goodness, exceedingly uncommon health and spirits for eighty three ; and my poor wife, tho' very infirm and bent almost double, yet exempt from pain, or any sort of complaint, except that of great debility ; my eldest son still my constant friend and companion ; my second, successful, beyond my most sanguine expectations, in the Law, and my Third, with two livings within such an easy distance of each other, that, exclusive of a very good Curate which he has plac'd in one of them, he can occasionally attend to its concerns ; and is most conscientiously occupied in the management of the other.

“If your American correspondence does not oppress you too much, it must be highly gratifying to find that your sphere of doing good has been extended over the New World : I say nothing of your fame, because I know you are actuated by much higher motives, but I have often thought, when I have been reading the limits which Cicero sets to all Human celebrity, which (He observes) cannot by any possibility, extend beyond the pillars of Hercules, how little he dream'd, that his name wou'd be as well known on the Mississippi, as on the Tyber ; nor did you, I apprehend, when you were recommending the most important Truths by the united Powers of argument and wit, ever think, that the good effects of them wou'd be diffus'd over America, as well as Europe, and indeed wherever the English language shall be read ; which, I doubt not, it will be over India and New Holland ; in that altho' your ambition of doing good may continue to enlarge with your success, you will have ‘ ample scope and verge enough, the characters of *Heaven* to trace ’ while Fame, which by the generality of mankind is consider'd as a sufficiently laudable *Motive*, has been to you only a

consequence. I perceive that you begin already to *pant* for more room, and are oblig'd to take in the Burman Empire to prevent your being suffocated: An excellent Friend of mine us'd to say; When he heard any one talk of extending their Beneficence to China and Japan, that he felt very much dispos'd to inquire after his wife and children; But as you have never neglected whatever was within your reach, you are well intitled to extend your beneficence wherever you can make it felt. You do me but justice (let Mme. de Sévigné laugh at the repetition of that phrase as much as She pleases) when you suppose me deeply interested in the cause of the Greeks: tho' I have within this day or two, taken up a book which I fear will cool my ardour in their cause; it is 'Gell's Tour thro' the Morea;' for he not only says that not one out of twenty of the present inhabitants are descended from the Antient Greeks, but that the character of the present Greek Population is considerably worse than that of the Turks: But be that as it may, I have deriv'd so much pleasure and have felt my mind so much expanded by some of their Writers, in that most powerful and delightful of all languages, that were it only 'pour l'amour de Grec' I cou'd not withhold my mite from their assistance: a very lively and intelligent man said to me 'If I hear that any person is fond of Greek, without knowing any more about him, I am prepossess'd in his favour' nor did he seem to intend the observation as any compliment to me, but as resulting from the general impression in favor of Literary Men; in which I very much agree with him, with the addition of Literary *Women*; an opinion which I have lately avow'd, in some verses address'd to a Friend on his Wedding Day, which Mrs. Joanna Baillie has publish'd with other poems for a charitable purpose, and for which, I have receiv'd the thanks of some literary ladies. I am glad to hear that your young Friend is still with you; and from the account you give of her, if I were but an

odd fifty years younger, I shou'd be very much dispos'd to fall in love with her ('unsight, unseen') and take a journey to Barley Wood under the pretence of profiting by *your* conversation ; but in reality to get a sight of *her* ; as it is however, you are both safe enough from any such Quixotic intrusion, for tho' I do not feel many effects of old age, the disinclination to move from home is, I fear, a very decisive symptom. Barley Wood in Ceylon ! How this will puzzle some future commentator on your works ! who will find out some obscure tradition, that for some reason or other, most probably, he will say, for the laudable purpose of disseminating Religion, our author took this long voyage, and in commemoration of it, gave the name of her own residence, to the school, which *it is evident* she established in that Island. You are no doubt much interested in the issue of 'Capt. Parry's Voyage of Discovery ;' Capt. Sabine, who accompanied him on his former voyage, told me that Parry requested no one to *think* about him, till the autumn 1824, but that, if he was not heard of before that time, he shou'd expect to find a ship ready to receive him, about that time, near Bering Straits ; Upon my expressing some wonder what cou'd possibly detain him so long, Capt. Sabine observ'd that the projection of a single Cape or Promontory farther into the Northern Ocean than he expected might delay him for a year. A Physician told me that if in the former voyage, Capt. Parry had not possess'd uncommon powers in keeping the sailors constantly *amus'd*, they wou'd have all been sick with the Scurvy.

"You surprize me by saying that your good Arch Bishop has been in danger from the *Jesuits* ; But, I beleive they are conceal'd in places, where they are less likely to be found than in Ireland. A gentleman who had been warn'd by a perfect stranger to escape from the Inquisition at Lisbon, saw (many years afterwards) a man cutting up a sheep, as a butcher at Norwich, whom he recognis'd as

the Friend to whom he had been indebted for his safety; and ask'd in what way he cou'd best return the obligation? to which question, the answer was, 'By never taking notice, that you ever saw me before.'

"Is your portrait at Sir Thomas Acland's in London? If it is, and I shou'd live to return there, I shou'd like to see it, especially as, by so doing, I might become more acquainted with him, for whose character I have the highest respect. Lady Acland likewise appear'd to me as amiable as she was handsome, I never met them but once, and have often wish'd to meet them again; but I am thrown out of all society in London by the lateness of the dinner hour, which has *almost* induc'd me to adopt that excellent Rule of our good Bishop of Durham, never to dine from Home.

"How ardently do I wish that Mr. Wilberforce may accomplish the *universal* abolition of the Slave Trade, for, I fear, unless *that* can be obtained, all his meritorious exertions will only have added to *their* misery, tho' *his* reward will, I am persuaded, not be lessen'd."

"Potterells near Hatfield. Tuesday, 14 October, 1823.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I hope to hear a good account of your health, though the summer has been so ungenial, that I have not look'd upon my roses and jessamines with the same pleasure as in warmer weather, nor have the fruits of the garden had the same flavour; but when I see such a man as Dr. Baillie, who was so much younger and ten times more stout than I am, cut off before he saw another Autumn, I have every reason to be thankful that I have been spar'd to address again my *October Letter* to you. Horace advises us to look upon every day as our last, because he says that it will give us double satisfaction, when we find that it is not: How constantly ought I (who

am now near 84) to bear in mind this exhortation, in hopes of being reconciled to God before I depart hence, and am no more seen !

“We have been reading Southey’s ‘ Peninsular War ’ in an evening, which appears to be very well written, except that (I think) the Military Details are somewhat too minute : but there is (I am told) such an admirable Critique upon it, in the last *Quarterly Review*, that I shall not trouble you with mine : I am heartily glad that an end is once more put to the work of slaughter in that unhappy country ; and if the French will use their conquest to the purpose of establishing any thing *like* a free constitution, so that all that population may be rescued from arbitrary power, and the Inquisition ; I shall be more inclin’d (than I have hitherto been) to forgive them their unwarrantable invasion : I very much fear, however, that the upper classes are wholly unfit to execute the function, or even appreciate the blessings of a free constitution. You see how long the Contest lasted in Buonaparte’s Invasion ; and yet, except Palafox and Mina, I can hardly think of any name that is likely to go down to posterity, with any honorable distinction : The nobility are (I understand) *épuisé*, both in body and mind, and the common people are universally under the dominion of an ignorant and superstitious Priesthood. There are however, I trust, better hopes for Greece : and if the news be true, that their peace with Turkey is to be settled by the Mediation of Powers, of which Great Britain is to be one, I flatter myself, that the world may one day see the Human Mind resume its Powers in that celebrated country, and tho’ it may not produce another Homer, Aristotle or Plato, yet that their sun which has been so long, so long, obscur’d by base contagious clouds, which snatch’d its beauty from the world, may break through all those foul and ugly mists of vapours, that did seem to strangle it.

“Have you seen the collection of Poems which Joanna

Baillie published lately for the purpose of raising a subscription for a poor lady whose husband had been reduced by misfortunes in trade? I was applied to for my contribution, but I found it easier to give my money, than my poetry; I sent her however one little scrap, which I believe you formerly saw, in defence of Women who cultivate their minds; and for which, I have receiv'd the thanks of some ladies, who are not asham'd of the 'Bas Bleu:' You, Lady Amherst, and I are, I believe, now the only survivors of that set, but though its members must soon all disappear, that beautiful Poem which you compos'd upon it, will never die.

"On looking over your last letter, I perceive a compliment to me on my hand writing; but whether it is from my eyes becoming weaker, or the conspiracy of stationers (which Rousseau complains of so much) in never furnishing me with good pens, I feel myself in great danger of forfeiting your good opinion in that respect: I wou'd not however have you make the same hasty conclusion, that an Irishman did, upon hearing his Friend complain of a correspondent, who wrote so ill, that he cou'd not make out a great part of his letter, 'Aye, that's no wonder, I remember him at school. He was always such a stammerer, that no one cou'd understand him.'

"I hope the young lady whom you call your 'kind, elegant, useful Secretary, Reader, Friend and Chaplain' was not offended with a poor Octogenarian for professing himself one of her admirers: but such is my real Friendship and regard for you, that I cannot help feeling personally oblig'd to her for contributing so essentially to your comfort and enjoyment. Adieu. Let me have your prayers, that 'our Friendship may be perpetuated in a better world!'

"Yours most affectionately,

"W. W. PEPYS.

"Mrs. Hannah More,

"Barley Wood,

"Bristol."

NOTE.—Don Joseph Palafox was Governor of Saragossa, which he heroically defended against the French in 1808–9, and Don Francisco Mina was a distinguished Spanish General.

When Hannah More produced her “*Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education*,” which exposed what Mrs. Carter called “the absurd conduct of this giddy and nonsensical world,” she pointed out that from the way in which girls are educated, one would imagine that life consisted in one universal holiday, and that the contest was, who should best excel in the sports and games. Sir William, by his poem, had joined her in the defence of those who cultivate their minds. She published her book on the “*Importance of the Manners of the Great*,” anonymously, not so much for fear of man, as for fear that “she did not live as she wrote.” One day at Lady Amherst’s the book lay on the table; several people took it up and talked it over, unconscious of the presence of the authoress, but Sir William Pepys, who knew her better, said nothing, “but looked her through.”

Lady Amherst, Hannah More, and Sir William Pepys were the last three survivors of that set known as the “*Bas Bleu*,” that had endeavoured to rescue society from the dullness of such assemblies as the Bishop of St. Asaph’s, where “150 or 200 people met together, dressed in the extremity of the fashion; painted as red as bacchanals; poisoning the air with perfumes; treading on each other’s gowns; making the crowd they blame; not one in ten able to get a chair; protesting they were engaged to ten other places, and lamenting the fatigue they were not obliged to endure; ten or a dozen card-tables were crammed with dowagers of quality, grave ecclesiastics, and yellow admirals.” The “*Bas Bleu*” rather overlooked the difficulty of providing for the amusement of those whose intellectual powers were small, and the fact that to some minds herding together like dumb animals is an entertainment. The spirit of gambling in every form, from the gigantic South Sea bubble downwards, had reached such a pitch in the eighteenth century, and wrought such misery and destruction, that they forgot that cards may be safer than scandal, and even gambling less mischievous than gossip, for it is better for people to lose their money than their character, and to gain the money of others, than to rob them of their reputation.

Hannah More to Sir William Pepys.

“Barley Wood. Oct. 25, 1823.

“MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

“What shall I say to you for your unexhausted liberality? What *can* I say but that I pray the Father of all mercies to reward you an hundred fold into your own bosom. You practically contradict that too generally true opinion that covetousness, murmuring, and discontent, are

the natural consequences of advancing age ; that there are sins peculiarly incident to the three different stages of life I have observed to be true. That the abatement of charitable feelings, and kind actions should belong to the later period of life in persons of good natural temper but destitute of that Christian principle which renders good actions acceptable, is quite natural : having experienced ingratitude, or worthlessness, or seeing that their bounty has produced little good on the receiver, the heart becomes callous, and the stream of benevolence is dried up, not being fed by that perennial fountain, the love of God. ‘ Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these ye have done it *unto Me.*’

“ As to the contest between Turkey and Greece I am a most strenuous Champion for the land of Homer. Who can forgive the Conflagration of Scio ? I have just had a present made me from abroad of a beautiful Portrait of the gallant Chief, Prince Alexander Mavrocordato. Between Spain and France I take no part, who *can* take much interest in the fate of the two kings ; one does to be sure pity the subjects or rather slaves of both !

“ Of all the affecting occurrences which this eventful period has produced, not one has interested my feelings half so much as what is at this moment going on at Ferney, in the house of that arch demon Voltaire. The Baron de Staël who is employing his Mother’s talents to better purposes, has presided at a Meeting composed of Mr. Erskine the eminent Scotch Lawyer (who has just published a most admirable Tract on Faith) and two or three English Gentlemen my particular friends. It was agreed by this little Synod to erect a Protestant Church upon the very Ashes of Voltaire, and a Bible Society was set on foot over the Grave of the Man who had declared that he would exterminate the very name of Jesus Christ. His Gospel will now be preached on the ashes of him whose impious menace it was, ‘ *il faut écraser l’Infame !*’ I am persuaded

you will rejoyce with me that the Antidote will so soon follow the poison ; a protestant Peasant of Ferney made a most affecting speech at the meeting. The Press where the Abominations were printed, is now employed to print the Bible.

“ Have you had the curiosity to attend the Caledonian Star [Chalmers], whose brightness has attracted Statesmen of all political description and Opera young ladies, not given to hear long Sermons ? I suppose to *hear* him and to *read* him must be a very different thing ; His volume shews a fluency zeal and strong natural talents ; but his presumption, his coarseness, and vulgarity, cannot in my opinion be atoned by some striking passages. He certainly rouses, and in that view may be useful. I call him the *Gong*. He reverses Pope’s line ‘You cannot *blame* indeed but you may *sleep* ;’ now this Preacher will not let you sleep but you cannot avoid blaming. His language sometimes powerful is often so barbarous that you would think in the 19th Century it cannot come by Nature, but it must be a *gift*.

“ But Scotticisms and vulgarisms are not his worst faults. I meet with many sentiments that are not only bold but unscriptural. The early part of his third Volume I liked (his presumption excepted) very well. But when he enters on the awful theme of future *Judgment* he is to me very offensive. He pretends to draw aside the impenetrable veil, which St. Paul, even after his rapture, did not venture to remove. His Paradise, in which there are some fine poetical passages, is partly compounded of the Elysian Fields of the Pagan, and the Paradise of the Mussulman. He presumes to say ‘ there will be sensual pleasures in Heaven—that there will be new connubial ties formed ;’ a daring opposition to the express declaration of the Gospel. He says ‘ there will be large shipments of souls sent off to hell ’ (In steam boats I suppose)—that there will be *indulgences* in the

infernal Regions.' 'Delays he says are the kidnappers of Satan and the Recruiting Officer of Hell'—That when the Almighty beheld his own beautiful Creation 'there was a merry-making in heaven.' In our days of polished and correct style it would be difficult to find a popular writer more destitute of good taste and sober sense. I ought, I know, to suspect my own judgment when it is opposed to persons so much my superiors. I hope however that in spite of his extravagances Irving may do good. To shew you that I had no prejudice against him I subscribed to his Chapel. He may perhaps make those feel, and think, who never thought, or felt before. God works by all sorts of Instruments.

"I truly bless God for the uncommon domestic blessings you enjoy, and especially for your deep feelings of those precious blessings.

"I wish you had told me the name of Joanna Baillie's book that I might get it.

"I heartily hope Lady Pepys gains strength. My best respects to her.

"In life and more especially at death may we both have the comfortable assurance that we have an Advocate with the Father Jesus Christ his Son. Yours ever my dear Friend,

"most faithfully and gratefully,
"H. MORE."

Sir William Pepys to Hannah More.

"Potterells near Hatfield. December 6th, 1823.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"In looking over your last letter I observe that you inquire after Mrs. Joanna Baillie's Publication of Poems last winter, for a charitable purpose: as I was a subscriber, I have desir'd that a copy of them may be sent from my empty house in London, to you if you will fur-

nish me with the name of the person at Bristol to whose care it shou'd be consign'd: I fear you will think poetry is rather at a low ebb in 1823, for I do not recollect many of the poems that do much credit to the authors. They answer'd the good purpose for which they were collected, as the subscription was very large, which reminds one of an answer which some one made to a Minister, who ask'd, whether he cou'd do any thing for him? Nothing, replied his friend, unless you can make me a *Scotsman*.' I well remember Lord Elibank maintaining a very good argument, to shew our inconsistency in being angry with the Scots for their partiality to their countrymen, when we applaud the Greeks and Romans, who carried that Partiality to as great a length: *à propos* I cannot help telling you of an instance of it, which was acknowledg'd in my presence, two English gentlemen, and a Scotch one, took a ride in the summer to Tunbridge Wells, and on their arrival, the two English, having been shav'd by a barber of the place, ask'd their companion if he wou'd not also be shav'd? which he had no sooner declin'd, than the waiter whisper'd him, 'Sir, I have found a *Scotch* barber' to which the other replied 'Oh very good! Let him come in.'

"In answer to your question about Irving I have read a *few* of his sermons and the *Third* pleas'd me very much; but I cou'd not proceed; the very bad taste; and those *ambitiosa Ornamenta*, which Horace so justly reprobates, disgusted me exceedingly. The first Charm of a *Preacher* is, in my opinion, to possess his congregation, with a conviction that he is thoroughly in *earnest*: The subjects in the pulpit are of too momentous a concern, to be made the materials of mere oratorical flourishes; and whatever tends to shew the preacher more intent upon displaying his own abilities, than persuading or convincing his hearers, is not only bad taste, but a pitiful aberration from what ought to be the sole object of the preacher. I remember a gentle-

man at Hagley, in answer to Lord Lyttelton's inquiry, how he lik'd the new Play, saying, that it was good for nothing; and quoted, what he thought, a very ridiculous line of it, as a specimen, viz. :

“ ‘ I'm very miserable, Indeed I am.' ”

“ ‘ Is that the worst line in the Play? ’ replied Lord Lyttelton, ‘ if it is, I shall be tempted to go to it, as soon as I get to London.’ Now if it be bad taste to make use of the *ampullas et sesquipedalia verba*, when the mind is suppos'd to be engross'd by sorrow, it cannot be better, when it ought to be fully occupied by the concerns of eternity !

“ You take so kind an interest in whatever effects my happiness, that my youngest son the Clergyman is going to be married to the eldest unmarried daughter of Mr. and Lady Harriet Sullivan, who you know was the daughter of the late Lord Buckinghamshire : I have not yet seen her ; but from all accounts both of her and her family, I very much approve the match : If this shou'd prove a prosperous step, it will be a great addition to the many and great blessings, for which no language but that of the Psalmist can adequately express my gratitude ‘ Praise the Lord O my Soul, and forget not all His benefits.’ We continue, at the end of two years, to be highly pleas'd with the choice which my second son (at the Bar) has made, and I cannot be sufficiently thankful for having been spar'd to see ‘ my Children's children, and Peace upon Israel.’ ”

“ You will be glad to hear that I continue (thank God) as well as ever. Pray let me hear the same good account of you. It seems quite presumptuous, at near 84, to talk of what we intend to do even the next month ; but (if it please God) we hope to return to town for the Winter on the 14 of January, which is our usual day : So that 7 months in the country, and 5 in London give us as much variety as we wish, though I am sometimes tempted to

invert Lord Chesterfield's eulogium of London, by saying of the country, 'That it is the best place in Winter, and in summer there is no living out of it.'

"We have been pleas'd with *some* of Dr. Aikin's Essays upon subjects of *criticism* as his style and that of his daughter seems to be very good, but the *Politics* of most Dissenters, 'No kings, no bishops' &c. &c. do not accord with mine, as I find myself under the present form of Government quite at liberty enough to do every thing but mischief.

"As my sole object in this letter was to ask you to whose care I shou'd consign the book, I will detain you no longer than to repeat what I trust I shall do, even with my latest breath, that I am, my very dear and admirable Friend,

"Yours most affectionately,

"W. W. PEPYS.

"Mrs. H. More,

"Barley Wood,

"Bristol."

NOTE.—Sir William agreed apparently with Hannah More that "to hear birds sing one six months, and men talk for the other, is a grateful vicissitude."

Hannah More to Sir William Pepys.

"Barley Wood. Dec. 13, 1823.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I trust you will pardon the liberty I have taken in begging your acceptance of the accompanying Volumes. I had intended deferring it till my death, but am willing to enjoy the gratification of fancying you are now and then looking into it.

"In order to call myself to your remembrance I inclose a Drawing of my habitation ; this sketch tho' well executed, cannot give you an idea of the beauty of my situation, tho'

of the Cottage itself it is an exact portrait. My new Trade of working with my hands, instead of my head, goes on prosperously. From a large parcel which I have worked, and am about to send to my American friends as a present, and which they are to sell towards the support of their Ceylon School called Barley Wood I have stolen a specimen, to warm your hands when you walk out in a cold Morning. If Lady Pepys has any little grandchild under a year old (for at that age my babes are superannuated) I beg her to present it from me. You cannot imagine how vain I am of the success of my handy works. I have just redeemed a little Greek Slave with the profits, as I did last year two in the Burman Empire. You may believe the Purchasers kindly give ten times what they are worth. They are always labelled as you see.

“But from these petty *foreign* charities the working for which, is a great amusement to me—I turn with joy and gratitude to your solid substantial bounties; with them you have enabled me most generously to assist my *known, & seen, domestic* distresses. I cannot tell you the variety of channels thro’ which your bounty flows. Cloathing the naked, and feeding the hungry (especially at this season) form the greater part. But I have also the satisfaction of contributing to the erection of *Edifices*—You will smile at this pompous word—this is the solution. The Lord of this Manor and others in the Neighbourhood frequently gives a little Spot of waste ground to an industrious laboring Man, on condition he can by his own labour with a little assistance from the affluent, build a Cottage. It is a favorite charity with me, it stimulates to industry, and bestows a little kind of independence. When I was not so rich as you have made me, I have sometimes contributed a door, a couple of casemate windows, so many trusses of straw for Thatching, a load of stones &c.—I can now indulge myself by doing things in a *grander* stile. This winter something has gone to dilapidation by storms and

floods : on the whole, owing to the mildness of the season the poor are not so badly off as usual : and two of the Parishes where I have large Schools would be growing rich if the King would be so good as bring *brass* into fashion, by using it in his furniture, his harness &c. These parishes consist entirely of Miners. Our Mountains produce ore, by digging cleaning and selling of which they are entirely maintained. The Clergyman is, if there *is* such a thing, a real Saint. He is 86 years old, does the full duty of two parishes, and in the 57 years he has been in orders, has never missed preaching but *four Sundays* !! Hear this ye Bishops, Priests and Deacons ! He preaches in both Parishes every Sunday, and may be found at the bedside of some dying Sinner every *day*, I had almost said *hour* in the week. I was the happy instrument of getting his Curacy turned into a living. Have I not tired you my dear friend ? But you do not despise ‘the mean and simple Annals of the Poor.’

“I beg my kindest respects to your dear Lady. I hear much of the talents and high reputation of your Law Son. I wish I had the good fortune to know some of the Patriarchal Family.

“May it please infinite Mercy to grant you and them the comforts and blessings of the approaching holy and gracious Season ! May you continue to enjoy ever temporal and spiritual comfort is the fervent prayer my dear and valued friend,

“Yours faithfully and sincerely

“H. MORE.”

Sir William Pepys to Hannah More.

“New Year’s Day, 1824. Potteralls, till 14th Jan.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“As you say in your Postscript of Thursday the 18 of Dec. : that you will write *again* by the *post*, I should

not have written for some days for fear of our Letters Crossing on the Road.

"But now, that another Year has made its appearance, without bringing me your letter by the Post, I can no longer defer thanking you for your most kind and valuable Presents, (for they are many) which I shall preserve as long as I live, as most valuable Tokens of your most invaluable Friendship. The manner in which Bishop Horne speaks of the delight which the Psalms have always afforded him, accords so well with what I have always felt from the Perusal of them, that you could not have selected a Book more adapted to my Taste; You have likewise enter'd fully into my feelings, by your kind thought of sending me a Drawing of Barley Wood.

"But your Kindness is not confined to the Souls and Minds of your Friends, as the Muffetees bear Witness. I return you many thanks; It was fortunate that my Daughter in law Caroline [afterwards Lady Cottenham] was with me when your Parcel arrived, for the pair of little shoes quite won her heart. She says she will hand them down to her latest Posterity as the work and Gift of the celebrated Hannah More. So that you have discovered more ways than you ever thought of, of perpetuating your Fame.

"I am not afraid of communicating to you what heart-felt Gratitude the return of this Day never fails to fill my mind, for such a continuance of more Blessings, than I should ever have hopes to enjoy in my old age, which by God's gracious providence, has been made even happier than my youth. I hope and trust that He will accept the overflowing of a grateful heart, as the best Incense that I can offer for such unmerited Goodness. Your present [the Book of Psalms] alone can supply me with anything like adequate Words in which to express it.

"I will bid you farewell, with the Earnest Wish and Prayer that the Year which is this Day begun, may prove

as happy to you, as the most prosperous of any that you have seen and that you will sometimes remember in your Prayers the future State in another World of,

“ My Dear Friend,

“ Your most obliged

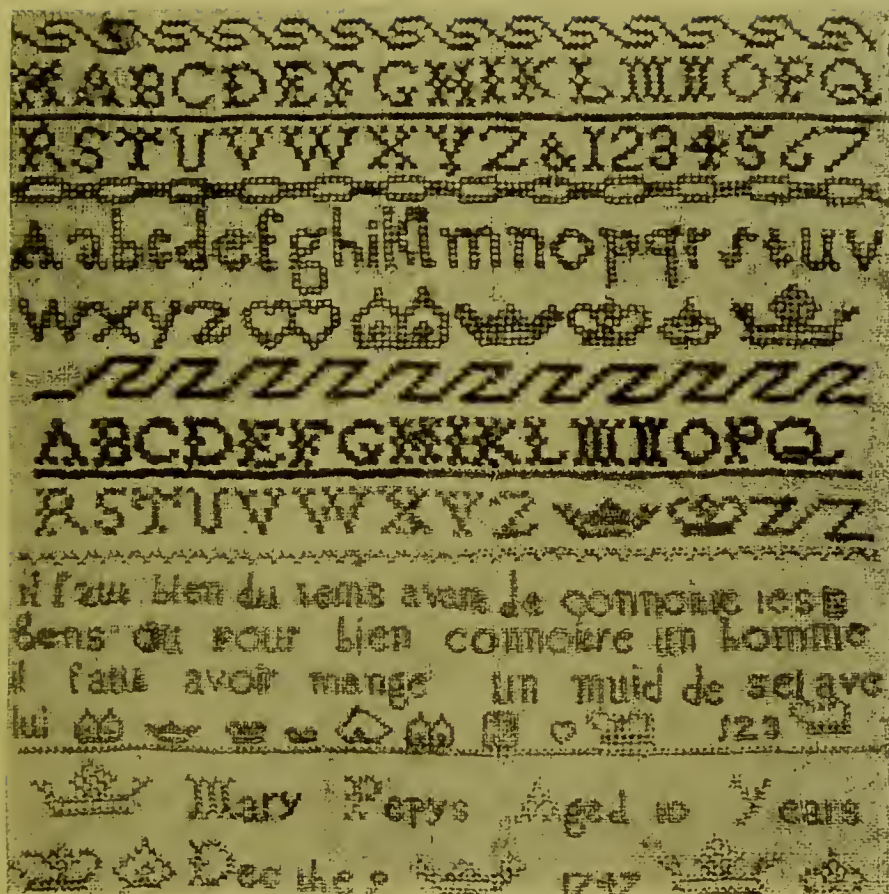
“ and affectionate

“ W. W. PEPYS.”

“ Gloucester Place. Saturday, 7 Feb. 1824.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ I see you feel the pains and penalties of celebrity. Sheridan makes Joseph Surface say, in the *School for Scandal*, ‘What a troublesome thing it is to be reckon’d a charitable man.’ But when in addition to that character, you have that of celebrity as a writer, it is no wonder, if both your time and your table are so filled with claims to your notice, as to become a serious inconvenience. I have, at last, seen my new Daughter in Law and have receiv’d, since the Wedding, such a letter from her, as gives me the most promising hopes of her becoming, not only a delightful companion to my dear Henry, but a most agreeable addition to my Family Circle. Her letter was accompanied by one which I had written to Henry 22 years ago, (and had entirely forgot) describing the pleasure I shou’d feel, if ever I should be permitted to see him and stablished in a comfortable Living, with such a wife as wou’d make his retirement more enviable than all the gaiety of a fashionable life : to peruse such a letter, at this distance of time, at the age of 84, and to see my most sanguine wishes realiz’d, cannot but excite the warmest sensation of gratitude : I am glad to hear you say that you have received so good an account of Her Family to whom I have been introduc’d, only since I came to town ; they have (I hear) what you and I hold to be the only solid foundation of a character, a deep and serious sense of religion ; without which, whatever may be the superstructure, it is of very little worth ;



MARY PEPYS, HER SAMPLER.

In the possession of Miss Franks, Woodhill, Herts.

but when once *that* is well laid, I am quite ready to admire as many *Agreements*, and agreeable qualities, as can be built upon it; my old and first Friend, Lord Lyttelton had always in his mouth 'Virtue attir'd by the graces' with which He has concluded those beautiful lines which he has inscrib'd on the tomb of his Lucy:

" ' Her form each Beauty of her mind express'd,
Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dress'd.'

" I have had the Drawing you was so good as to send me fram'd and glaz'd, and am not a little proud to shew it, as your present. It is the companion to a *shade* of Mrs. Montagu so exactly like her in attitude and manner, that she seems still to be uttering one of her brilliant sallies by my Fireside: I sometimes wish, that I had play'd Boswell to her, and some other of the distinguish'd persons with whom I have convers'd.

" You give me much pleasure by your most honourable testimony to the new Bishop of Calcutta [Bp. Heber]; I rejoice, when merit meets with preferment; but to have persons elevated to higher stations, merely because they disgrace those in which they are plac'd, is one of those evils which is much to be lamented.

" Yours most affectionately,

" W. W. PEPYS."

Hannah More to Sir William Pepys.

" Feb. 25, 1824. Barley Wood.

" MY DEAR KIND FRIEND,

" What a Vaurien (is there any feminine for that expressive term) must I appear, and indeed *am*, for not thanking you long ago for your two highly entertaining letters. My sin however, as is generally the case, has brought its own punishment, for it has delay'd my receiving the charitable volume, with your poetical contribution.

Please to send the book by Coach to Mr. Bulger, Bookseller, Bristol, for me. Most cordially do I congratulate you on the prosperity, virtues and happiness of your sons. What a large portion of your own solid comfort must their conduct make up! Of the talents of the Barrister the News Papers often remind me. I pray that the marriage of your clerical son may be an additional source of felicity to you. Mr. and Mrs. Heber, my Geneva friends, greatly esteemed this family and they are good judges of merit. I remember *you* used to complain that Mrs. Carter's letters chiefly dwelt upon her head aches: And poor Lord Orford often said he was very willing to bear with those who told you how ill they were at the *time*, but that he could not find in his heart to feel deeply when they told him how ill they had been long after they were recovered. I will however venture to say that I was rather severely ill for near a fortnight but am now restored to my usual standard. I find these interruptions absolutely necessary to remind me that this is not my rest; for I have really so many worldly cares, so many petty businesses, and so very little leisure that my mind I fear would be in a sad state, were it not, that being always a very bad sleeper, I am enabled thro' the grace of God to redeem several hours in the night, to repair in some measure the deficiencies of the day. If you were to see the table at which I am writing you would think it was the bureau of the Secretary of a public office, instead of the desk of an obscure sickly old woman. Letters from people I never saw, and applications from those of whom I never heard. Tracts, Pamphlets and Books from Authors of all sizes, which if they are not read must at least be acknowledged. My amiable young friend notices what is noticeable and the rest I commit to Lethe.

"I have been lately mourning over the loss of one of those inestimable friends, with many of whom God has been pleased to bless me, my interesting Correspondent for

thirty years, Mr. Grant, Chairman of the East India Company. Those to whom he was not known can hardly conceive that one man in private life, could be such a public loss, so honourable, so laborious, so consistently pious : India perhaps had never in one individual such a blessing. She owes him her first missionaries, and all her most valuable Chaplains. He began all that has been done at Calcutta. He swayed at home all the Counsels of the India Directors for 30 years. He composed the documents by which Parliament was brought to provide an Ecclesiastical Establishment for the Indian Empire. He perhaps possessed as large a store of practical knowledge as any man living. His industry was incredible, he never went to bed till 4 in the morning, saying the night was his best working time. His admirable son, the late Irish Secretary, said that in all this time he had never known him omit, or much abridge his evening family and private devotion. After this usual practice, in perfect health he expired without a moment's pain. It was rather a translation than a death, like Enoch 'he walked with God, and God took him for he was *not*.' Pray forgive this detail of one of the warmest and most attached friends I ever had. I cannot quit India without expressing the delight I have had in the appointment of Mr. Heber to the Bishoprick of Calcutta. I know no other equally fit, so skilled in Oriental learning, such various talents, such freedom from party spirit, such a vigorous yet sober Mind ; so sound a Theologian, one of the best of our poets, and yet a better thing than the best Poet.

"It is a pretty long step from Calcutta to Washington with which latter place however I have no small intercourse. My valuable young friend and Neighbour Mr. Addington who went to America with Mr. Stratford Canning as Secretary, is from the return of the latter home, become Ambassador, writes me the most interesting accounts of the Country. There is a wisdom, a candor, a discrimination

in his letters quite admirable to so young a Man. It happened that the next day after I received his last letter, I had one from an American Bishop,—of Baltimore. The Episcopal Church is rising, they have Nine Bishops; religion and morals, as well as Science and literature are materially improving. There is however too strong a tendency to Socinianism.

“Having wandered from the Ganges to the Mississippi, it is time to return home. I cannot tell you how indignant I feel at the atrocities of John Bull, I don't mean honest John my Countryman, but the News Papers; these Cannibal devourers of private characters, would almost reconcile one to a Censorship of the Press. One of the worthiest wisest and most useful men I know, Mr. Macaulay, is charged with such enormities as have driven one of the most peaceable of men to a Prosecution. Mr. Marryatt late M.P. Agent for the West India Colonies is supposed to have been the Calumniator; poor man! he dropt down dead suddenly a fortnight ago. As to poor Mr. Wilberforce he is so inured to calumny that he bears it with the greatest possible *sang froid*. He is charged with setting up and attending an irregular place of Worship at Barmouth where he passed the summer. You will judge how methodistical a service it is, when I tell you that it is every season performed by any respectable Clergyman who happens to be there, the late ones in succession were the Provost of Eton, the Dean of Lichfield, Mr. Gisborne & Dr. Butler &c &c. These purveyors to the general appetite for slander, could not subsist even there, had not the public not such a rabid hunger for this pernicious aliment.

“I could scarcely find a half hour to *begin* to write to you, and now I do not find any desire to leave off. It brings now strongly before me the pleasure I for so many years enjoyed in your conversation.

“With my cordial prayers for the continuance of your



MRS. MONTAGU'S "FEATHER ROOM" AT MONTAGU HOUSE, PORTMAN SQUARE, NOW THE RESIDENCE OF VISCOUNT PORTMAN.

present comfort, and for that divine blessing, the grace of God, which is the consummation of all other blessings I remain

“my very dear friend

“Your faithful

“and obliged

“H. MORE.”

“Barley Wood, 12 July, 1824.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“After having so long been in possession of the pleasant book of Poems which you were so good to send me many months ago, in which your own contribution was elegant and poetical, I should be ashamed to own I was still alive if I had not to plead my so frequently reiterated apology. It has pleased my heavenly Father to visit me with the repetition of one of those fevers to which I am so constitutionally subject. I was confined to my bed many weeks and visited twice a day by my medical attendant. Thro’ the great mercy of God my battered Tenement of clay is again repaired and I am rather better than before this attack; a very scanty allowance of sleep ‘chief nourisher in Life’s feast’ is my only remaining complaint. I was able at the worst to dictate my numerous letters and to transact my various businesses, never in my life (let me with gratitude declare it) in more than twenty apparently mortal diseases, having had one moment’s delirium, and that with a pulse for a year together at near 120—Forgive this long story, Lord Orford would not have forgiven it; but I felt as if I ought to explain the cause of my seeming ingratitude I have now for the last fortnight seen my friends. Indeed my good Doctor does not allow of one half the company I see, but I cannot be churlish, especially as many come from afar. I had the honour of having in my Cottage last week three Bishops, dear Sir Thomas and Lady Acland, a brother and Sister of the Duchess of

Wellington with many others. *A propos* of Duchesses it is really quite delightful to know both from report, and personal observation, the wonderful improvement in persons of high distinction. The Duchess of Beaufort, with several letters from herself, has lately sent me a large manuscript Pamphlet written by her daughter Lady Eliz: who has lately lost her almost adored husband Lord Edward Osborne. The subject is the history of his extraordinary devotion manifested in a very long and suffering illness. She was his Nurse and has recorded all the affecting conversations that passed between them, his wonderful resignation and triumphant death. Her own piety and submission to the divine will is quite heroic. Their mutual affection could only be exceeded by their mutual endeavours to strengthen and confirm each other in their Christian principles. I could name many other instances in which the same change has taken place, especially among some of the Irish Nobility. For this I cordially praise God.

“My Mind has been lately much engaged in the Cause of Slavery. It was the first bond of Union between myself and Mr. Wilberforce 40 years ago, and the golden chain has not been broken. Among the most able and active champions in this cause is Mr. Macaulay whom I have known 30 years as one of the excellent of the Earth. *This Man*, has that infamous News paper *John Bull* attacked with that cannibal fury with which he devours the best of characters. Macaulay with nine children is driven to prosecute him, and I was happy to see Mr. Pepys is one of his counsel. If you see the *Morning Chronicle* you must have observed a Speech lately made at the Anti-Slavery Meeting. It was the Maiden Speech of Macaulay's Son, a youth who has just left College. I have it under the hand of Mr. Wilberforce and other grave senators that it was equal to any speech of Pitt or Fox. This seems a bold assertion but it is supported by Brougham, &c. This young Man was my pet at six years old, and we then

manfully fought Homer's battles ; and he could descant on the heroes of both sides with no little discrimination. He was the firm Trojan. From that time I have watched his intellectual growth. He gained the highest poetical honours at Cambridge, and I was afraid he would be *only* a poet ; but they say his conduct was quite statesman-like at Free-Masons Hall. I have been writing him an humbling letter on the little comparative *value* of talents, without humility, and of their little *use* without industry. I am afraid he will think it a dull prosing business. His life has been very correct.

"I have been looking into the last new Volume of Chalmers Sermons. He is a powerful, sound, argumentative Writer. He has often a nobly eloquent passage ; but his general style is not in good taste. He has now and then a queer, rather vulgar phraze and he sometimes involves a very fine sentiment, and wraps it round with such a cloud of words, that you cannot easily get at it. It is however sure to be worth the search.

"I must mention, not with vanity I hope, that I have just received two Volumes from Amsterdam ; in vain I tried to make out even the Title. There was at the head a portrait of the Author. This did not elucidate the Mystery. At length I found out a very lively sensible letter which informed me that the Work sent was a Translation of my 'Practical Piety' into Dutch. The Translator concludes his letter by saying 'My name alas! is French, but thank God not my heart.'

"I will now release you, When have I scribbled so much? I had great pleasure in observing that your last letter quite restored the beauty of your hand writing, of which you had complained in a preceding letter. Another excellent friend the Bishop of Durham at 91 writes as well as he did 45 years ago when we were first acquainted. He writes me also that his health is perfect.

"It would give me heartfelt pleasure to know that you

and the many for whom you particularly care, are well ; And that Lady Pepys is not worse. My young friend's best respects. She is your great admirer.

"Adieu my very dear and highly valued friend. May our friendship be renewed and perpetuated in a better world ; a world of perfect happiness because of perfect holiness. Ever your very faithful

"affectionate and grateful,

"H. MORE.

"I conclude you are at your Summer retreat.

"The Summer as a friend of mine observed has set in with its usual severity."

Sir William Pepys to Hannah More.

"Potteralls, 18 August, 1824.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I am much obliged to you for your very kind and interesting Letter, which reached me on the 17th of last month ; and I sincerely rejoice with you on your recovery. Sure never did any one suffer long fits of illness, with a pulse at 120 and recover, but as St. Paul tells his Converts, that tho' it would be better for him to be dissolved and be with Christ, yet, for them it was better that he should remain in the World, so I trust that it will please God to continue you long among those to whom you have been such transcendent use. Demosthenes tells the Athenians, that every one must assist the good cause in the way that he is most able, those who are young, strong, and in good health, by their personal exertions ; Those who are past that time, with their money ; Now it seems to me that the *latter* is the only one left open to me ; but tho' I do not attend the Poor and Sick in person, I have two Daughters who are indefatigable in that good work, and whom I frequently

exhort not to spare my purse. They tell me that, as the men are always from home at their work, they see only the women in the cottages, with whom they are much better qualified to communicate, than I shou'd be, and therefore I trust that our old law axiom 'Qui facit per alium, facit per Se' will, in my case, be accepted.

"I am much gratified by what you tell me of the Duchess of Beaufort, I never had the good fortune to see her, but her Bust at Lord Stafford's has always given me such an idea of her beauty that I feared in addition to her high rank, it would have engrossed her too much by the admiration of the world, to leave such space for serious and religious reflection; I rejoice to hear that the very reverse is the truth, as the good which such rank and beauty united may do, is incalculable; and reminds me of what an excellent man of rank once said to me; 'I consider my rank merely as a talent entrusted, for the purpose of extending my sphere of doing good;' wou'd to Heaven that sentiment were universal.

"You said to me, many years ago, that more extraordinary events had taken place in our time than in any equal period before. If that was true then, how much more striking must the observation be now. What think you of South America? Have you read that delightful and instructive book lately published by Capt. Hall? If not I recommend it to you very strongly.

"Do you ever see Mrs. Francis Bowdler? I have been highly flattered and obliged by the very kind mention which she often makes of me to Mme. D'Arblay, tho' I have not seen her for many years: from a passage in one of those letters, I had a strong confirmation of the truth of my favourite position, that whatever we do, or even say, right or wrong, is sure to come back upon us, and often in a way the most unexpected. I had totally forgot that ever I had spoken well of her Mother (she was an excellent and highly

gifted woman) but I found from her letters, that it had been so reported to her, and to that circumstance perhaps I am indebted, for the favourable mention she was so good as to make of me. The longer I live, the more do I experience the truth of our Saviour's words: 'What ye have spoken in the ear in closets, shall be proclaim'd upon the house tops.'

"Your criticism on Chalmers, as far as I recollect his former volume seems very just: Mr. Irving, his Imitator, is so eloquent that a very good judge told me though suffering in the greatest degree from the heat, yet, at the end of an hour and a half (for his sermon lasted still longer) her only concern was, *lest he should come to a conclusion*. What an eulogium! It reminded me of that beautiful passage in The Winter's Tale.

" 'When you speak
I'd have you do it ever : when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so ; so give alms ;
Pray so ; and for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too : when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might *ever do*
Nothing but that.'

"But what a melancholy thing it is, that he had no friend to prevent him from printing his sermons. Horace says

" 'Segnius irritant animos demissa per Aures,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.'

"How true soever this may be, as applied to the Theatre, I believe it is very seldom true of Public Speaking in general: when Johnson says that Shakespear is more calculated for the closet, than the stage, his error has only been that common one of rendering a proposition, which is true as a particular or even a general one, false, by making it an universal one: Ariel Caliban, the Witches in Macbeath, etc. etc. of which there is no archetype in nature, but are

creatures of pure imagination, please more (no doubt) in the closet, than on the stage; but you and I, who have so often seen Garrick's representation of Lear, Macbeath, Benedict &c., must acknowledge that the voice and action add tenfold to the effect of the writing, however fine: *à propos* to Garrick, I am perpetually reminded of my years, by meeting so few people who can remember him upon the stage, as he told us himself in one of his prologues, speaking of this generation.

“‘They'll have their Quins and Cibbers of their own.’

“You are very good to inquire after the health of my family, Lady Pepys continues much the same; no disease, (thank God) but extreme infirmity: my children all as well, and as kind to me, as ever; and myself exempt hitherto from gout, stones and all the dismal attendants upon eighty four: *How thankful ought I to be for such a blessed old age!*

“Pray tell your young friend, how much I am flatter'd, and oblig'd, by her favourable opinion of me: Philosophers and Physicians talk much of certain *Predispositions*, which make persons peculiarly susceptible of certain correspondent affections; now, I strongly suspect, that I have one of those *Predispositions*, which, if I were but an odd sixty years younger, would go near to make me in love with your young friend; not (as she might reasonably expect) at first sight; but (as the saying is) ‘unsight, unseen’ and furnish a much more unusual and striking event for a novel, than any of the wonderful occurrences which we daily find in them: Pray give my best compliments to her, and tell her, that if she has not read Miss Ferrier's new publication ‘The Inheritance’ I think she has a great deal of entertainment in store: Time was, when I should not have dar'd to recommend a novel to a young lady; but they are now, in general, so perfectly unexceptionable on the score of morals, that when they keep clear of the sin of dulness,

I am often very agreeably, and (I trust) profitably entertain'd, in an evening by their delineation of character.

"Adieu, my dear friend, remember me sometimes in your prayers; and let us hope that we may meet in that glorious assembly so sublimely describ'd in the 12 ch: to the Hebrews v. 22. 23, and that amidst all the good which your writings and example have produced, *that* (however small) may not be forgot, for which I shall ever hold myself,

"Your deeply oblig'd and affectionate Friend,

"W. W. PEPYS."

Hannah More to Sir William Pepys.

"Barley Wood, Oct. 21.

"MY VERY DEAR AND MOST KIND FRIEND,

"What shall I say to you at all adequate to my feelings for your unwearied liberality? You do indeed strengthen my hands; and you give comfort to my own heart in enabling me to give comfort to the hearts of so many others, your family picture is truly delightful. Indeed in my large experience I have hardly met with a single instance of mercies so unqualified in a family so numerous and so blessed in station and fortune. But the great mercy of all, and for which I praise God is, your Christian feeling and grateful sensibility for those mercies.

"As I have no better return to make for your *very* agreeable letter, I must give you a sketch of my own history for the last four months. In the month of June I was living very gaily, receiving all manner of kind friends and good company in every sense, among whom were four Bishops, and you know that a 'Saint in Crape is twice a Saint in Lawn.'

"In the midst of all this Society, and (alas!) in overwhelming Correspondence it pleased my heavenly Father

to visit me with a long and very dangerous sickness. But here again, in judgment He remembered Mercy ; tho' the fever was so high that I was bled five times in a few days yet I was favoured with such a composure of mind, and so fully possessed myself that I was enabled to transact my business, keep my accounts and direct my charities and schools. I was in bed near three months.

"When it was thought impossible I could recover, a thought seized me with irresistible power, which I am almost afraid to tell you, lest you should be dispos'd to think me a Lunatic or a Hypocrite, the former for undertaking such a business in such a state, or the latter for not being so ill as I have deserved.

"Many of my friends have often solicited me to write a work exclusively on Prayer. . This is out of the question. There are however few subjects which have entered more into my thoughts. In my present severe illness it has been especially in my mind. When I was at the very worst, and did not expect to live a week a bold idea caught hold of me. In the course of about *ten* of my Volumes (I blush to say I now see nineteen on my shelf) there is hardly one to which I have not assigned a portion on the all important Subject of Prayer. I think I have at different times considered it under all its views ; so much that if I were in health and strength I should have little more to say.

"I conceived then, on my dying bed, as we all thought it, the strong desire with the assistance of my young friend, to collect all the scattered portions written under all the various heads of this great duty and compile them into one small volume as my dying legacy to my Christian Friends. Cadell [her publisher] much approves the Plan. It is a little book, in the making of which, not the pen but the Scissors will be the chief implement. My companions read it to me that I might reject what was at all irrelevant. Whether I live or die, I hope you will receive this Christmas

Gift from me. That it may be known that I am no cheat, the title will announce it to be a 'Compilation from the printed works of the Author selected by herself.' You my dearest friend are the only human being, except my Ladies of the Bed Chamber, to whom this has been communicated.

"There is so much that is interesting in your kind letter that I am ashamed to make you such a meagre return. It is the true Africa Trade, my beads and bits of Glass for your gold.

"I am indeed 'a Greek' and a hater of the 'Turband Turk' of course. They are not however of the breed of Homer's Greeks who have been revived in my mind by the reading of Pope's Homer by a young girl I have been educating. I should have been still more alive to them had not all my feelings of compassion and sympathy been bespoken by the Negroes. I have not been able since my illness to see the numerous Americans who visit Barley Wood. I was amused at having in the same day a letter from Washington from my friend Addington, our Ambassador there, and from Mr. Rush the American Ambassador in London. You must include among your lighter reading my friend 'Adam Hodgson's Letters from North America.' He is one of the finest characters I know ; a very young man, a Merchant of a highly cultivated mind, judicious, candid and penetrating ; he is lively, has a strong sense of religion, and detests slavery. He has brought that vast Continent more before my eyes than all I have read put together. They are running with us the race of Glory.

"Thank you for your remarks on the indifference to Fame of Shakespeare, it is part of his character quite new to me. I have forgotten half the poetry of my early reading, but Shakespeare is stamped on my memory and my heart in ineffaceable indelible characters. He has always had such a power over my feelings, that even in

my early youth I durst not read him after supper, as he shook my nerves so, as by his power of excitement to prevent my sleeping.

“How is it possible that you preserve your hand writing in such perfection ?

“My dear friend this is a long scrawl for my present weak head and hand. I will only add that your family circle gives me a spectacle of family peace comfort and Virtue that I have rarely met with. May the God of all mercies long preserve you all to each other !

“The best prayer that I can offer for them, for you, and myself is, that we may all ‘grow in grace and in the love and knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ ! Amen, Amen.’

“Ever most gratefully Yours,

“H. MORE.

“My young friend sends her respects and thanks for your notice of her.”

“Potterels, Hatfield, Friday, 15 October, 1824.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“I have directed Messrs. Child to pay to Sir Peter Pole & Co. £100 to be plac’d to your Account, as I cou’d not recollect the Name of your Banker at Bristol ; This, if I remember right, was the way in which it was done last year. I never was better ; which however, I pray, may not make me forget, how near I must necessarily be to my latter end whenever it comes, I hope it will find me deeply sensible of the very great blessings which have been bestowed upon me, through so long a life, and sincerely penitent for not having made a better use of them : I am here surrounded by all that can make old age comfortable and happy ; dutiful and affectionate children, with a number of pleasing and promising grandchildren, who, I trust, will reward their mother for all her kindness and attention to me.

"You know, I believe that my two younger sons are both happily and respectably married, my eldest son (whom it has pleas'd God graciously to make my *bosom* friend) and my three daughters are with me; and I am every day more truly thankful, that my age, tho' now far beyond fourscore years, is so far from being nothing but 'Labour and Sorrow' that it is full as happy as any former period of it; and indeed much happier, than when my hopes and fears, as to this life, were all afloat. What says your young friend to this? Does she think that she shall be happier at 84 than she is now? I rather think that she will make the same answer, that a young lady made to one who quoted from St. Paul: 'That they who married did well; but they who did not marry, did better.' 'That she did not want to do better than well.'

"She is however at this time laying up a great treasure of comfort for her old age; as no occurrence in her youth will afford her more pleasure, than the recollection of that kind assiduity and attention with which you say she has contributed so essentially to your comfort and by which she has made a conquest, which few ladies can boast of, over one, who fancied himself secure not only by distance, but old age.

"We have been reading in an evening the 'Life of Goethe,' in which much of the present German Notions are disclos'd; and it seems to me, that Imagination has, till lately, been such a scarce commodity, that now they have got it, they don't know what to do with it. However I am rejoic'd to find that as great Honors are paid to Shakespear, as in his own country, and one can see, from what Schiller has said of him, that in Germany he is perfectly well understood, which in France he never can be. Voltaire you know says of Hamlet and the Grave Digger, '*Que ces Messieurs la mettent à considérer les Têtes.*' I hope you have not forgot that best of all Mrs. Montagu's bonmots, '*Ce Fumier, qui a feutilisé une terre très ingrate,*'

I don't know whether we ever talked of that most extraordinary instance of indifference to Posthumous Fame which Shakespear manifested in the latter years of his life, when he seems to have retir'd to his native place, without the smallest concern as to what might become of his works ; and, as far as I can learn, if the Prompter's Book had been burn'd we shou'd have had no traces of Shakespear; to which, I presume, Pope alludes, in his well known lines :

“ ‘ Shakespear, whom you, and every Play House Bill,
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will,
For Gain, not Glory, wing'd his roving Flight,
And grew immortal in his own Despite.’ ”

“ I hope you are as sincere a Friend to the cause of the Greeks, as I am ; what a curious but afflicting sight is it, to behold a Nation so gallantly struggling to emancipate itself from the worst of slavery, *that* Nation the very Nursery of all our Learning and Science, and yet, from untoward Political Circumstances, not one national arm in all Europe stretch'd out for their assistance ; a few years ago, if this had been predicted, it wou'd not have been believ'd.

“ I believe I told you how much we have been entertain'd with Miss Ferrier's Book, the 'Inheritance.' As my Reading in the morning is mostly such, as, I trust, will contribute to prepare me for the great change which I must expect to take place so soon, and as I cannot venture now to exercise my eyes by candlelight, my daughters usually read some of the best new publications to me in an Evening ; which of course, are chosen principally for the entertainment which they afford, tho' some of them are also, to my mind, highly instructive. Farewell, my dear Friend, and let me repeat my desire that you wou'd sometimes remember me in your Prayers, as one who admires your Virtues and Piety even more than your talents (which

is *beaucoup dire*) and one who most ardently desires to do, and to be, what may be acceptable to his Maker, but is deeply and unfeignedly sensible of his own Demerits; among which however, he cannot accuse himself of any lukewarmness in the friendship with which he is always

“Yours affectionately,

“W. W. PEPYS.”

“Potterells, Friday, 7 January, 1825.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“I have just finish'd your Spirit of Prayer, for which I give you my sincerest thanks. I have told my Family, what, if said only to you, might savour too much of Compliment, that I do not recollect to have ever risen from a Book which gave me greater Pleasure; I said actual Pleasure; not merely Instruction, or useful exhortation, but positive Delight. There is such an animated Spirit of Piety, which runs through the whole of it, that not to have greatly relish'd it would have impeach'd One's Taste, even more than One's Principles: Mrs. Montagu and I us'd always to agree, that you had more wit in your serious writings than other People had, when they meant to be professedly witty; and I us'd to tell Her, that whenever I shou'd see you, I wou'd plague you by complimenting you upon the Wit of your Writings, and not upon the Good which I thought they wou'd do: as to this last Treatise, I hope to have It always on my Table; and to read It over and over again, as long as I shall wish to cherish the Spirit of Piety, which I pray to God may be as long as I live! May He reward you, for the Good you have done to me, and many Thousands.

“Mrs. H. Bowdler writes me word, that she saw you lately, and that you were still in your chamber. She says ‘I left her with feelings of respect and admiration, which I cannot describe. I never saw her more agreeable or more animated than in this last visit.’ Though you have

long since been rais'd far above the Praise of us poor mortals, yet if any such can give you pleasure, it must be when it comes from such a person as Mrs. H. Bowdler.

“ ‘ Your blood
Does not ascend the glowing cheek, and there
Upbraid that little heart's inglorious aim ;
Which stoops to court a character from man,
While o'er us, in tremendous Judgment, sits
Far more than man, with endless praise and blame.’

“ We are just now reading a Memoir of Mr. John Bowdler, which shews him to have been worthy of that excellent Family to which he belong'd : I have long known and highly respected Thomas Bowdler, but of John, I knew nothing except an admirable saying, which I remember was attributed to him ; some years ago, when the fashion was to lament over the state of this unhappy country : ‘ If (said He) a man were to go from the northern, to the southern extremity of this Island, with his eyes shut, and his ears open, He wou'd think that this country was sinking into an abyss of Destruction ; but if he were to return, with his ears shut, and his eyes open ; he wou'd be satisfied that we had the greatest reason to be thankful for our Prosperity ’ what wou'd he have said had he liv'd to see the *present* state of this country ?

“ We have been of late, very much pleas'd in an evening, by the Memoirs of the Life of Dr. Clark the Traveller, which we thought an acquisition, as it is so difficult to find any Book that will equally suit the Taste and Ages of a whole family circle.

“ Dr. Doddridge, on our Saviour's words ‘ Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business ? ’ recommends that answer to those who lose their time in the curiosities of Literature, and quotes the last words of a great Scholar ‘ Proh vitam perdidit, operosum nihil agendo,’ instead of being about their Heavenly Father's business : This my

dear Friend, will never rise up, I trust, as a just accusation against you, who have employ'd those brilliant talents which God bestow'd on you, so much to His glory, and the good of your fellow creatures : I sometimes compare you with those who have attain'd the highest summit of earthly renown, and ask myself, which I had rather be at this period of my life. I need not tell you the answer, which wou'd be attended with still more self-reproach than it is, did I not feel, that the mediocrity of my own talents exempts me, in a great degree, from much of that responsibility which is attach'd to such as your's. But this is too fearful a subject to dwell upon ; for we have all so much to be forgiven, that it is idle to compare the quantities. May God in His mercy receive us both, through our only Mediator and Advocate. Adieu, my dear and most valued Friend, I can never say how much I am yours affectionately,

" W. W. PEPYS."

" Gloucester Place, 5 Feb., 1825.

" MY DEAR FRIEND,

" I little thought, that when I have so often sympathized with you, our sympathy wou'd extend to the cramp in our hands ; but *haec data poena diu viventibus* ! I am so troubled with it at times, that you would not recognize my handwriting. I return you many thanks for your most kind remembrance of me in your very obliging present, but still more, if possible, for that which you have, with so much judgment, destin'd for my son, who will be proud to have it in his power to say " this book was given me by Mrs. Hannah More," a name which will never be forgotten while true religion and piety continue to flourish.

" The success of your last book is enough to prove to you the relish which the public still continue to entertain for your writings ; and I am very glad that I did not wait for their Decision, before I wrote you my sincere judgment upon it, which was fresh and warm from the strong

impression of pleasure and satisfaction which I received from it.

“I am delighted to hear that your health is improved, and am truly grateful for the kind and friendly wishes at the conclusion of your letter; if a good Christian could exclaim ‘Sancte Socrates ora pro nobis’ I may be permitted to say, that it is a very great comfort to me to hear you say that you will sometimes remember me in your prayers. We are both so near the awful moment when our earthly trial will be at an end, that I feel every moment how little I have to do with this world, and how much with the next! Oh could I but look back upon a life spent as yours has been, in the service of God, and the promotion of the eternal welfare of my fellow creatures how happy should I now feel at the conclusion of my task! But I still hope that the deep sense of gratitude which I have always felt and express’d for the innumerable blessings which have been shower’d upon me, and the earnest desire I have always had to render myself obedient to the will of my Maker may be accepted however imperfect that obedience may have been: The use which you have made of your splendid talents wou’d much embitter my recollections, did I not shelter myself under the mediocrity of my own. However, neither of us expect to be saved by our own merits, and we can only pray, that our faith may be confirmed in those which will be effectual for that purpose.

“Sir Joshua Reynolds’ Dialogues are a great literary curiosity and came very *apropos* to a dissertation which I have just read, on the characters of Johnson and Warburton; which tho’ rather too verbose seems in many parts very well done; I found it in a late Publication called the ‘Batchelor’s Wife’ consisting of a very heterogenous selection from a variety of authors; I paid a visit yesterday to the Duchess of Manchester, who ask’d me whether I could recommend any new publication. I told her Grace that, strange as it might sound, the greatest *pleasure* I

had lately received from any Publication, was upon a religious subject, in a tract on the 'Spirit of Prayer.' 'Oh,' says she, '*that* I have been reading this very morning, and admire it exceedingly;' now if Pope could say with so much exultation, 'Envy must own I live among the great,' how much more reason have you to exult, in having contributed so largely, as you have done, to the spiritual benefit and immortal interests of the great, through every gradation, up to that of a Princess [Charlotte]. I have often told you how much I envy you; but I don't know whether I ever confessed to you, how much importance I assume from claiming the title of your friendship, & saying *accidentally* I had a letter yesterday from *my friend* Mrs. H. More; she sent me such or such a book, but her most invaluable present was Her own Bible where every passage is marked which she thought to be particularly worth attention. You see what airs I can give myself when the Balloon of Vanity is well filled and rising. You will be glad to hear that I continue (by the blessing of God) in perfect health, though I completed my 85th year on the 11th of last month, and have spirits to enjoy (more I think than ever) the amusement which variety of company affords me, after 7 months retirement in the country. You have immortalized my love of conversation, in your 'Bas Bleu;' and tho' I can no longer boast of mixing in such circles as those in which you and I used to meet, yet still I feel great delight and excitation in good society. A lady expressed her pleasure in meeting me, because she said that I appeared to her in the light of *Noah*, who could tell her, not only what passed after the Flood, but before it. If I have told you this already, put it down to the account of 85.

"I say nothing here of Miss Robert's letter, because I think it requires that I shou'd acknowledge the honor she has done me, personally, to her, and shall only observe, that the task which you say has been assign'd to her by

your sister is in itself the greatest Eulogium that can be pronounc'd upon her talents, judgment, and fidelity. Long may the work [the 'Life of Hannah More'] remain unknown and whenever the time shall arrive that it *must* appear, may you lie in a state far above the sense of all human praise, and alive to all the ecstasy of hearing 'Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' Such is the earnest prayer of, My dear Friend,

"Yours most affectionately,

"W. W. PEPYS."

Within three weeks of Sir William Weller Pepys' death, on June 2, 1825, he walked unattended from Wimpole Street to Bolton Street to call on Mme d'Arblay. Of the vigorous and happy closing years of a useful life, he would probably have said, as his friend Mrs. Montagu did of her old age, "A well-regulated mind sees everything beautiful, that is in the order of Nature." His body was laid to rest in the family vault at Totteridge, in Herts; his widow, Elizabeth Lady Pepys, survived him till 1830.

The man, who, when he wished to read a book, always wrote or arranged one himself, has often been unjustly held up to ridicule; for his work, however poor it may have been when completed, probably involved an amount of reading and research, of the most instructive and fascinating description; and if like the translator of Epictetus, "vexed and fatigued by the faults and follies of others, and mortified by our own, we are fond of retiring back to the transactions of remote generations, in which we suppose that human creatures were wiser and better than ourselves," we can hardly do better than have recourse to the good society of the "Bas Bleu."

It is often asserted that every individual life, if the whole truth could be known about it, would furnish the material for one good book; however this may be, it is certain that, studying the lives of human beings, as God

made them, gives us a far higher ideal, and truer knowledge of men, than we can derive from many of the fictitious characters imagined by their fellow-creatures, into the making of which they have often put the worst possibilities of which they feel themselves capable, and then call it human nature, until at last, poor human nature, like the dog that has been given a bad name, thinks it may as well deserve it, and be hanged! I may claim for this later Pepys, his friends and contemporaries, even down to those incidentally mentioned, like "Prince Lee Boo" the South Sea Islander, that they were mostly "good men and true," and that the women were none the worse for possessing knowledge and understanding, and it is with great regret, after enjoying his good company for nearly two years, that I part with my friend of the eighteenth century, Sir William Weller Pepys, whose sound mind influenced a weak constitution, so that his mental and bodily powers became stronger and clearer as he advanced in life, and his journey through this world was that of the just, which "is as a shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

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